

ROUTE, RHYME AND REMEDY

CHARLES A. INGRAHAM

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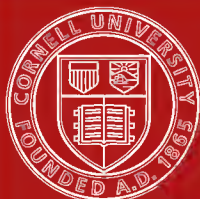
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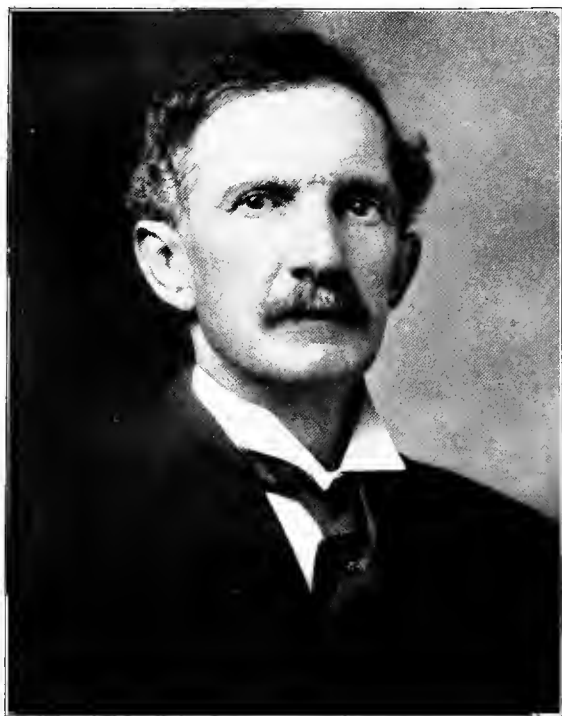
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Charles A. Ingraham

ROUTE, RHYME AND REMEDY

A

Collection of His Miscellaneous Prose and Poetry

BY

CHARLES A. INGRAHAM, M.D.

AUTHOR OF

"Songs of All Sorts," "Steps up Life's Ladder,"
"Fact, Fiction and Reflection," etc.

Let not the Law of thy Country be the non-ultra of thy Honesty; nor think that always good enough which the Law will make good. Narrow not the Law of Charity, Equity, Mercy. Join Gospel Righteousness with Legal Right. Be not a mere Gamaliel in the Faith, but let the Sermon in the mount be thy Targum unto the Law of Sinah

—*Sir Thomas Browne*

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TO THOSE /
WHO HOPE, AND PRAY, AND LABOR FOR THE
BRINGING IN
OF A BETTER DAY IN ALL THAT CONCERNS THE BEST
ESTATE OF THE PEOPLE AND THE NATION,
THIS VOLUME IS CORDIALLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

TO THE READER

THE author has herein collected all his writings which up to the present he cares to preserve, and although they have been published and in some cases republished in the public prints, he is gratified to have them arranged and in a durable and presentable form. Several portions of the collection, which have been long in keeping, are at last given places, having been for various reasons unavailable for use in his other books; and a reversal of opinion as to merit has brought into the volume certain pieces which had been consigned to the scrap book.

The chapters entitled "Little Helps to Health" appeared as a serial, and were prepared hastily and with no other purpose than of serving the present need. A word should be said in extenuation of their frivolous passages. The manager of the publication instructed the author that he should incorporate as much humor as possible in the subjects as sweetening for what he termed the "dose," but as they did not of themselves admit of much levity, the course was employed of introducing ready-made medical squibs and jokes, appropriating them from all convenient sources. An inclination to eliminate these undignified sections has been resisted on the grounds that they have to do with the general topic under consideration, and render, perhaps, a flavor of uniqueness to the prosy character of the chapters. The poem "Catharine" was printed many years ago in the "New York Pioneer," a temperance paper which long since ceased to exist. Though this poem and "Little Helps to Health" were not considered of much value by the author at the time of their publication, they

have gradually grown in his favor during the passing of the years.

The author reverts with pleasure and gratitude to the generous receptions which have been accorded his former books and hopes that this volume will also find friends and that it will serve at least in some small measure to promote brotherhood, health and Christian patriotism among the people.

C. A. I.

CAMBRIDGE, N. Y., *November 18, 1914.*

As the great Amazon or Mississippi, which flows through half a continent, comes from the blending influences of sun and shower, of dew and snowstorm; comes from affluents fed in many a quiet valley,—so the great river of God, the kingdom of truth and love, comes from the co-operation of thousands of hearts and lives, which are ignorant of each other now, but which are working together unconsciously.

—*James Freeman Clarke*

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*"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."*

*"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimm'd its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."*

*"And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes.
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"*

*"A mist envelopes them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."*

*"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"*

*"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Virid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark — young prophet of the noon —
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."*

*"What doth he say — oh, watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,
Fill'd with the glories of the Future time?"*

*"He prophesies; — his heart is full; — his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day —
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."*

*"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?"*

*"He sings of Brotherhood, and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When War shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfetter'd as its God design'd."*

— CHARLES MACKAY.

THOUGHTS ON INDEPENDENCE DAY

With the approach of Independence Day one is led to meditate upon our national government and to consider the character of its foundations, its present condition and its future career. The public prints will display commendable patriotism in their illuminating and inspiring comments, which will appear on the nation's birthday, the rostrum will shine with the eloquent periods of the orator as he enlarges upon the heroic deeds of the fathers, and the abundant fruits of prosperity which the present is pouring out at our feet, and of the glorious destiny which awaits us, so that there would seem little need of further remarks upon the subject. But the ideas which I have to present are so far from the path of patriotic discussion that, although they are by no means new, are much in danger of being lost sight of, and they are ideas, or rather truths which to neglect will be to involve this or any country, slowly perhaps, but surely, in adversity and eventual failure.

I would in the first place refute that baneful political heresy which holds to the secular theory of civil government, that denies to religion any moral authority in its operation, that claims it is supreme and independent of any power but its own. Thus, it arrogates to itself the sovereignty of God Himself, even to the extent of capital punishment, the taking of human life, which surely no earthly jurisdiction of itself has the right to command. But the Scriptures and the writings of many eminent authorities, among them Chancellor Kent, aver that the nation is a moral person, capable of committing sin, of repentance, of reward and punishment according as its life is good or evil. Moreover, the Supreme Court of the United States in a certain decision involving the State of Tennessee had this to say:

“Nations or states are bodies politic, societies of men united together for the promotion of their mutual safety

and advantage by the joint efforts of their combined strength. Such a society has her affairs and her interests. She deliberates and takes resolutions in common, thus becoming a moral person who possesses an understanding and a will peculiar to herself, and is susceptible of obligations and rights."

Still further, the universal, uninstructed opinion, or rather instinct, of the people is that the nation has an existence as a person, for observe how we have Uncle Sam standing for our people and how John Bull is the representative genius of Great Britain. Both of these not altogether fictitious characters are invariably depicted in prints as having the peculiar physical peculiarities of their respective races, and in all respects they are made to typify the American and English people.

As for Uncle Sam, he is a personage of gigantic proportions, having his head far in the north, his forehead dashed with the waters of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy lake, his feet in the tepid waters of the Gulf, his left hand resting on Boston and his right upon San Francisco, with his heart beating vigorously at Washington. In his early days he was a youth of piety and prayer, growing up with habits of industry and frugality. By these means having greatly prospered and grown rich and powerful, he has latterly assumed a somewhat proud and arrogant attitude and has evidently forgotten to read his Bible and say his prayers. He gambles considerably, drinks a good deal and esteems the Sabbath not much better than any other day. A large portion of his time is spent in idleness, though much of it he employs in flirting with other men's wives. What his future is to result in, unless he mends his ways, is not hard to prognosticate.

The prosperity and perpetuity of Christian nations depend upon the stability of their four corner stones, viz.: the church, the Sabbath, the family and the state or government, and if one of these essential foundations becomes in any degree disintegrated, the entire fabric of the realm will experience the resulting evil effects. While I do not wish to pose as an alarmist, it does seem clear to me that

while this country is enjoying a very great measure of material prosperity it is being dangerously threatened in the fields which I have indicated.

First, as to the Christian church. While it is not being violently assailed from any quarter, atheism having for the present discarded its weapons and evolution having proved no great enemy after all, there is operating against it an underground, sapping and mining process, which in a quiet way is weakening the strength of evangelical faith. There exists a busy propagandism which emasculates the Scriptures of all supernatural elements, leaving the Bible a mere religious eunuch among a host of other books which teach a high order of ethics. Eminent names are appended to literature which is being gratuitously circulated, which denies the credibility of the miracles and argues that Christ was not divine. It must be admitted that as pearls amongst rubbish there may be found worthy and exalted sentiments in the writings of these so-called liberal theologians, but their reasonings seem weak and inconclusive, compared with the clear and magnificent and sublime declarations of the Bible.

The widespread defection which along the line indicated is taking place may be easily exaggerated, however, in its permanent demoralizing effects, while the splendid advance of pure evangelical religion may be easily overlooked. For it is ever the unusual, the fantastic, the extravagant sights, happenings and developments which occupy the first place in the attention of the public to the exclusion of those important and worthy movements which proceed undeviatingly onward from generation to generation. Many a fragrant, beautiful summer evening have I known to be polluted by the emanation from one solitary animal, and the peace and enjoyment of an entire neighborhood destroyed by one small and degraded quadruped.

But the skeptics are not having it all their own way. I have been highly edified by the reading of a series of books entitled "The Fundamentals," which are being issued from time to time by the Testimony Publishing Company of Chicago, the expense being borne by "Two Christian Lay-

men." The contained papers are by men of acknowledged ability, and set forth in plain terms the essential truths of evangelical religion and answer the destructive criticism of the day. Four volumes of these invigorating books have been sent out gratuitously among English speaking people, to pastors, theological students, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and to leaders in religious work generally, 250,000 each of the third and fourth volumes having been distributed.

This modern fashion of flouting the authority and credibility of the Scriptures did not arise among the common people, but in colleges and theological seminaries, and herein is the danger. The common heart of mankind will always respond to the teachings of the Bible when true preachers expound it, but if heresy gains the minister and professor, heresy will steal into the congregations and communities broadcast.

That the Sabbath in the divine government is an institution of paramount importance may be inferred from the fourth commandment occupying about the middle place in the decalogue, forming a keystone: from its containing the largest number of words, and from its having for its first term the significant and impressive one, "Remember." No constitution of a nation nor physical constitution of a man can escape the penalty of disobedience to this great law; the former, losing its moral cohesion and support, will cease to command respect and obedience, while the latter will become enervated and bestialized. France flouts the Sabbath, and look at her! England observes it, and consider her prosperity! Crime, as might be expected, is less there than in this country with our loose notions concerning the Sabbath, London having laid to her charge but twenty murders in the year, with all but five per cent. of murderers in that country coming to the halter, while here all but two per cent. escape that penalty.

While the railroads are the most conspicuous and noisy offenders of Sabbath proprieties, the people must take their share of blame, for the companies would not operate trains if there were no passengers, and as to the moving of freight, it would seem that, with the shipping of wholesale

merchandise and the output of mines, factories and agriculture intermitted, as is the rule, on the Sabbath, the railroads might easily find ways of not running their trains on that day. There is not wanting high authority for the statement that the railroads could do the work in six days without serious inconvenience that they now do in seven.

The plea for extenuation that the roads put forward is not convincing. That the rushing through on the Sabbath of live stock is necessary is denied by men of experience, who say that forty-eight hours is as long as animals should be confined on the road, when they should be liberated and rested in order that they may not reach the shambles in an undesirable condition. As for perishable freight, the refrigerator car solves the problem, and the telephone and telegraph serve on the Sabbath the place of the mail. A few years since, Belgium discontinued by law the running of over 2,000 Sunday trains and with a great reduction of fatal accidents from negligence.

To secure the sanctity of the Sabbath is a formidable undertaking, and is rendered all the more difficult on account of our rapidly increasing continental population, which largely considers Sunday as a day of physical pleasure. Moreover, to reduce Sunday employments to the minimum would involve all, even the most devoted Christians, in more or less inconvenience, which many good people would hesitate to submit to. But from the reform would develop a great moral and religious quickening, an increased attendance at the churches, a lessening of intemperance and crime, a growth of intelligence and a wonderful enlargement of general prosperity. For I belong to the number of those who believe that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is.

The "Yellow Peril" is not nearly so threatening and dangerous as the illusive, ubiquitous, plausible devil of desecration which aims to destroy the American Sabbath. To meet and conquer him will require skill, courage and perseverance, and we might better be employing these elements of character on this high field of adventure than by preparing for imaginary wars with other lands, for we have immediate and serious trouble at home.

The monogamous family is another essential institution, without which there can be no permanent national existence, no exalted womanhood nor manhood, no carefully and affectionately trained childhood. Without the family there would be lacking the full exercise of that great trinity of social virtues, love, duty and sacrifice, which, deprived of, the world would soon sink into barbarism and heathenism. The status of women and children always indicates the plane to which any civilization has arisen, and it will always be found that their lot is the happiest and their privileges the greatest in those lands where monogamy prevails. That one man and one woman should form the nucleus of the family is a law written not only in the instincts of the heart and the conscience of the soul, but in the page of Scripture. It is, moreover, a natural law which cannot be disobeyed with impunity, a law resembling that of chemistry, by which an acid and an alkali unite. Now, the stability of all material things depends upon the unhampered working of chemical law, without which fearful calamities would result. The same holds true in the social field concerning marriage and the family; disregard or interfere with these divine institutions and domestic and public disaster will inevitably follow.

The idea that needs emphasizing in this day of frequent divorces, one out of every ten marriages, is that the separation of husband and wife except for the one Scriptural conjugal offense is a sin against God, society and nature. Uniform divorce laws would no doubt be useful, but as has been well said, the evil is primarily a moral, not a legislative one, and to strike at its roots is the first work to be done, and sever them from their connection with irreligion, meanness and cruelty. It is the duty of the churches and of all good men and women and of all periodical publications to set their faces sternly against this evil and to thus create a public sentiment sufficiently strong to frown it down. As to those deluded and frivolous creatures prominent in a certain kind of society who abandon wife or husband and marry another with cool indifference to all sense of propriety and decency and have their portraits and unsavory escapades paraded before the world, universal condemna-

tion should visit them until overwhelmed with shame, they are glad to hide themselves from the public gaze. For these people are doing more to pollute and break down the institution of the family than any other influence at work in the country.

Extravagant ideas of living which many of the wealthier families are introducing, are in a measure responsible for the unhappiness, disagreement and separation of man and wife, and in a great many instances prevent the union of those who would, had they less pride, join hands in marriage. This last condition, growing very prevalent, that of middle-aged unmarried persons, while not so great an evil as divorce, is yet an unnatural, undesirable and deteriorating social abnormality.

Concentrated wealth, political corruption and immigration are three great sources of governmental and national alarm. While much has been done through appropriate legislation to curb the rapacity of aggregated wealth, there yet remains and will undoubtedly increase in the hands of a few men vast monetary interests, which can easily be employed within the pale of any constitutional law to take advantage of and bleed the people. This is a grave problem, for to limit the extent of one's property would seem an arbitrary proceeding in a free country, as it would also to forbid the combination of capital so long as legally employed, yet in these privileges there is concealed a fearful menace to the principle of equal rights for all. So far, our statesmen have only explored the borders of this wide and difficult subject.

Closely associated with vast accumulations of wealth is the destructive political evil which uses money in large amounts to corrupt elections and legislative bodies, aiming to defeat or pass bills according as the interests of the bribers may indicate. Recent disclosures show that this practice is not being abandoned, that in widely distributed parts of the country it is employed, giving rise to the belief that the exposures bear but a small proportion to an awful mass of concealed rottenness. It is worthy of note, however, that public opinion when once aroused condemns these

iniquities and their perpetrators in unmerciful terms. Nothing is more unrelenting and cruel than American public indignation; it forgets not nor forgives.

Upon the subject of immigration as a threatening element, I will have but few words to say, reserving the topic for a future time, when I hope to take up the theme in its general aspects. It will serve my purpose to call attention to a few points. Since 1905 immigration has flowed in upon us at the rate of over 1,000,000 per year, with the exception of 1908 and 1909, when the numbers were less on account of the dullness of trade and manufacture. Previous to the eighties, the far greater part of foreigners came from the Scandinavian, German and Irish peoples, which were easily assimilated, but since that period the Slavic, Latin and Hebrew races have greatly preponderated, and these do not so easily adopt our ways and institutions, having a tendency to retain their languages and to live in colonies. The proportion of illiteracy amongst them is large, and a criminal propensity exists to a marked degree.

I hope these remarks will serve to show that a republican form of government is not a sinecure for the people; that having once won it the prize will not take care of itself. Read our early history, and it will be found that there were statesmen of genius and of self-sacrificing devotion in those days who employed their best years in serving their country; in the day of our greatness and of elaborate and complicated affairs, how much more do we need the very highest character and ability in places of public trust. And above all, how necessary it is that citizens should inform themselves upon those fundamental subjects such as I have attempted to consider.

June 26, 1911.

AMOS

To Bethel's altar came without affright
A stranger coarse of tunic, but a man
Strong visaged. On his cheek was liberal tan,
And on his feet, rough sandaled, was the sight
Of bruise and thorn wound, and his hands of might
Were seamed and knotted, and his fingers crooked.
'Twas Amos of Tekoa, thus he looked
When he pronounced eclipse of Israel's light.

And Amaziah, priest of that king's place,
With trembling heard those fiery words of woe,
While shining temples, with their golden show,
Were shaken in the terrible embrace
Of that lone herdsman's voice and scorn of face.
Where purity and justice had no room,
The prophet's message lightened in the gloom
That Israel might her devious path retrace.

Yet thunder forth the warnings of that seer.
And are our altars so inviolate,
And is so excellent our towering state
That we may find no profit if we hear?
Not so, but din of commerce in the ear
Has drowned the accents of prophetic voice,
And we are wandering at our wayward choice
Where sirens sing and rainbow gifts appear.

Draw near, O prophet, with thy valiant word
And stir the easy morals of the day,
And sting the loiterers in Samaria.
Rehuke intrenched injustice, whether lord
Or serf be guilty, till they have accord.
And charge the keepers of the people's trust
That they deny all self-exalting lust
And worthy law and rule, the land afford.

HOMES OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

Around the two homes of Sir William Johnson, the first standing at the village of Aiken, two miles west of Amsterdam, the second located at Johnstown, ten miles further distant in a northwesterly direction, cluster memories of the two distinct portions of his career. The former dwelling — or rather mansion — was built of ordinary quarried stone in 1742, and is yet in an excellent state of preservation. In plain view of the New York Central Railroad, standing on the north side, and but a few rods distant, with a factory rising high behind it, the old house is having a crowded and noisy experience, very unlike its surroundings when it was erected. The confusion, however, is in keeping with the strenuous and tempestuous times which marked the years that Sir William spent under its roof. What with keeping the Indians from the designing and crafty hands of the French, and later in fighting with them on the northern frontier, marching and countermarching, being the recognized leader of the Iroquois, this old grey stone house, as the place of councils, of goings out and comings in, has seen stirring days.

At a recent visit it was my privilege to unlock with my own hand the door of this historic house and to enter alone its noble hall, and in the suggestive silence to gaze about me. Soon, however, the keeper arrived and conducted me through the rooms, which even in their nakedness are stately and impressive. The hall is wide, extending through the length of the house, and at the rear a stairway with a landing and turn half way up ascends. The doors are wide and heavy, and everything indicates the ample views and thoroughness of its builder.

The mansion is now the property of the Montgomery County Historical Society, and contains the magnificent Richmond collection of Indian relics. This almost infinite array of articles belonging to the domestic life and warfare

of the tribes who once inhabited the Mohawk valley is fairly bewildering. It is the fruit of the labors of the late A. G. Richmond, of Canajoharie, and was obtained for the Montgomery County Historical Society at a cost of \$5,000. The collection contains 22,000 articles.

While looking at some combs nicely made from bone, I remarked that the Indians were very ingenious. To which the keeper took exceptions by saying that they made no advancement, remaining on the same level of invention from generation to generation. I have pondered this fact several times since. The Iroquois, too, were the most intelligent and powerful of all the American tribes.

As I was about to take my departure I was asked for my name, that it might be placed in the register. Giving the keeper my card, she opened the lid of Sir William's beautiful mahogany writing desk that stood in the hall and placed my card there. I felt then that I had come into about as close touch with Sir William Johnson as it was possible to in this world.

This mansion, often called "Old Fort Johnson," is not and never was a fort, but derives that appellation from its having been surrounded by a palisade during the French war. Although it looks out upon the Mohawk river on its clear, winding way to the sea, its location, hemmed in by the hills behind it, is not very pleasant. The place was selected because convenient for a grist mill, the Kayaderoseros creek emptying into the river at this point.

Johnson Hall was erected by Sir William in 1763, and from that date till his death in 1774 it remained his residence. Here came with him his housekeeper, Molly Brant, with her troupe of half-breed children. He was now a distinguished and wealthy man, being the largest landed proprietor in the country. His successes as an officer in the French war, notably his victory at Lake George, had made him a baronet, and had placed him in possession of a vast tract of territory. Having acquired the Kingsboro patent, containing twenty-six thousand acres, Johnson Hall was built in the midst of this property, that he might the better superintend it.

The site chosen is about one-half mile north of the outskirts of Johnstown. The location is very pleasant, standing on gently rising ground and surrounded by attractive fields. The property is now owned by the state. The premises have a well-kept appearance, beds of flowers and shrubbery being in evidence, and trees which were planted by Sir William are still standing upon the lawns. Many councils with the Indians were held here. Indeed, it was owing to his exertion in addressing six hundred braves that he was stricken down, and died a few hours afterwards. Unvexed by the clangor of railroads and commerce, in peaceful rural aloofness, the place is in harmony with the comparative quiet and the dignity which characterized the remaining eleven years of Sir William's life. That the mansion was built of wood rather than of stone is evidence that the proprietor felt that the days of imminent danger were in a great degree passed away. Two brick block houses were erected near the house, however, one of which is still standing in a perfect state of preservation. The interior of the mansion is almost a counterpart of the old stone one on the river, but the hall and the rooms are larger and the ceilings higher. The effect of viewing these grand apartments is to feel their imposing dignity. Though unfurnished, they breathe an air of large-mindedness, wealth and culture. Visions of the palmy days of old, when the distinguished ones of the country were entertained here, when Indian chiefs in council with Sir William smoked under the shade of the locust, and Molly Brant presided in natural dignity over the domestic affairs, arise in the mind.

The stairs ascend from the rear of the hall and have a landing and turn. On the rail are the marks made by Brant's hatchet. This Indian chief, a brother of Molly Brant, having taken offense at something which had been said, came out of the council chamber and began hacking the rail as he descended. The marks are about eighteen inches apart. Near the bottom he evidently gave the rail a fearful clip, for a chip was taken out as large as one's two fingers. One of the rooms contains an interesting collection of colonial relics and articles connected with Sir

William. The library, on the first floor in the rear, where he died, and the dining room, in the basement, when one enters them, bring vividly forward the home life of this eminent man.

In connection with an old portrait hanging on the wall the guide remarked regretfully that they had no picture of Molly. It is a sad thought that of this interesting child of the forest, one who for twenty years lived the companion of one of the greatest men on the continent, who had the qualities to win and hold his admiration, there remains no memorial; no authoritative description of her personal and mental characteristics. It is remarkable that so little is known of one whose name is so familiar. Even the place of her grave is not known. The Indians, with whom she dwelt after leaving Johnson Hall, seem not to have held her in any peculiar honor. Of her eight children, all by Sir William, all but one son made their lives with the Indians. Both she and her sons and daughters were liberally remembered by the father in gifts of land, provided in his will.

But when Sir William died the war cloud of the Revolution was rising and, as some one has said, he wavered as to which side he would acknowledge fealty, and as he wavered, he died. Molly Brant, in 1779, was driven from her home at Danube by the Oneidas, who had espoused the cause of the colonists, and the thousands of acres of land which had belonged to her and hers was lost to them forever. One item of her subsequent biography is that she was with the Mohawks while the tribe was operating with Burgoyne, at Fort Miller. She died in 1805.

Through the courtesy of Judge Jeremiah Keck I was shown over the court house at Johnstown. Erected by Sir William, and standing since 1772, it is an enduring monument to his public spirit and his thoroughness as a builder. In the cupola still hangs the giant steel triangle which has sounded in the ears of the generations which have come and gone since colonial days, and in the attic is stored away the gallows upon which executions were made in the olden time. No one looking at the perfect walls, without flaw or

blemish, and observing its splendid court room, would imagine that the building has been so long in existence.

On the lawn of St. John's Episcopal church may be seen a low tablet which marks the grave of the founder of Johnstown. His ashes repose in the heart of the town that bears his name, and for the prosperity of which he gave so much thought and labor. It is the one single grave in the enclosure. The original St. John's, which owed its erection to Sir William, held his remains under its chancel, but the location of the new church was such as to leave the grave outside. It is, indeed, a lonely sepulchre. His son and heir fought for the king and died at last in Canada.

A handsome monument of Sir William stands at a point midway between Johnson Hall and the city. He is represented as standing, with a long cloak draped gracefully from his shoulders, while he looks towards Johnstown. No doubt he loved the place and the people. Moreover, he loved the valley and hills where he had dwelt and labored. Evidently he liked the Indians, probably finding in them qualities of merit, and desiring to relieve their ignorance and privations. Johnson, when he became a rich and a famous man, far from seeking more congenial surroundings in Albany or New York, came back further into his primitive estate and began founding a village. He was ever thinking, planning for the best interests of those around him. He encouraged settlers to take up the land, improved the methods of agriculture, brought into the valley sheep and blooded horses. A versatile man, there was no limit to the variety of his enterprises. He sought out clergymen and teachers and induced them to come out upon the frontier and labor for the higher interests of the people. In the midst of all this he was, as someone has said, "The slave of the Indians," ever listening to their wrangling and ever settling their disputes. Thus he exercised himself to the very day of his death.

Besides his business abilities, as displayed in the office of Indian Superintendent, he was an able general and also a man of no little literary ability, as anyone may prove by glancing through the enormous volume of his correspondence.

His crowning work, however, was his successful management of the Iroquois, his restraining influence by which he kept them from listening to the overtures of the French and retained them the friends of the English colonies. His method was simple — the practice of kindness and honesty in all his negotiations and dealings. For this the Indians loved and trusted him.

THE POLES

Far off in desolate fields of ice, we have found the poles of the earth;
And the tragic trails to those frozen zones are blazoned by names of
worth;
Though many have gone on the desert snow, to faint and never
return,
Their memories melt through milder climes, as hero lights they burn.

But what have they found in those dreary wastes to gladden the
hearts of men?
What have they brought for the toiler's meed or poverty's wretched
pen?
What have they won to stay the course of ignorance, greed and vice?
What have they learned to redeem the race from disease's sacrifice?

Somewhere the poles of equity high, undiscovered remotely remain,
And explorers who search for the rise of their kind through tempest
and cold and pain,
Are leading the world by the might of their zeal into higher and
higher lands,
Where the polar mountain of justice nearer with shining front
expands.

Sometime the wavering world of men, the poles of its hope shall find;
Confusion and friction shall cease to be and peace the nations shall
bind;
And the Hand that balances all the earth and in unison rolls the
spheres,
On the axis of love shall mold all mind to harmony through the years.

OLD FORT TICONDEROGA AND LAKE GEORGE

Every visitor to the crumbling walls of Fort Ticonderoga must be impressed with the great natural advantages which the place possesses as a vantage ground of defense. Here, at a point just north of where the outlet of Lake George empties into Lake Champlain, and on a precipitous headland extending nearly to the east side of the lake, stood Fort Ticonderoga. It thus commanded this gateway to the north. Large amounts of money had been expended upon it by the French and English, but at the time of its capture by Ethan Allen on May 10, 1775, it was from neglect in a somewhat dilapidated condition. The Americans, however, upon the approach of Burgoyne set energetically about repairing the fortress and erected another fort opposite on the east side of the lake. The two forts were connected by a bridge of boats, strong chains were strung from shore to shore and a boom of logs was constructed across the narrow strait.

Fort Ticonderoga was thus impregnable except in one fatal respect; south of the fort and on the same side of the lake, rising 750 feet steeply above the water, stands Sugar Loaf hill, distant from Fort Ticonderoga 1,400 yards. It had been repeatedly pointed out to the general in command that this eminence was the key to the fortifications, and that a battery erected upon it would compel their evacuation. To this it was rejoined that the hill was inaccessible to artillery owing to its precipitous sides; but Benedict Arnold and Anthony Wayne had climbed it and insisted that a road might easily be constructed for the hauling up of guns. This was precisely what General Phillips, Burgoyne's chief of artillery, accomplished on the night of July 4, 1777, and on the following night General St. Clair, believing the works now untenable, abandoned them. So far as great history is concerned this was the closing chapter of Fort Ticonderoga's tragic career.

Yet "Old Fort Ti," as the people love to call that once frowning fortress, still lives and will continue to be

cherished for the stories of devotion and danger and death which its war-worn and time-beaten walls have to tell. As a national defense this ground is employing itself to a better purpose than it did in the Revolution, for whoever visits it will go away deeply impressed with the stern and terrible ordeals which accompanied the founding of this English-speaking people and the establishing of this Republic, and will have ringing in his ears Ethan Allen's sublime demand for the surrender of this once great fortress of the north.

Not all, perhaps, are acquainted with the fact that Fort Ticonderoga is a place of great natural beauty. Not only is the scenery up and down the lake and over into the fields of Vermont and to the mountains beyond very beautiful, but locally the fort is highly attractive with its rocks and groves and wide meadows. Immediately north of the fort there spreads an extensive meadow, covering an extent of perhaps fifty acres, and at the time of the tercentennial celebration smoothly mown. To see the train loads of people in gala day attire approaching the fort across this great level lawn was worth going many a mile to behold. Here Governor Hughes reviewed the troops.

On the border of the meadow and near the lake is the fine old mansion of the Pell family of New York. The land upon which Fort Ticonderoga is located has been the property of the Pells for a century or more, having been acquired by them from certain colleges, to which institutions it had been ceded by the government. Fortunately the owners have a deep appreciation of the historic value of the place and are restoring the works to their original condition. The west barracks is already completed and is an interesting and imposing grey stone building. It was at the door in the second story that Ethan Allen accosted the British general and compelled him to surrender.

At the close of the day as I walked down to the railway over the ground which slopes gently from the fort towards the west, there came vividly before me the terrible strife which here occurred on the 8th of July, 1758, between the

English under Abercrombie and the French under Montcalm. This was the bloodiest day that Fort Ticonderoga ever knew.

Behind his abatis of fallen trees and high defense of logs, Montcalm, with his little army of 3,600 men, awaited before the walls of the fort the coming of Abercrombie with his force of 15,000. The French general was a small man, but practical, resourceful and inspired by a tireless energy, qualities in which the British general seems to have been deficient. In the erection of the field works Montcalm had worked with his men as a common laborer, and had thus gained their confidence and friendship. In the anxious days preceding the battle, he had frequently looked in the direction of Sugar Loaf hill and expressed the hope that the English would not discover its availability and occupy it with artillery, and he was reassured when he beheld the troops of Abercrombie coming forward to assail his almost invulnerable works. From one p. m. till five the battle raged fiercely with Montcalm in his shirtsleeves active and busy among his men, and with Abercrombie two or three miles in the rear of his army. Repeatedly and valiantly the English came up before the murderous fire of the French, but all to no purpose, and when the sun was sinking their hope of victory went down with it, while 2,000 of their dead and wounded lay upon the western slope of the hill Ticonderoga.

The sun was shining brightly when we left Ticonderoga. Showers had fallen during the day, but now all was pleasant and serene, and the lake shone like burnished silver. Such has our history with Ticonderoga been — at first storm-smitten and long overwhelmed with thunder clouds, but at last emerging in the beneficent rays of peace, liberty and prosperity.

Whoever sails over the length of Lake George will long remember that voyage. The thirty-two miles of picturesque winding among the wooded hills and mountains; the many bays, coves, points, headlands and promontories, all of them beautiful; the multitude of islands; all are memory

pictures which have indelible colors. Even the water, itself, of the lake is beautiful in its wonderful transparency, and through its crystal tide one may look down almost as distinctly as through the air. In proof of its remarkable clearness, it is said that a watch having been dropped into the lake, it could be seen at a depth of thirty feet, and was thus easily recovered.

Lake George has been known under a variety of appellations, which are cited by the late E. M. Ruttenber in his "Indian Geographical Names." Caniade-Rioit ("The tail of the lake," on account of its connection with Lake Champlain) was one of them. The Mohawks called it Andia-torocte ("There where the lake shuts itself in," at the northern extremity). The first white man to cast eyes upon Lake George was the Catholic missionary, Father Jogues, who, on the 29th of May, 1646, reached it in his journey to the Iroquois in the Mohawk valley. It being the eve of Corpus Christi, he called it "Lac de Saint Sacrament." Thus it was known until Sir William Johnson, in 1755, named it Lake George as a compliment to the King. Mr. Ruttenber says: "The lake never had a specific name. Horicon, which some writers have endeavored to attach to it, does not belong to it. It is not Iroquoian, does not mean 'north,' nor does it mean 'lake' or 'silver water.'" Regarding the term Horicon, the writer says: "The several forms indicate that the tribe was the Moricans or Mourigans of the French, the Maikans or Mahikans of the Dutch and the Mohegans of the English. It is certain that the tribe held the head waters of the Connecticut as well as of the Hudson."

The village of Ticonderoga, a pleasant and thrifty place of about 4,000 inhabitants, is located on the Ti creek and about midway of its course, the ruins of the fort being at the outlet and Baldwin, at the foot of Lake George, at the inlet. The distance from Baldwin to the fort is about four miles.

Our early morning ride from Ticonderoga to Baldwin to take the steamer Horicon was through a fertile valley with the Ti creek winding its way northward. This peaceful

dale was once the war path of the Hurons and Iroquois and later of the French and English, though it is not with facility that one is able to convert the quiet, uneventful life of these fields into scenes of cruelty and violence. But Lake George and Lake Champlain, though no more frequented by those bent upon war and pillage, are yet of as great renown as in the early days of our history and are even more sought and by greater multitudes. But the fame of this beautiful lake country is now the fame of its waters and mountains, and the errand of the invaders is delight and rest.

We were glad, upon our arrival at Baldwin, to see the Horicon still at her moorings, for we were late, and, hurrying on board, the gang plank was hauled in, and we were soon gliding over the clear waters of the lake. Fine scenery is in evidence from the start and continues the entire length of the lake. Mountains and hills covered with forests and seemingly uninhabited rise directly from the shores, which are extremely irregular in their lines and from three-fourths to four miles apart. The lake has the appearance of having been formed by the sinking of the earth, or perhaps it owes its existence to the interruption of the water course by glacial deposits. In its deepest parts the water has a depth of 400 feet.

We were soon abreast of Rogers' Rock, a bold promontory jutting into the lake from the west shore, and 200 feet in height. A nearly perpendicular precipice frowns out upon the water, rendering the hill a picturesque and impressive landmark. Though there are much higher points along the lake, Black mountain rising above its level on the east side to a height of 2,200 feet, Rogers' Rock is the most bold and striking feature along the entire length of these shores.

The well worn story of Major Rogers sliding down the face of this rock and landing safely upon the ice when he was hard pressed by the French and Indians is no doubt merely a legend. No man could go falling down this fearful wall and live. The true facts seem to be that in the month of March, 1758, the snow being of a depth of four feet, Rogers and his men were scouting along the lake and unexpectedly encountering a large body of the enemy, sus-

tained heavy losses. Rogers, in the race to escape, found himself on the brink of this precipice, from whence, reversing his snowshoes, he walked back, making it appear that two men had slid down the rock. By this clever deception he was able to extricate himself from a desperate situation, and the Indians refused to pursue further men whom they deemed favored ones of the Great Spirit.

Rogers could not wish for a more impressive monument than the rock that bears his name, nor for one more lasting. The fact of his tarnished fame seems not to be well remembered, but the history of his later career brands him as a Benedict Arnold in a lesser capacity. Serious accusations of disloyalty were made against him in both the French war and the Revolution, and having become an officer in the British army, he was banished by the American government in 1778.

Not far south of Rogers' Rock we ran into Blair Bay, from the north shore of which and looking from its high perch to the west is Anthony's Nose or face, for the profile stands out very distinctly, showing all the features. Anthony is a dignified, Roman-nosed gentleman, evidently of the "old school," and his countenance projects from the lofty cliff like a cameo.

Though the day was beautiful, with huge masses of curling clouds adorning the firmament, a brisk breeze against which the boat was running had in it a chill, and to escape from it I sought a warm spot on the forecastle, where I leaned back against the tarpaulin. Here I fell in with an old farmer, a resident of the district, who gave me original points as we passed over the bright waters. I learned from him that he once went into the mountains on the west side "after a tow-headed hired girl." He did not state what success he had, but judging from the wild-wooded and uninhabited look of the country, I surmised that he must have found her in a cave or a hollow tree. Rattlesnakes still exist in small numbers in the unfrequented parts of these hills and mountains.

Another bit of information which my companion volunteered was that the lake is subject to sudden gusts of wind, a remark which came to my memory when not long after-

wards I read of a motor boat having been overtaken with a squall and of all its occupants perishing. The cause of these violent and unexpected winds is doubtless the same as operated on the Lake of Galilee in a certain memorable night; the sudden cooling and rushing down of the air of the surrounding mountains. In writing this, I do not wish to cast any reproach upon Lake George, but if what the farmer said is true, it ought to be known by all those who sail frail crafts on her waters.

Near us was a group of attractive "school ma'ams," toward whom I observed the old farmer was casting surreptitious glances. The young ladies were exchanging thoughts and experiences concerning the tercentennial exercises at Ticonderoga, and when one of the party remarked in speaking of Ambassador Bryce's address that he had written a certain book, she was unable to call its title to mind. None of them could give more of it than "The American ———." After a long pause, a gentleman sitting near ventured to finish it with the word "Commonwealth." Then all those school ma'ams turned their bright orbs upon the fortunate stranger, and with sweet smiles thanked him profusely. As I glanced toward the farmer, his face was long, and he said to me solemnly: "If I could have spit out that word I would have given my whole hay crop for it."

On and on we went up the lake, the Horicon visiting the many resorts on the shores, skimming the bright waters from side to side, and thus greatly increasing the time and distance of the delightful trip. Many of these pleasant outing places are widely known, and it was a pleasure to look upon them, not only on that account, but for their diversified attractions and for the pleasant faces that greeted us from the landing places.

I will not soon forget this delightful sail up Lake George, but in visions of memory will often sit on the Horicon's deck and gaze upon the most beautiful of American waters.

Aug. 25, 1909.

JOHN PAUL JONES

What is the gloom of a century to the hero's torch of fame!
The shadows of time must melt away before its triumphant flame;
It will burn its path through ingratitude and pierce oblivion's wall,
And like a star in the firmament shine radiantly on all.

Out of the gloom of a century and out of forgotten grave
Comes forth the body of John Paul Jones, the warrior of the wave;
For his country was calling for him and the flag that he loved so well
Was drooping because his bones remained in their unhonored cell.

Far across the ocean waste we ordered our ships of war;
To the shores of France they held their way, to the dust of the
conquerer;
And the Brooklyn took with gentle hands, in the presence of powers
and thrones,
And lifted into her battling breast the body of John Paul Jones.

But the people lifted him higher yet, above the battery's steel,
And set upon him with one accord a shining immortal seal,
And wrote his name among the few who prominently stand
As mountains in the midst of men to be seen of all the land.

O traders turn from your bargaining and professors from your arts!
Lay down your scythes, O farmers, and receive him all with your
hearts!
For greater and stronger than wealth or learning or architectural
stones,
Was the liberal soul of a patriot that burned in John Paul Jones.

July 17, 1905.

FORT EDWARD — OLD SARATOGA VILLAGE

Fort Edward, during the French wars and the Revolution, was a place of strategic importance from its having been the "great carrying place" from the Hudson to Lake George, 14 miles, and to Lake Champlain, 22 miles distant. The beginning of what is now Fort Edward as a military stronghold was in 1709, when General Francis Nicholson, having in view the invasion of Canada, constructed and garrisoned four forts and opened a military road between Old Saratoga (Schuylerville) and Whitehall. The forts were located at Stillwater, Old Saratoga, Fort Ann and Fort Edward, that at Fort Edward being called Fort Nicholson, in honor of the commander of the expedition, and that at Fort Ann receiving its name in recognition of the Queen. Fort Edward was rebuilt in 1755 by General Phineas Lyman, who commanded the Connecticut troops associated with Sir William Johnson's army in his expedition against Crown Point. General Lyman's name was given to the reconstructed works, but General Johnson, after the battle of Lake George, which soon was fought, and in which the Connecticut general distinguished himself, changed the name to Fort Edward, in honor of the Duke of York. As the village of Fort Edward seems to have had its birth in 1709, this year would be the bi-centennial anniversary of that event.

Although Fort Edward has never been the scene of an important battle, it has figured prominently in all the many campaigns, which since the erection of its initial fortification, have passed its walls. Whoever would write fully the annals of this historic place must review the teeming volumes which tell of a century's long years of terrible strife with pillage, torturings and death grapples in those gloomy forests of the north.

In a visit recently made to this famous village, while searching out the house from which tradition says Jane McCrea departed on July 27, 1777, to meet her fate at the hands of Burgoyne's Indians, I was directed to a home on

the west side of Main street and about in the middle of its length. While gazing reverently upon it I chanced to meet a prominent citizen of the town, who, being interrogated said sarcastically, "Yes, that is the house they worship." He then proceeded to analyze the story of this unfortunate Revolutionary maiden, tearing into tatters much of that beautiful fabric of romance, which through the years has so gracefully adorned her name, and casting suspicion upon the identity of the house, which is pointed out as having sheltered her on that last day of her life, and upon the memorable spot where a confiding public believes her to have been killed.

There is, indeed, great difficulty in arriving at the true version of this tragic and immensely important Revolutionary episode, for the different writers seem to have drawn freely upon their imaginations with the evident desire that a touching and dramatic tale must be made out at any cost. Let it be so. For one, lacking the positive proof to the contrary, I prefer to conceive of Jane McCrea in the legendary light which exhibits her as a beautiful, fair haired girl of 17, kind and good and innocent, stricken down by the savage foes of her country, and I shall insist upon looking devotedly upon those places which popular approval has long associated with her life and death. Her name is worthy of all honorable perpetuation. From the fresh earth of her grave the angel of war and patriotism and revenge sprang sword in hand and ere the grass was green above the body of Jane McCrea, Burgoyne and his army were prisoners in American hands.

I have in my possession a pine chip cut many years ago from the tree under which this fair victim and martyr gave up her life. During the heat of the summer the pitch has been oozing from its pores, which circumstance made impressive the sense of the event of which it is an appropriate token, for the pine is lasting. Such shall be the sweet and tender fame of Jane McCrea. So long as the stately pine shall, generation after generation, salute the sky with his fragrant plumes, her story will remain in the affection and gratitude of men. A small, pyramidal memorial on the lawn of a residence located on the hill in the northern part

of the village marks the place where she fell. The trolley line to Hudson Falls passes here, and the stone may be plainly seen on the west side. A little further north is the Union cemetery, where, near the gate, a monument of modest proportions tells the pilgrim where repose the ashes of Jane McCrea.

There may be seen in this cemetery a stone inscribed to the memory of Major Duncan Campbell of Inveraw, who, serving under Abercrombie and wounded at the battle of Ticonderoga, died at Fort Edward and was buried here. The legend connected with him is a strange one. Having in Scotland once shielded a murderer, the victim as an apparition had warned him he would have his revenge at Ticonderoga. When the British were approaching the fort, Campbell recognized the name and predicted his fall.

Fort Edward derives not a little interest from its having been the neighborhood of some of the exploits of General Israel Putnam, or "Old Put," as he was called. During the French war, the magazine of the fort having taken fire, he quenched the flames by his own undivided efforts and at the greatest peril. He shot the rapids a few miles south while pursued by the Indians, thus accomplishing a daring feat and escaping from their violence. At another time, not far from here, having fallen into their hands, he was rescued from burning at the last moment by the interposition of a humane French officer. Putnam was of that type of character which the American people love to honor, in that he was able, enterprising and fearless, saying and doing things in a striking and picturesque manner. His letter to Sir Henry Clinton in reply to that general's demand for the release of one of his officers illustrates his plain and vigorous methods. He wrote: "Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. Israel Putnam. P. S.—He has been accordingly executed."

Another interesting historical character associated with Fort Edward was General Nicolas Herkimer, the hero of Oriskany. It was, however, his unique handling of the

English language in connection with the place rather than his sword that entitles him to consideration. On October 18, 1776, he addressed the following letter to one of his officers :

“ Ser yu will orter yur bodellyen do merchs Immiedietlih do ford edward weid for das brofiesen and amonieschen fied for on bettell. Dis yu will disben yur berrell from frind Nicolas hercheimer. To Cornel pieder bellinger, ad de plats.”

This is the interpretation :

“ Sir: You will order your battalion to march immediately to Fort Edward, with four days’ provisions and ammunition fit for one battle. This you will disobey at your peril. From your friend, Nicholas Herschheimer. To Colonel Peter Bellinger, at the Flats.”

It is said that the Palatine Germans of the Mohawk valley spoke a dialect made up of their own and the Mohawk language, which may explain the peculiar style of word framing employed by General Herkimer.

Not a vestige remains of old Fort Edward to tell the traveler where its walls were located, and its site is occupied by the streets and dwellings of the village. It is known, however, that it stood on the side of the river in the southern part of the place and that the old Fort tree marks the spot where opened what was called the water gate. This huge whitewood tree, with a diameter of perhaps five feet, stands close to the river and upon a bank of about ten feet. Its lower branches are living, but the great upper limbs are dead and naked and may be seen from afar, stretching out as if supplicating the people to provide a monument or tablet to mark the place where stood Fort Edward. For the old tree, which is said to have been standing in Revolutionary days, will soon fall and thus one of the very few historic objects of the village will have been obliterated. Yet the spring of pure, cold water which issues from the river bank under the old landmark will keep alive the memory of the fort and its water gate. From this fountain the garrison, no doubt, was supplied, and it remains a fitting

memorial of the necessity, worth and perennial character of our political liberties for the bringing in of which the fathers were willing to suffer and die.

But it must be admitted that a stigma of reproach, justly or unjustly, rests indirectly upon Fort Edward; not upon its garrison, but upon its commanding officer. In August, 1757, while Colonel Monroe, with an inferior force, was besieged by Montcalm at Fort William Henry, General Webb refused to march to its relief, though the garrison was ready and anxious to hasten out on the march of but fourteen miles. Colonel Monroe, after holding out for seven days, with provisions exhausted, of which there were abundance at Fort Edward, was compelled to surrender on the 9th of August. Then followed the terrible massacre by Montcalm's Indians of a portion of the American prisoners, all of which calamities might seemingly have been prevented by the cooperation of Webb. This is the popular belief, but Monroe's and Webb's combined troops would not have equaled 8,000, the number under Montcalm, and thus after all, with Albany defenseless, discretion here may have been the better part of valor.

Near the southern limits of the village and on the west side of Main street stands the Old Fort house, the only structure in the place dating from the Revolution. It is located a considerable distance south of the site of the fort and is a large, hospitable looking mansion, standing well back from the street and in a park adorned with shade trees. Here Burgoyne had his headquarters during his stay at Fort Edward, July 30 to August 13, 1777. The house is in good repair, some of the board shutters, such as were used in the olden time, still doing service. From the rear, the big and tall limbs of the Old Fort tree may be seen lifting themselves up in their barrenness, as if to salute this stately roof of early days. The interior of the mansion is commodious and pleasant and breathes an air of consequence and dignity.

Fort Edward, indeed, enjoys a great history and a distinction of which its people may be justly proud, for here,

as in few other places in our borders, were forged in the stress of war the diadem of self-government.

Sept. 11, 1909.

NOTE.—In 1914 arrangements were completed to appropriately mark the site of Fort Edward.

It is to be regretted that the village of Schuylerville does not enjoy the proprietorship of its original name, that of Saratoga. Though the township in which it is located is thus called, it is as Schuylerville that the ground upon which Burgoyne surrendered is known, and notwithstanding that the battle of Saratoga, fought nine miles south of this place, derived its name from the primitive one, it is Saratoga Springs that usurps the distinguished title. This, however, may be thought strong language, inasmuch as the township of Saratoga Springs was originally comprised in that of Old Saratoga, having been set off in 1819, but I was considering the matter in the light of propriety, justice and convenience. Were Schuylerville in possession of its rightful name, it would not be necessary to explain that it is the real and historical Saratoga, and a good deal of confusion would be avoided.

Here I might say that the term Saratoga was given to a patent granted in 1684, embracing lands lying between Northumberland and Mechanicville, and extending back on each side of the Hudson a distance of six miles, and that the district of Saratoga, erected in 1772, embraced also the present town of Easton, on the east side of the river, in Washington county. Furthermore, on good evidence, the term Saratoga was specifically applied as early as 1683 to lands on the east side of the river immediately south of the Battenkill, and here was located the first settlement of Saratoga, and it was not until 1747, when Fort Clinton was abandoned, that the east side of the Hudson opposite Schuylerville, ceased to be inhabited. Fort Clinton was located on the high ground northeast of Schuylerville, the fort which was first erected having stood also with the settlement on the east side. The late E. M. Ruttenber, a careful and disinterested historical student and author, has

this to say upon the mooted subject: "On the destruction of the fort in the war of 1746(7), the settlement was removed to the opposite (west) side of the river and the name (Saratoga) went with it, but to which it had no legitimate title." Another corroborative witness may be found in Peter Kalm, a botanist in the employ of the Swedish government, who, in an account of his journey up the Hudson, describes in detail the fort at Saratoga, stating that it stood on a hill on the east side of the river and that it was burned by the English in 1747. This, evidently, was Fort Clinton, which it is known was fired by the English that year that it might not fall into the hands of the French. Yet it is contended, and with a considerable strength of evidence, that the earlier forts which were constructed at Old Saratoga were located on the west side of the river, but it is doubtful if the controversy can ever be satisfactorily and definitely settled.

Old Saratoga derived its importance as a strategic point from the fact that it was here that two great primitive routes of travel had a crossing, that of the Hudson with the route from the west, coming down Fish creek, and continuing east, going up the Battenkill. The Hudson, besides, from Old Saratoga to Stillwater, was much resorted to on account of the plenitude of beavers and fish. The great routes of the Hurons, dwelling north of the St. Lawrence, and of the Iroquois, along the Mohawk, in their wars and hunting expeditions, were through Old Saratoga. History has made note of the more important of these campaigns, with which the French and English were associated, but of those which passed before the advent of the white man, and of the many smaller raids of later times, which have gone over these ancient trails, nothing but vague traditions remain. The French archives disclose that about twenty small parties were sent out in 1746 to operate against the settlers on the frontiers of New York and Massachusetts.

The first settlement of Old Saratoga was at a date not long previous to 1689, when seven families had made their homes there. In the minutes of a convention held at New York on the 4th of September of that year, resolutions are

recorded to the effect that Bartel Vroman, having been killed at "Sarachtoge" by the Indians, that Leift Jochim Staets go with ten men to that place to investigate "how ye matter is" and to send back a messenger with "tidings." It was also provided that a small force should be sent for the defense of the place and that some Schaghticoke Indians, also, should be engaged to go with them and act as scouts in the forests lying around the settlement. As a further means of security, a fort was ordered to be constructed around the house of the above-named Bartel Vroman, which defense was probably designed to shelter the other settlers in times of danger. This, no doubt, was the first stronghold erected at Old Saratoga, which was then, and as such remained for many years, the extreme limit of our northern frontier.

Under the fostering influence of the Schuylers, who one generation after another, from the earliest times were the leading land holders here, the place enjoyed good thrift and prosperity till, in 1745, it embraced four mills and about thirty dwellings. In this year, on the early morning of the 28th of November, occurred the massacre of the settlement and the utter destruction by burning of all the dwellings, buildings and the wealth of forage laid up for the winter, together with the mills and a large amount of sawed lumber. Animals were roasted alive in the barns and the inhabitants were led away captive or killed on the spot, 109 having been the number of the former. Philip Schuyler, refusing to surrender, was shot dead in his own house. The Canadian expedition which committed these atrocities was commanded by the notorious Marin, and numbered about 500 men, about equally divided between French and Indians. The fort, which was without a garrison, though war was in progress between the French and English, was burned.

Surprise is sometimes expressed that so fearful a calamity as this has figured so little in history, either local or general, while the massacre at Schenectady in 1690 is everywhere given a prominent place. The Dutch town on the Mohawk was of course a larger place, containing some eighty dwellings, but it was then of small strategic and

is now of slight historic importance compared with Old Saratoga. The preference of the historian for Schenectady may be explained, perhaps, by its having been contiguous to Albany and united to that leading town by ties consanguineous and administrative, through which the story of its fateful day would be graphically related by intensely interested and competent hands.

I will take occasion to say here that Schuylerville, next to Saratoga, is the most highly honorable and appropriate name the place could bear; for from 1683, when the name of Peter Phillipsen Schuyler of Albany appears on an instrument with three others as a patentee of lands extending on the west side of the Hudson from Mechanicville to the Battenkill and on the east side from the Hoosac river to the Battenkill, till about the year 1837, when Philip Schuyler disposed of the family lands and mansion, there was a continuous line of this distinguished house living at Old Saratoga.

The first expedition against Canada by the English was led in 1690 by Captain Johannes Schuyler, grandfather of General Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame. Captain Schuyler, who was but 23 years of age, at the head of 40 white men and 100 Indians, penetrated nearly to Montreal, spreading destruction along his route. The Schuylers were a remarkable family, courageous, able and enterprising, distinguished alike in the military, political and social affairs of the colony. It is unnecessary to mention the nobility of character and the valuable public services of General Philip Schuyler, whose beloved memory will ever be cherished by those who appreciate the labors of disinterested patriotism.

Following the destruction of Old Saratoga, silence and desolation prevailed throughout the northern frontier, for the trading post of John H. Lydius, twelve miles north, at what is now Fort Edward, had gone up in flames and mingled its smoke with the burning settlement south of it. A new fort, however, named Fort Clinton, had been quickly erected and was ready to be manned in the early spring following Marin's raid. As has been stated, this fort stood on one of the hills on the east side of the river and about

opposite Schuylerville, and it was built at the request of Col. Peter Schuyler as a protection for his interests at Old Saratoga, he believing, no doubt, that with a garrisoned fort, settlers could be induced to colonize again the deserted fields. But the plan, although the fort was defended by a considerable body of troops, over whom was Colonel Schuyler himself, seems not to have attracted many to the place, for at the time of La Corne's attack on the fort, June 30, 1747, there seems to have been no persons at Old Saratoga living outside the walls. The French journal of the expedition makes no mention of such, neither here nor at the Lydius neighborhood, and it is known that the latter place remained uninhabited for a period of ten years after that settlement was burned.

La Corne's force consisted of twenty Frenchmen and 200 Indians, while the garrison had about 200 men. By a strategy, a detachment of the latter was drawn out into an ambuscade, when twenty-eight were killed and forty-five taken prisoners, with slight loss to the enemy. This blow so effectively discouraged the colonial government that Fort Clinton was abandoned and burned in the fall of the same year, while the troops marched away leaving the waste places of Old Saratoga to brood over the ruin.

Though La Corne's was the last visitation of violence that Old Saratoga experienced up to Burgoyne's surrender there in 1777, it was not until several years after the close of the old French war, which occurred in 1760, that the place began to take on the appearance of a decidedly increasing prosperity. There can be no doubt that during the years of that last struggle with the French Old Saratoga profited by the numerous expeditions that came and went, and for the sense of security felt under the walls of Fort Hardy, until the fall of Quebec and Montreal put an end to the dread of the rifle and the torch of the Canadian vandal.

I need not write particularly of Old Saratoga's distinguished connection with the Revolution, but would merely offer a few words descriptive of the two historic mansions standing there, mute but impressive witnesses of the heroic days of old. The Marshall house is justly

famous through the terrible experiences in it of Baroness Riedesel, who has left a realistic and thrilling account of them. Being the wife of General Riedesel, commanding the Hessians in Burgoyne's army, she, her children, maids and other women were placed there for greater comfort and security. But the six days of their imprisonment was a period of great anxiety and inconvenience. Driven into the cellar by the cannonade of the Americans, who had erected batteries on the opposite (east) side of the river, crowded by the wounded who were brought there, suffering for water, the trials of the Baroness and her fellow prisoners might be appreciated even had she not left her recital of them, which, by the way, is not merely an account, but truly literature. The cannon balls could be heard crashing through the house, which sounds, mingled with the moans of the wounded, wore fearfully on the nerves of the women.

Upon a beautiful June morning I visited this interesting old mansion, which stands on the west bank of the river at the northern limits of Schuylerville. An attractive lawn, with shade trees, slopes down to the river, and the dwelling, with its spacious piazzas, has an inviting appearance. It was built in 1773, and came into the possession of the Marshall family in 1817, in whose hands it has since remained, and they revere its historic walls and are careful to maintain all the parts in their original state. I was shown the cellar, similar to those ordinarily found under farm houses, and the corner (northeast) was pointed out as the one which the Baroness occupied. The walls, and the hewn floor timbers overhead are the same which this refined and excellent lady, in the dim light, gazed upon during those days of suffering. The rooms above remain substantially the same as at the time of the surrender, but in their repose of peaceful attractiveness it is difficult to associate them with scenes of war. It was in the room directly over that part of the cellar devoted to the Baroness that a surgeon named Jones, while about to have his leg amputated, suffered the taking off of the sound one by a cannon shot while he lay on the operating table. Looking

east across the river from the front of the house, the scene is probably much the same as at the time of Burgoyne's campaign, the excavation for the barge canal being hidden by the foliage, while the hill on the other side of the river and a little to the north, upon which was planted the battery which had this house for its target, looks innocent enough with its green, rounded pasture land. Many years after those fearful days a man with gray locks called at the Marshall house, and, while looking over the premises, remarked that he had fired the first gun aimed at the dwelling, and that when he saw the shingles fly he knew that the battery was doing execution. It was thought to have been Burgoyne's headquarters. I highly appreciated the courtesy of being shown, though a stranger, these memorial doors, and expressing my sincere thanks, I walked down to the street, and, turning south, proceeded towards the Schuyler mansion, one mile distant, and at the southern limits of the village.

As I passed down the main street at a leisurely pace, enjoying the view of the groves and lawns surrounding the pleasant homes, all fresh and cool from the early morning shower, and appreciating the greetings of the children, I could not but draw a comparison of the present happy circumstances amid which the people dwell with those days of danger, strife and uncertainty with which I was concerning myself. To my right, and looming up in gray, solemn majesty, was the monument commemorating Burgoyne's surrender, but a greater memorial, so it seemed to me, was the home life, all in beauty, peace and security, dwelling upon the "field of the grounded arms."

The Schuyler mansion stands in a pleasant shaded park on the south side of Fish creek. A carriage drive winds gracefully in from the gate to a large, plain house with a piazza its entire front and having tall, square pillars. The rush of the creek over the rocks at the border of the grounds and the rumble of the Horicon mills across the street are sounds which have ever been familiar here, and it was music in the ears of the Schuylers, for they were "mill men." A little further up the stream are the Victory mills, standing in about the same place where one of General Schuyler's

saw mills was located. When Burgoyne burned his home and buildings, this mill for some reason escaped, and in it was sawed the timber employed in building the present residence. The army of Gates, sympathizing with General Schuyler in the loss of his dwelling, took it upon themselves to build him a new one, accomplishing the undertaking in seventeen days. That they did not slight their work, the old mansion bears good evidence, for it is still sound and substantial, its large, airy rooms seeming as well fitted in which to entertain the noblest guests, as in the years long past.

In 1783, Washington and Alexander Hamilton enjoyed its hospitality, and La Fayette, on his visit to this country in 1824, visited the Schuyler family here and slept under its roof. It is a pleasure to stand in the sleeping apartment in which this champion of liberty and disinterested friend of America passed the night. How great is the force of a worthy and high individuality, that it is able to project itself into material things, even boards and plaster? At one time and another the Schuyler homes, of which the one I am writing of is the third, entertained many of the foremost men in the country. In the house burned by Burgoyne, that general and certain of his officers indulged in one last uproarious orgy as a poor anodyne for the smart of defeat, and when he should have been hastening with all his might towards the north. In that house had been entertained Benjamin Franklin and other distinguished men. The two earlier houses, connected with which is interesting and important history, stood near the location of the present edifice, so that if the State should some time acquire this property, it would have in its possession the sites of all the Schuyler homes.

The dimensions of the present Schuyler mansion are, for the main building, 22 x 60 feet, to which original structure other parts having been added. It faces the west, the entrance in the centre being by a spacious door, over which is a handsome pointed arch. The door is a curiosity, being of plank doubled at right angles and having a lock of unusual proportions, while the ponderous brass knocker

is its crowning glory. This is the same door that opened gladly to welcome Washington and La Fayette.

Passing in, one finds himself in a roomy hall, from either side of which opens a large apartment, each with a fireplace. The ceilings are high, the sides spacious, the floor of the south room being 20 x 22 feet, while the character of the furnishings which find a place in these interesting rooms is of that rich and substantial kind that comports with their associations.

In the rear of the south room, and opening off from it, is the La Fayette chamber, now used as a museum of Revolutionary and other relics. Among the interesting objects here is the skull of Thomas Lovelass, the Tory spy, who was executed just south of the Schuyler mansion. General John Stark presided at the court-martial by which he was condemned, and the community was thus well rid of his dangerous craft and his depredations.

Old Saratoga, besides having been so conspicuous in our early history, is noteworthy in this, that it geographically occupies a central place as concerns other historical points hereabouts; for a radius of fifty miles from it would include Ticonderoga, Bennington, Albany, Johnstown and other famous grounds. It was, indeed, the whirlpool of war from aboriginal times until the humiliation of Burgoyne.

Dec. 20, 1909.

THE DELL WITHOUT A NAME

(The beautiful dell here described is located on the old George McKie farm, about one mile west of South Cambridge. So well has nature there done her work, that art can find no room for improvement. The absence of underbrush, the winding course of the brook, the disposal of the shade and the locations of the open spaces leave nothing to be desired. The title is taken from a passage in James Hogg's poem, "When the Kye Comes Hame.")

The soul's barbarie witness
Is for the forest place.
Deep in the shadow of the woods
We love to cool the face.
Escaped from mesh of tangled care
And modish rules confining,
We breathe the unpolluted air
While on the soil reclining.

Oft do I go in summer
Along the forest aisles,
Or from the upland pasture fields
Command the many miles;
Or on the margin of a brook,
Its pictured song pursuing,
To primal day I backward look
And seek its charm renewing.

O beautiful, dear Cambridge!
Thy mountains, woods and dales
I would proclaim in language meet.
Alas! my pencil fails!
But they that see in summer days
Thy grace and beauty showing,
Shall give to thee unstinted praise
And shall be rapture knowing.

But there is one famed bower,
A dewy, dreamy glen,
Where nature lavishes her wealth
Remote from paths of men;
'Tis here that Cambridge town distills
Her potent powers the rarest,
And in this shade her shrine she wills,
Of all her walks the fairest.

Out from the sounding highway,
Along the pleasant lane,
And down the woodway's yielding path,
And then the brook's refrain.
Its waters wind in eddying grace
And through the glen go dancing,
While silvery light through leafy lace
Upon their sport is glancing.

And whether in the spring time,
Or summer's tropic reign,
Or when the autumn's chilling blasts
Pile leaves of matchless stain;
Or, burdened with the winter's whirl
In crystal transformation,
Like lovely girl in green or pearl
The glen waits admiration.

Here blooms the pink arbutus,
The herald of the flowers,
And here the bloodroot's snowy rays
Bathe in the April showers.
The little, pale anemone
Salutes the traveler's coming;
Low on the ground the star flower see —
List! partridges are drumming!

O sights and sounds of wildwood!
What with ye can compare!
One hour within thy pregnant shade
Is worth a year's dull share;
For here is no disputing strife,
And free from every halter,
There's but to live in nature's life
And worship at her altar.

Delighted, one may tarry
In this enchanted place,
Discovering new beauties rise
As south he leads his pace;
But midway is a forest glade
And pleasant bank reclining,
Where overhanging trees have made
A chancel's rich designing.

'Tis here the forest genius,
When moonlight rays are bright,
Calls up her satyrs and her fauns
To frolic through the night;
They drink the sweet ambrosial dew.
And with their feet a-twinkling,
They dance, a merry, ghostly crew,
And time the brook a-tinkling.

'Tis here I would inhabit,
Dear glen, beneath thy green,
And with my hut thy brook beside.
Upon thy peace would lean;
For here ambition finds a bar
And commerce with its thunder,
And morning sun and evening star
Would be my praise and wonder.

One summer's day, reclining
Alone on this fair bank,
In retrospection deep I lay,
While past years, rank on rank,
Drew nigh and passed before my view
Unbroken in procession,
And marched from ancient years to new
With ever changed expression.

I saw the verdure springing
Along the glacier's edge,
As all the land redeemed from death
Displayed of life the pledge;
And as the ice fields northward crept,
The south wind warmer blowing,
The antlered deer in vigor leapt,
And birds their grace were showing.

I saw the panther stealing
Along his silent way,
I saw him from the thickets leap
And fasten on his prey.
Beneath the pale light of the moon
I heard the pine tree sighing,
The frenzied laughter of the loon,
The wildcat's fearful crying.

Then came the Indian lightly
The sylvan arbor by;
I heard his arrow whizzing past,
I saw his victim die.
The smoke arose from crackling flame,
The savage o'er it bending,
While from the spit a savory fume
With woody smells was blending.

And then I saw the white man,
With thought upon his brow,
Come slowly walking down the dale
Inspecting soil and bough;
I saw him halt within this space
And gaze with admiration;
With head uncovered, in his face
I read his delectation.

Afar I heard the woodman
The towering timber smite,
I heard the sport of children ring,
The horse neigh his delight,
The chanticler's triumphant note,
The horn its message telling,
And passed me, with his sounding throat,
The hound, his quarry smelling.

With bashful, downcast faces,
Then lovers slowly came,
A youth, with lithe and graceful form,
A maid, his lovely claim.
He looked upon her as one might
Who had a star discovered,
As if from paradise of light
An angel near him hovered.

And where can love more prosper
Than in this beauteous vale,
Where artlessness plays in the brook,
Affection in the gale,
Where song birds build their nests and mate
And care has not a dwelling,
Where rivalry and withering hate
Kind nature is expelling?

With downcast eyes, slow coming,
An aged man drew nigh;
He kneeled and stretched his hands above
And called to the Most High.
From trembling lips devotion poured,
And supplication's wailing;
On wings of prayer to Heaven soared
A soul's great want and failing.

For, open arms the forest
Is ever stretching out
To every soul in joy's bright smile,
Or those in grief's dark ronte.
And as a loving mother shares
Her children's happy living,
Or in her heart broods on their cares,
The wood its love is giving.

I saw the people gather,
A jolly picnic crew;
They sat upon the emerald turf,
And in enjoyment true
They broke the bread with friendship's hand,
And free from dole and fretting,
They all beneath Diana's wand
Her sylvan peace were getting.

Here, here is the distilling
Of efficacious balm,
Which in abundance breathing forth
Begets a holy calm.
And here may come the weary mind
With endless conflict burning,
And in this vale of beauty find
An end to futile yearning.

While passed the hours unheeded,
The visions to me came
Till twilight stealing in the dell
Asserted its mild claim.
I wended back through pleasant shade,
The gurgling brook twice crossing
On stepping stones whose friendly aid
Bridged o'er the waters tossing.

"Farewell," I said, "sweet arbor,
Farewell, O lovely dale!
But let thy spirit go with me
Till memory shall fail.
For I would bear thee in my breast
Forever, ever dwelling,
And have thy breath at my behest
Thy happy secrets telling.

"And may the raving tempest
From thy gates turn aside,
The lightning's fierce, unsparing glave
Far hence its flashing hide.
And may the dew of heaven fall
Thy leaves the richest flushing,
The song bird raise his sweetest call,
The flowers be earliest blushing.

"And thou, O venal axman,
Whoever thou shalt be,
Within this place of sylvan grace
Strike not one precious tree.
Remove thy envious sordid stare,
And common woods be seeking;
For should your greed this vale make bare,
The soil your curse were speaking."

I gave a long look backward
Before I left the dell,
And as I mounted up the lane,
I heard the whippoorwill
With gentle song salute the night,
I heard the brook's low falling.
"The vale," I said in fancy's flight,
"To me adieu is calling."

March 6, 1909.

KINGSTON, THE FIRST CAPITOL OF NEW YORK

Several weeks have elapsed since the meeting at Kingston of the New York State Historical Association, but my tardiness in preparing an account of my visit to that interesting city on that occasion has not been due to a lack of appreciation, but in part to a sense that that ancient and honorable town, at least, might easily afford to await the coming to me of a convenient season. A year or two, or even ten years, make but little difference to Kingston, except in the matter of healthy growth, for the descendants of the Dutch and Huguenot pioneers abound and maintain a permanent social atmosphere, plain, quiet, courteous and sincere, which the visitor will not fail to recognize.

The rise of Kingston was from a trading post opened in 1610 to a settlement in 1652, when the village and a wide extent of the surrounding country was known as Esopus (small river), the Indian name for Rondout creek which here empties into the Hudson. Though they dwelt in the midst of Indians, the settlers enjoyed peaceful relations with them until 1658, when, having appropriated brandy from the white men and become intoxicated, they fired on the foreigners, killing one man as the result. The effect of the outbreak was to spread apprehension among the settlers, and Governor Stuyvesant having been appealed to for protection came up to Esopus from Manhattan, bringing with him a force of sixty men. A council was held with fifty of the Indians, in which they attributed the trouble to the white men's strong drink rather than to a deliberate purpose to commit deeds of violence upon their neighbors, and overtures of peace were mutually agreed to. The settlers, however, were suspicious of the good faith of the Indians, and moving in from scattered farms concentrated their homes and erected a stockade around the village. The Indians, desiring to display their friendliness, refused to accept pay for the land occupied by the place, for which

reason Governor Stuyvesant gave it the name Wiltwyck, meaning, "Wild Man's Town."

Five years elapsed during which, while there was more or less friction between the Indians and the whites, their outward relations were friendly, and the red men came and went through the gates of Wiltwyck without exciting apprehension on the part of the villagers. But a deadly hate was concealed behind this outward mask of amity, and the treacherous craft of the savages was planning the destruction of the unsuspecting settlement. On Thursday, the 7th of June, 1663, the Indians in small groups entered the village, and, separating, distributed themselves over the place offering corn and beans for sale to the residents. The presence of so many savages in a body would, of course, have alarmed the people, but so quietly and adroitly had they carried out their plan that the whites were in ignorance of the impending danger. The village, moreover, was at the mercy of the foe, for nearly all the men were out in the fields at work and beyond the reach of immediate call. Shortly before noon messengers came flying in with news that the Indians had destroyed Nieu Dorp (now Hurley, three miles distant) and immediately Wiltwyck was given over to the horrors of massacre. In that awful hour there perished of men, women and children, twenty-four persons, many were carried away prisoners, while smoking embers were heaped where a little while before had been happy homes. Here are the words of Dominie Blom, pastor of the Dutch church at Wiltwyck, an eye-witness of the tragedy:

"We escaped with the most part of the inhabitants, and have still retained the place. * * * There lay the burnt and slaughtered bodies, together with those wounded by bullets and axes. The last agonies and the moans and lamentations of many were dreadful to hear. I have been in their midst, and have gone into the houses, and along the roads, to speak a word in season, and that not without danger of being shot by the Indians. * * * We must behold God's flock taken away into captivity by the heathen, and death come in unexpectedly by the windows to cut off the children from the highways and the young men from the street; so that I might exclaim, O! my bowels. My

bowels. I am pained at my very heart! and with Jeremiah, O that mine head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep for the slain of my people; for the dead lay as sheaves behind the mower."

Following this fearful visitation, troops under the command of Captain Martin Kregier, were sent to Wiltwyck from New Amsterdam, and, joining forces with the townsmen there, instituted a war of extermination against the Indians, hunting them down and destroying their strongholds, houses and crops. Unable to exist under such an unrelenting pursuit, they were glad to make peace and never ventured again to rise against the white people.

With the advent of English rule in the colony in 1664 the names of New Amsterdam, Fort Orange and Wiltwyck were changed respectively to New York, Albany and Kingston, words which no doubt tasted bitter in the mouths of the Dutch people of those towns. From the birth of Kingston, however, other than the Dutch element made up the list of inhabitants; there were not a few Huguenots, while English, German and Norwegian representatives made their homes in the town. For a period of more than a century following the massacre, Kingston seems not to have figured much in history, and it was not till the shock of revolution had stirred the land that the quiet little village awoke to show the world that it was the favorite soil of tragedy and the home of heroism. Through this long lapse of time the villagers lived on in tranquil thrift and enjoyment, encouraging education and cultivating the social virtues and graces. A liberal cosmopolitan spirit prevailed; there was little or no class distinction recognized, and over and through all was the dominant influence of the Dutch church.

True to the Dutch and Huguenot spirit of liberty, the descendants of the fathers of the town embraced the cause of the Revolution with fervent zeal, almost every able-bodied man in the place serving in the ranks of the Continental army. For this reason it drew down upon itself the intensified wrath of the British under Sir Henry Clinton, who was in the fall of 1777 endeavoring to reinforce Burgoyne, in sore straits at Bemis Heights. Moreover,

Kingston was the capitol of the colony, having the Legislature then in session there, and here had been recently framed a constitution for the new commonwealth, and within its bounds General George Clinton had been inaugurated as governor. The place having been set down for destruction, a strong body of British troops entered the town on the 16th of October and converted it practically into a heap of ruins. One dwelling was the only house in Kingston that escaped the torch. The court house, the beautiful church, the academy, were all consigned to the flames, while 116 houses and many other buildings added fuel to the conflagration. The residents fled to the village of Hurley and to the homes outside the burning town on that day of grief and terror. While the remembrance of that calamity will never perish, it is some satisfaction to think that blacker than the smoke which arose from Kingston is the unforgotten brand of disgrace upon the name of Sir Henry Clinton. Governor Clinton, hurrying to the relief of the village, arrived two hours after the destruction had begun, and, looking down on his home town so ruthlessly being desolated, he was filled with indignation. Ordering to be brought out a British spy whom he held in custody, when he had been shown the burning town, he was then and there hung by the neck until he was dead.

The older portion of the city, lying "on the hill," is crowded with memorials of the early days of Kingston, and these, unlike the case in some communities, are cherished and carefully preserved. By far the most prominent feature is the First Dutch church, a noble stone edifice, standing right in the heart of the best and busiest section of the town and upon the spot where religious services were first instituted in the place. An extensive lawn spreads around the front and two sides, upon which appear many headstones of primitive make which mark the graves of the fathers, among which are the names of more than sixty men who served in the Revolution. Here stands near the main entrance gate a monument to the memory of Governor George Clinton, dedicated by his children. Not far away is the old academy, built in 1774 and restored after the

burning of Kingston. The "Senate House," which escaped the British torches with but little injury, is an antique stone building and was erected as a dwelling about 1676, and being commodious was secured for the use of the State Senate, which convened within its walls and organized on September 10, 1777. This old building derives a high distinction from having sheltered the first Senate of the State, and it is now appropriately owned by the commonwealth. It is a detached building and stands pleasantly located on a corner lot. Its rooms are quaint and abound in exhibits of Indian, Colonial, Dutch and other interesting relics, and, being open daily to visitors, the many who call at this old shrine of patriotism are brought to a realizing sense of the humble origin and wonderful achievements of the State of New York.

The Hoffman house, now owned and occupied by the Salvation Army, is another old stone building which was repaired after the burning of the town in 1777, and is notable as having stood at one of the angles of the stockade. Indeed, more than fifty of the stone houses whose walls remained standing after the British had done their worst, were rebuilt, and are occupied to-day. They are for the most part small and low-roofed buildings, very plain, though some of them have had their walls plastered and painted, which lends them a more attractive appearance. I will long remember my early morning walk, in the crisp September air, to visit the house, which, for some reason, the British failed to fire, passing several of these eloquent old monuments on my way. Arriving at the object of my search I found it to be, though slightly modernized, much like its ancient companion dwellings, and, pushing aside the woodbine which adorned its front, I read upon a modest tablet, "This house, the home of the Van Steenburgh family for two centuries, sustained no injury when Kingston was burned by the British troops, October 16, 1777."

The Tappan house is a more imposing structure, being of two stories and of Colonial style throughout, and is now the property and home of Wiltwyck Chapter, D. A. R. From this dwelling the wife of Christopher Tappan carried

the valuable State papers at the burning of the town, having them concealed in her petticoat. This article of apparel was displayed at the loan exhibition given in this building while the State Historical Association was holding its sessions in Kingston. The collection of antiques and relics here assembled was truly astonishing in its extent, interest, variety and value, and it is believed that no other community in the country would be able to muster a rival display. Moreover, this was said to be but a fraction of such objects available in Ulster county. An idea of the extent of the exhibit may be derived from the fact that its printed catalogue embraced nearly 900 specimens. I copy a few items from the list:

"Dish; belonging to Adrianna Day, famous as the woman who fought the last battle between the Americans and British; this happened on evacuation day, when she hoisted the American flag before noon; the British resenting this, she caused Provost Marshal Cunningham to retreat from her broomstick. Over 150 years old."

"Wooden soup bowl and spoon; brought from Holland in 1663 by Jan Burhaus, in the ship Bonte Koe (spotted cow)."

"Sugar tongs, inscribed S. R. (Sally Revere); maker, Paul Revere."

"Diploma of the University of Leyden to Dominic Laurentinus Van Gaasbeek, second pastor of the Dutch Reformed church of Kingston, dated May 25, 1674."

"Autograph reply of George Washington to the address of the minister, elders and deacons of the old Dutch church at Kingston on the occasion of his visit to Kingston in November, 1782."

"Bill of sale of a negro, written in a mixture of French, Dutch and English, showing the conflict of those languages at New Paltz."

"Pewter courting lamp. The vessel holds but a small quantity of oil, and when the light had burned out the lover was supposed to go home."

These items, however, give but a faint idea of the rare and beautiful objects of the olden days which were exhibited

and which in a large measure admit of no adequate description.

The people of Kingston proved themselves excellent entertainers, leaving nothing undone to make the visit of the association enjoyable, and arranging outings for us which were not only diversions, but interesting and instructive occasions. At an appointed hour twenty-five automobiles drew up at the Old Dutch church, and after a delightful ride of three miles we arrived at the little village of Hurley, which, from Kingston's earliest history, was closely associated with the original town, and figured as New Dorp or New Village. There are still standing several of the old stone Dutch houses and in one of them, that in which the committee of safety met after the burning of Kingston by the British, the visitors were given an opportunity to view a home which in all its appointments is like that of a Dutch residence of colonial times. The owner, Dr. George W. Nash, is evidently an enthusiast on the subject of Dutch memorials, for his home from top to bottom, not only abounds with such heirlooms artistically arranged, but the old fireplaces, furniture and domestic objects generally are of Dutch origin. To pass through these quaint but attractive rooms, to ascend the old Dutch stairway with its landing and turn, and to look into the cosy sleeping apartments, every appointment of which was in keeping with the general scheme, to observe wood fires burning in the old fireplaces, was to realize for once just what an old-time, well-to-do Dutch home was like. The doctor's study, or "den," was particularly striking, much care having evidently been taken to make it in every respect a model of a well-bred Dutchman's lounging room. Before the fireplace lay a big dog, who, as I spoke to him, arose with dignity and stood, but without wagging his tail, while I patted his head, and it was evident from his attitude and the far-away expression of his eyes that he was not interested in the visitors, but was harking back to the good old Dutch days when the dogs of New Dorp were all Dutch dogs, barking little and sleeping much.

New Paltz, a village eighteen miles south of Kingston, is another interesting historical place which was visited.

This place was settled by the Huguenots and here are more of the old stone houses, the most interesting of which is that of Louis Du Bois, who was the leading man in the community, and bears date of 1705. These figures in large iron characters of peculiar design are distributed curiously on the gable, which faces the street. This old part of the village is isolated from the modern section, and as one approaches it, at a point where two streets diverge, is a monument consisting of one tall, unhewn stone, upon which is a tablet giving the names of the twelve patentees who took up the lands hereabouts. Beneath them is the following inscription:

“The New Paltz patentees who, driven by religious persecution from their native France, exiles for conscience’s sake, came to America after a sojourn in the Rhine Palatinate, near Manheim, here established their homes on the banks of the Wallkill, settled the country purchased from the Indians and granted by patent issued by Governor Edmund Andros on the 29th day of September, 1677, and nobly bore their part in the creation of our free government. The Huguenot Patriotic and Historical Association of New Paltz erect this monument the 29th day of September, 1908.”

The New Paltz memorial house, set apart for the custody of the many relics handed down from the early days of the place, stands in the angle of the streets just behind the monument, and nearby is the little graveyard in which are the headstones of each of the patentees, the last one to pass away having that pathetic fact noted upon his memorial. The Huguenot settlers were of a refined and scholarly turn, and as a fruit of these characteristics one of the State’s normal schools is located at the little village of New Paltz.

Fourteen miles west of Kingston is Browns Station in the Catskills, at which point is located the great Ashokan dam. A special train was provided for the members of the association and their friends, and luncheon was served to our large company by the superintendent of the works at the dam. Some idea of the magnitude of this enterprise may be obtained from the summit of the McClellan tower,

a massive stone structure standing not far below the dam and which was the point from which the engineers made their triangulations and measurements. It derives its name from that mayor of New York during whose administration the plan for the great reservoir was inaugurated. Standing on the tower, the gray curved line of the dam and of the dikes on either side of it are seen stretching to the right and left for astonishing distances, with the convexity looking up stream. A mixing plant is conveniently located for the manufacture of the concrete blocks which are used in the construction, and there are other interesting phases of this great undertaking which a brief visit is not competent to grasp. The Esopus creek looks insignificant compared to the vast dam being built to impound its waters, but it is upon the great volume to which it attains from the spring freshets that dependence is placed, and not so much upon the ordinary flow.

I must say, however, that this mammoth work did not impress me so much as did the Dutch and Huguenot memorials of Ulster county. The consideration at close quarters of these old worthies contending with primitive nature, with frost and cold, with Indians and Britishers; standing up in the wilderness for liberty and the rights of man; shot down, scalped, homes pillaged and burnt, but still persevering in the high and independent course they had marked out for themselves — all this has in it the element of grandeur, of something strong and lasting that is restful and reassuring to dwell upon.

Nov. 17, 1911.

THE VISION OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Thou beautiful lake of the north, set like a gleaming sword
In the strength of the mountains, who may trace thy crystal reign!
Three hundred years in the tomes of history shines thy word,
And yet the centuries coming shall honor thee, Champlain.

Far down the highway of time are coming up to thee
The generations of unhorn men to cluster thy shore;
The poet with his beautiful art of minstrelsy,
The student seeking thy pleasant beaches to explore.

For they tell of the Iroquois' sanguined trail to the Huron's home,
And hard fought wars of old, and the hero's desperate chance,
And the dancing wavelets display their fluttering skirts of foam
Where the stubborn soldiers of England met those of fiery France.

"Open thy watery book, Champlain, its clasp unseal,
And out of thy depths shall sparkle to light great things from
bonds.

The doings of giants who dwelt in the far off years reveal,
Who garnished with glory thy shores from Whitehall to St. John's."

Even as I spoke an Indian fleet came down the sea,
Hollow and shadowy, steering their course toward the Iroquois;
Plumed warriors of the Hurons in paint and murderous glee;
Swiftly sped they onward like a cloud on the summer's joy.

And one among them of white men I knew by his princely face;
His look was levelled right forward, ambition burned in his eye;
And I heard him proclaim: "Around this lake shall abide my race,
And the banner of France unchallenged over the land shall fly."

But prospered not thy purposes, valiant Champlain;
That sulphurous shot of thine, so efficaciously sent,
Declared along these waters thy undisputed reign,
But it woke a terrible wrath that barred a continent.

For deep in his dark and deadly heart the Iroquois
Watered with copious tears of hate the roots of his wrong;
He dreamed of it, loved it as a little child loves his toy,
In dole looking to it for comfort, in cheer making it his song.

Then fell a dimness and over the lake there spread a gloom;
The songs of birds were silenced, and wailing on their way
The messengers of the wind cried over the trembling flume
That bore the good priest Jogues, the Iroquois' noble prey.

On yonder island I saw him suffer his captors' sport;
Degraded and shamed, with violence smitten with fist and rod;
While he of the sensitive frame and reared in refinement's court,
Spoke not one word of anger, but prayed for his foes to God.

O men of the deep lined faces, O men of the flinty eye,
Chained by links of gold to the counter's trafficking board;
O women, walking in pride, disdaining your sister's cry,
Think, think with shame and with blushing what Jogues suffered
for his Lord.

But light came forth through the shadow and the wind to a zephyr
sank,
And an angel flew from the north o'er the waters towards White-
hall,
And his clear trumpet sounded from shore to mountain flank,
Wonderfully saying, "Hail, home of the freeman! No King! No
thrall!"

I looked again, and the lake was wrought to a furious rage;
The whirlwind over its foaming bosom shrieked and roared
With flashing and thund'rings, as if Gehenna had thrown the gage
And was battling the angry earth, tempest smitten and lightning
gored.

Ticonderoga was bathed in a flood of lurid light,
And myriad tongues of flame leapt forth over Plattsburgh bay;
Drunk and raving with fury, the earth reeled under the fight,
While the sun veiled his face from the striving and night took the
place of day.

From out the noise and tumult four names came o'er and o'er;
"Ethan Allen," I heard come thundering down the gale;
"Montcalm," like a giant's shout from Ticonderoga's door;
"Burgoyne," pealed proudly forth through the lightning and the
hail.

But one name arose the last of all, and louder still;
"McDonough," came echoing forth in silvery trumpet tone:
It filled with its calling the valley and flooded every hill,
And into the topmost mountain that glorious name was thrown.

Then arose from the vaults of the air a chorus swelling wide,
And vocal were meadows and lake and mountains with melody;
Like the waves of the sea rushing hard on the rocks was the stately
tide,
And one pronouncement its beautiful burden, "Victory."

And a matchless splendor was kindled that scorned the light of day;
In that effulgence the forests seemed bursting forth into flame;
The walls and the rocks blazed like unto crystal, and the clay
Of the earth put silvery pavement of palaces to shame.

And high above the waters in dazzling letters made,
There sparkled a word that scarcely my blinded eyes could see;
A familiar word and plain, in its infinite wealth displayed,
And that high signal was what men die for, "Liberty."

O Liberty, have we, have we recreant been to thee,
For whom our forefathers fought and perished on Champlain?
Have we on Freedom's own soil bent down subservient knee
And worshiped the lower gods of covetous power and gain?

Have we forgotten perpetual war assails thy camp?
Are we deluded and charmed by prosperity's siren voice?
Bring forth with the oil of truth, O Liberty, thy lamp,
And light the hearts of the people into a worthier choice.

Light us to places of strife with the heavy troops of wrong,
And give us to know the ecstasy of the battle tide;
Carry thy torch before us that we may be ever strong
To enlarge the borders of civic truth as the land is wide.

Beautiful waters, forever in peace be thy limpid tide;
Never more mingle upon thy breast a bloody stain;
And never sail on thy bosom nor linger by thy side.
A man refusing to honor the glory of Lake Champlain.

And as the mountains around thee tower up to be seen afar,
The sons of the fathers shall stand and hold what they nobly won;
Two score and six of federate states, one lofty bar,
Shall save our law and bulwark the land of Washington.

June 16, 1909.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN

The recent falling of the monument which stood on the Revolutionary battlefield of Newtown, near Elmira, and which was erected in memory of General John Sullivan, revives interest in this notable man, and renders appropriate a review of his dramatic life and distinguished public services.

Few persons are acquainted with the fact that the first hostilities of the Revolution occurred not at Lexington, but in Portsmouth harbor, four months earlier, where, on the night of December 13, 1774, John Sullivan of the neighboring village of Durham, at the head of a small body of men, stormed and took the British stronghold, Fort William and Mary. A full account of this stirring and important adventure is given in Harper's *Encyclopædia of United States History*, and it is, so far as I know, the only detailed description of a strangely neglected portion of our national memoirs.

The taking of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen on May 10, 1775, is universally known and admired throughout the country, but, except the considerable amount of cannon, ammunition and stores there captured, the achievement was barren of important results, and on July 6, 1777, the works fell an easy prey to Burgoyne on his southward march of invasion. But the fall of Fort William and Mary, besides gaining for the Colonists a quantity of munitions, including 100 kegs of gunpowder greatly needed, proved to be the immediate cause of the Revolution, determining the British government to adopt active and rigorous measures for the suppression of the uprising, thus leading to the fight at Lexington.

In December, 1774, the public affairs in the colonies were in an extremely critical condition with the explosion point very nearly reached. During the summer five British regiments had landed at Boston, the town under Governor Gage had been fortified at the "neck," thirteen tons of

gunpowder stored by the Provincials at Charlestown had been seized, while the first continental congress had met in September and a provincial congress for the State of Massachusetts in October of that year.

At this time there lived at the village of Durham, near the Piscataqua river, which flows into Portsmouth harbor, a young and vigorous lawyer named John Sullivan, a man of thirty-five, having fine abilities, patriotic instincts and a daring, adventurous spirit. On the 13th of December news was brought in from Boston, fifty-four miles distant, by Paul Revere, who later did the same kind of service at Lexington, that two regiments were about to march from the city with the purpose of making Fort William and Mary secure for the king. Summoning a small party of men to his assistance, Sullivan that night embarked on a flatboat determined to capture the fort before the reinforcements should arrive. The distance to Portsmouth is nine miles, and riding easily down on the tide the party stopped at that town, and having taken on a small company of men waiting there ready for the daring expedition, Sullivan proceeded towards the fort at the mouth of the harbor. It was moonlight, but cold, and the men were compelled to wade through icy water to reach the fort, but with frozen raiment they mounted the ramparts, sustained a volley from the garrison and speedily overcame the feeble resistance, hauling down the king's flag. It was this bold and successful stroke against the pride, power and dignity of the British government that enraged the king and precipitated the war.

Having carried down to the boat the gunpowder, most precious then in the eyes of the Provincials, they made their way back to Portsmouth and Durham, concealing a part of the cargo under the pulpit of the meeting house in the latter town, a most appropriate place for it, as its minister, old Parson Adams, had there thundered protests against Great Britain in many a fiery sermon. One can easily imagine the grim smiles of satisfaction which Sullivan and his men indulged in when on a Sunday they meditated upon the store of concentrated violence hidden under the altar of peace. The explosive was not destined

to remain very long at Durham; some of it six months later was brought into requisition at Bunker Hill and helped to swell the chorus of battle in that famous engagement. For during the fight, the supply of gunpowder giving out, the Americans were at a great disadvantage, when a cart and oxen with a load of powder taken from the meeting house, came up in time for the troops to replenish their horns and to send the lead pelting into the British. This trip of John Demeritt with his load of powder from Durham, sixty miles distant, while not so dramatic, perhaps, as Sheridan's ride, has in it elements of interest and even of poetry.

The subsequent career of Sullivan was in keeping with his brilliant advent at Fort William and Mary as leader of the first hostile demonstration in the Revolution against the British, for he became a prominent figure in that war, distinguishing himself on several of its principal battle-fields, and after returning to New Hampshire, adorning its public service for many years. Yet, notwithstanding his ability and usefulness as a general, statesman and jurist, his name and the memory of his splendid contributions to the establishing of the nation have well nigh perished, while certain of his compatriots of much less merit and achievement live and flourish in the gratitude and admiration of the people. For Sullivan, though a brave and dashing officer, was not endowed with that meteoric element of character which attracts and dazzles the public mind; whatever he set himself to do in military or civil life was undertaken only after due deliberation and was carried through without unnecessary parading and display.

He was born at Berwick, Me., February 17, 1740, his parents having been natives of Ireland. His father had been driven from the land of his birth owing to his participation in the attempts of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, to mount the British throne, and from him perhaps was derived that insurrectionary spirit which led him up the walls of Fort William and Mary. His mother, too, had in her an ambitious mind as would appear from her answer to a question given her during her passage to America. Some one asking the immigrant girl what she intended to do in this great strange land, she replied with an attractive

brogue, "Do? Why, raise governors for thim, sure." The plucky Irish girl made good her boast, for besides having had a son elected Governor of Massachusetts, a grandson Governor of Maine and another grandson Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, other distinguished men were among her descendants, while the subject of this sketch, after his retirement from the army, was three times elected president of New Hampshire.

The military career of General Sullivan closed with the expedition made in 1779 against the Iroquois and Tories, who infested the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania. The massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, which had occurred during the previous year, together with the long continued depredations among the settlers, determined the government to adopt drastic means of ridding itself of such treacherous and inhuman enemies. Accordingly Washington, having chosen General Sullivan for the leader of the expedition, issued orders to him to utterly destroy the villages of the Six Nations and all their means of subsistence, taking as many prisoners as possible. The movement was comprised of three divisions operating respectively in the eastern, middle and western portions of the Iroquois territory, with the plan, after a junction of the separate commands, to march against Niagara should the attempt be decided upon.

Sullivan, in command of the main division, consisting of 3,000 men, began his advance from Wyoming on July 31, and reached Tioga Point at the junction of the Chemung with the Susquehanna river, on the 11th of August. In the meantime, General James Clinton, having under him 1,600 men, had marched up the Mohawk river, and from Canajoharie south to Otsego lake, and from thence down the Susquehanna, burning and destroying, and leaving nothing but desolation in his track. At a point about ten miles west of Binghamton, now appropriately named Union, Clinton was met by a party sent to him by Sullivan, and on the 25th Clinton's division reached Tioga Point. While these events were taking place the third division, under Colonel Daniel Brodhead, and numbering 600 men, was taking vengeance on the Seneca tribe, dwelling west

of Seneca lake, burning their homes and destroying the wealth of their crops and orchards. The Iroquois, it should be said, had attained to a considerable degree of civilization at that time, and lived, many of them, in log and frame houses. Brodhead marched from Pittsburg on August 11, taking his course along the Allegany river, and being under orders to unite with the main army at Genesee and take part in the proposed movement against Niagara. Sullivan, however, abandoned the idea of this supplementary expedition, and Brodhead, having accomplished his errand of devastation, marched back to Pittsburg, arriving there on the 14th of September, burdened with \$30,000 worth of plunder.

It remains for us now to take up again the narrative of Sullivan's division after it had been joined by Clinton on August 25. Losing no time, on the following day the combined forces continued their march, keeping along the Chemung river, and reached the vicinity of what is now the city of Elmira on the 29th day of the month. At this point it was discovered by Morgan's riflemen, who were in advance, that an ambush had been prepared, consisting of a breastwork a half-mile in extent, which the Indians had concealed by inserting green bushes along its front. The enemy had designed the trap skillfully, and the lay of the ground being advantageous for their scheme, they no doubt had had high hopes of annihilating our troops with one fell stroke, but though the Indians had for their leader the redoubtable Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant, and were accompanied by a considerable body of British regulars and Tories, they were dispersed after a battle of several hours' duration. This was the only formidable resistance that the expedition met in the different paths of its invasion.

With fire and sword, Sullivan led his troops into the fertile and beautiful lake region of the State, marking his path with ruined dwellings and desolated fields. The Indians, unable to defend their territory, crept further and further back into the recesses of the forest, themselves on fire with rage and savage hatred. The country here, excepting the cultivated portions on the lakes and along

the waterways, was a forest wilderness which scarcely before had beheld the white man's face, and the expedition thus served the purposes of an exploration and was useful as opening the way for pioneers into these desirable lands. The work of extermination was thoroughly accomplished. Small parties were detailed to ferret out the Indians living in remote and less important places, and when Sullivan rested from his fearful enterprise the great Iroquois confederacy was an humbled and dispersed nation of fugitives, with their ancient and beautiful hunting grounds, from the Mohawk to the Genesee, swept with the besom of destruction. The power and pride of the Six Nations had forever perished. Though they soon retaliated with deeds of terrible cruelty upon our frontiers, they no longer possessed that wide, fertile and strategic territory, where in confederate strength, they might dwell in safety and go and come upon their raids.

At the close of the campaign General Sullivan, finding that his health had been seriously impaired by hardship and exposure, resigned his commission. In the following year he was returned to a seat in congress, serving with the earnestness and ability that he had displayed upon the field. For a period of about four years following 1782 he officiated as Attorney-General of his State, and from 1786 to 1789 as its president. At the close of his last term he was made United States judge of New Hampshire, in which capacity he presided until his death on January 23, 1795.

NOTE.—The proceedings of the New York State Historical Association, Vol. VI, contains several papers on General Sullivan and his Indian campaign of 1779 and they combine to furnish much information on this subject not easily attainable elsewhere. The volume has a bibliography of thirty-three pages on the Indian expedition.

THE TROPHY OF THE POET

The poet's raptured gaze
Is ever starward, and he joins his rhyme
As stone the mason lays
And trusts his rhythmic pillar strong as time.
Fair wrought and lofty he would have it tower,
His own soul's shadow and the witness of his power.

In silence and alone,
Beneath vile ferment and the wreck of strife,
He wakes the harp's sweet tone,
Upon the basic verities of life;
On nature's free sublimity and grace;
On Heaven, country, truth and home's delightful place.

The granite shaft shall fall
That tells the merits of an honored name;
Some fellow for his stall,
Perchance, shall do its noble fragments shame;
But shining trophy of the poet's pen
Shall ever lift its crest and be admired of men.

Far going it shall blaze
And glad the sailor on the lonely sea;
And where the great herd strays
The ranchman's hut shall hail it, whilst the free
High Switzer and the German on the Rhine,
The Hindoo, Russian, Greek shall praise its art divine.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

The city of Washington, with its great capitol, from the central point of the rotunda of which radiate to the north, south, east and west avenues dividing it into four grand segments, and under which central spot remains the crypt designed for the reception of the body of the first President; this stately and beautiful city, with its broad, shaded streets and many squares adorned with noble statues, and, towering aloft, the Washington monument, chastely simple, but majestic, tell of the founder of the republic as a public benefactor, as a general and statesman. But here we find nothing to inform us of the personal and domestic side of his character, of which the most of us have even more desire to learn than of those elements which have exclusively to do with affairs of public concern. Fortunately, the home of Washington is near the capitol city that so fitly bears his name and so well honors and perpetuates it, and one may in the space of a few hours view the two places hallowed by the memories of both the public and private life of the Father of his country.

I am encouraged to write of Mount Vernon by a remark I heard in Washington to the effect that there were not a few people living in that city who had never visited that famous shrine, which led me to believe that of those who dwell further away, such must have an increasingly larger proportion of delinquents. Of course, all have read many descriptions of Washington's home, and we are familiar with the pictures of the mansion and tomb, but an infinite number of such could convey less real information and satisfaction than one brief visit of a couple of hours, such as I made in the autumn of last year. This was emphatically my impression afterwards, and while I do not expect to be able to shed anything but reflected light upon the subject, the ray which I offer may have a slightly different angle as to point of observation.

Mount Vernon may be quickly reached by trolley, being

sixteen miles below Washington, and on the west side of the Potomac, having Alexandria about midway. The route lies across the "long bridge," now a steel structure, and replacing the wooden one famous in Civil War history as having been that over which many thousands of Union troops marched to the front. Near the west end of the bridge are the relics of Fort Runyon, erected in May, 1861, and the first fortification raised for the safety of the capitol at the beginning of the rebellion. There was need of it when, two months later, the fugitives from the battle of Bull Run, in a panic, swarmed onto the long bridge and into the streets of Washington. The weather-beaten and tumble-down grandstand of the old St. Asaph race track is pointed out some distance further on. The Leesburg turnpike, which is passed, is interesting as having been the route over which General Braddock led his army in setting out for the Ohio valley, near which, on the Monongahela, he met a disastrous defeat and his death.

Alexandria, a city of 18,000 inhabitants, of ancient and memorable history and rich in memories of Washington, is soon reached. Here every Sabbath, rain or shine, punctually, the proprietor of Mount Vernon took his place in Christ's church, having ridden a distance of eight miles. His pew remains just as he left it, and strangers at the services are shown into it by the ushers. The Marshall house, where Ellsworth fell, is a more modern historic landmark, rivalling in interest those of earlier date.

Below Alexandria is seen the King's highway, over which Washington drove on his way to that place, and a view is gained of the Wellington house, standing on the bank of the river, which was the home of Colonel Tobias Lear, for many years secretary to Washington, and private instructor to George Park Custis and Nelly Custis, whom he had adopted. The Yorktown road, famous as that followed by Washington and La Fayette when leading their troops against Yorktown, is another historic thoroughfare. As the confines of the great original Washington estate, fronting ten miles on the Potomac, is reached, the character of the country changes for the better, pleasant and fertile-looking fields being in evidence. With every foot of this

land Washington was intimately acquainted, for he was a practical, painstaking agriculturist, attending strictly to business, and spending much of his time daily in superintending the affairs of the estate. With all his greatness and fame, he was contented and glad to return from the Presidency and to employ himself in farming in the isolated fields of Mount Vernon. Even up to the last day, almost, of his life he was in the saddle, and came in that evening wet and chilled from the inclement weather, refusing to change his garments in the pride and confidence of strength and health, a neglect that perhaps intensified the difficulty from which he died.

Alighting from the trolley, one approaches the mansion at Mount Vernon from the west, bringing into view what is really the front of the house, though the east side, looking towards the river, and the one which in pictures is everywhere familiar, is believed to be the entrance side. On the west side, however, is the road from which access was had to the place and from which a carriage drive curves up through a large enclosed lawn to the mansion. Here are handsome shade trees and shrubbery; Martha Washington's garden, kept in handsome style, being on the north side of the yard. An old-fashioned picket fence runs along the lawn by the roadside. The west front of the house, though it has no porch, is attractive in appearance, fully as much so as the east side, and altogether the place on the west has a most homelike and inviting appearance.

Washington having inherited the Mount Vernon estate, took possession in 1759, and for a period of forty years, until his death, it was his home, except when he was engaged in the public service. The house was enlarged by him to its present plan and proportions, its dimensions being 96 x 30 feet. The arrangement of the ground floor rooms is simple and convenient. In the centre, a hall extends east to west across the building thirty feet, and opening from each side are two rooms with dimensions of about 15 x 15 feet. The remainder of its space on the north is taken up by the banquet room, and on the south by the library, making in all six rooms. The mansion, from top to bottom, is thoroughly, domestically, and beautifully furnished and

has the atmosphere of a home. Cabinets containing many interesting relics of Washington are found here, but they are unobtrusively placed and there is nothing of the museum style at Mount Vernon. Too much praise cannot be said of the Ladies' Association, which has the custody of Mount Vernon and its 200 acres of land, for the most excellent taste and judgment which is everywhere apparent, both within and without, in the management of this priceless property.

Many or most of the rooms have in them furnishings which were originally in them, while the articles which were wanting have been supplied by loving and patriotic hands, each of the rooms having been allotted to a state for care under a vice-regent. In making the restorations, care has been exercised to have them appropriate and of Colonial design, and the result has been to lend the rooms a charming air of refined antiqueness.

To the State of New York has been assigned the care of the banquet hall, a noble apartment with its fine paintings and beautiful marble mantel, and extending the entire width of the house on the north end. At the angles of the panels in the stucco ceiling of the room, which I was told was designed by Washington himself, are repeatedly placed medallions, upon which are represented in cluster a scythe, rake and fork. The proprietor of Mount Vernon was fond of farming and not ashamed to let people know it.

The library, placed at the south end of the mansion, is the counterpart as to size of the banquet hall and contains a globe, chairs, surveyor's tripod and other articles that belonged to Washington. In the bookcases built against the walls are duplicates of the books which were once here, but the library is the property of the Boston Athenæum.

The upper floor is given up to sleeping apartments, of which there are many and seemingly in no definite order of arrangement, which, however, is not here a detraction. Most of the rooms are guest chambers, one of them being pointed out as La Fayette's, and another as that occupied by Nelly Custis. All are handsomely furnished in the style of Washington's day and the beds, unlike the thin affairs to which we are now accustomed, are "made-up" very

thick, evidently with feathers. But by far the most interesting of all is the room in which Washington died, which is immediately above the library, with its two windows looking to the south and with the head of the canopied bed standing between them. The furniture is that which was here when Washington breathed his last, all very plain and simple, like the man himself. This, by the way, characterizes Mount Vernon throughout; good taste and no ostentation, though the rooms and premises are probably more attractive to-day than they were when Washington dwelt here. Visitors are not allowed to enter these rooms, and that this chamber has claimed the most attention of any is shown by the discolored wall about the door, proving that the people linger here at this most hallowed portal in the mansion. Standing by it one can fancy that he hears Washington say: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go," words worthy of him and in keeping with his strong nature and successful career. Alexandria received the news of his sudden death with tokens of astonishment and profound grief and the church bells were tolled without intermission till the hour of his burial, while thousands came to his funeral and took a last look at the face of Washington as his remains lay in the porch of Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Washington's room, after her husband's death, was in the attic directly above the chamber in which he died, and it has one dormer window facing the south. Here she died. It is a quaint and cosy room with the walls of the roof sloping down very low in some places. This room was selected, such is the beautifully pathetic tale which is told us, that she might have in view from the little dormer window the tomb of the great and good man whom she had loved.

At the rear of the mansion stand two small buildings connected with the house by arcades, which served as kitchens; that at the north for the banquet hall and that at the south for family purposes. In the latter may be seen the large fireplace with the crane hanging in it, the brick oven and old-time culinary utensils, while stone flagging serves as the floor.

Not far back of this kitchen is the stable, which was

built in 1753 of imported brick, and near it is Washington's carriage house with a fine specimen of the coaches used in his day standing in it, forever idle. The vehicle is in good repair, evidently, though the paint is fast peeling from the wheels.

A graveled walk leads south from the mansion to the two Washington tombs and the steamboat landing. The old tomb in which the remains of Washington were originally placed is first reached and is a small vault surrounded by a high iron fence. It was here in 1824 that La Fayette came to do reverence to his beloved companion in arms, in whom he had found not only a great patriot but a sympathetic friend.

The new tomb, located a little nearer the river, and at the top of the hill rising therefrom, was built in 1837, and the remains of Washington and his consort were deposited there in the same year, an attempt having been made to despoil the old tomb of his body. I learned of the intelligent old colored man who is stationed at the vault for the convenience of visitors, that a vandal once succeeded in getting into this new tomb, carrying off a claw from the right foot of the eagle which surmounts the sarcophagus containing the dust of Washington. That the claw is gone any visitor may see for himself, as the sarcophagi of George and Martha Washington, hewn each from a single block of marble, are in plain view just behind the grated doors of the tomb. These sarcophagi repose in what is practically the vestibule of a vault in which are deposited the bodies of forty relatives.

Over the brick front of the vault vines trail gracefully, and before it there is a graveled space surrounded with benches, the whole being enclosed with shrubbery, and altogether the place is as attractive as it is possible for such a spot to be. A number of memorial trees, planted by distinguished hands and by fraternities, are growing here, but these being so crowded in the attempt to get them as near the tomb as possible, it is difficult to see how they are to have room to grow and develop. Trees, by the way, at Mount Vernon, are in high favor, many rare specimens being found there, with all of which the colored man re-

ferred to seemed to be familiar, giving their names with no hesitation. Washington delighted in them and there are still growing on the lawns trees that were planted by him.

While I was sitting at the tomb after the party that had been there had withdrawn, a tall gentleman came down the walk from the mansion and, as he approached near the vault, removed his hat, slackened his pace, and in his whole anatomy assumed the attitude of deep reverence. This was truly eloquent to see, bringing to mind the familiar old print showing La Fayette when making a similar visit. Object teaching is useful, even for grown people, and when I went to the gate to assure myself of the absence of the eagle's claw, I did so in the manner that I should have done in the first place — I stood at Washington's tomb with bared head.

A walk leads pleasantly through shrubs and trees down to the wharf where, above and below, along the river bank, retaining walls have been built which, when the grading behind has been completed, will add much to the attractiveness of this part of the grounds. The Potomac here stretches out in front widely, having the appearance of a lake, but this expanse is not properly the river, but an arm of Chesapeake Bay.

I boarded the steamer for Washington feeling more than pleased with my visit to Mount Vernon, for it had been an experience of greater revelation and satisfaction than I had anticipated. The place altogether is nobly impressive, with the genius of Washington seeming to dwell there in those rural lawns and quiet domestic rooms, and to breathe their atmosphere for even a little time is to come away with the inspiration of his life dwelling within one. Well does Irving say in the closing words of his *Life of Washington*: "The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history; shining with a truer lustre and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies throughout our widely extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party, his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a

paternal appeal; and his name — by all revered — forms a universal tie of brotherhood — a watchword of our Union.”

Washington is not dead, but those high political principles and purposes for which he stood live on in the hearts of the people, and though in the stress of affairs we may for a time forget them, yet, before it is too late, we will revert to and revive the ideals which were the aim of the great and good man, who lived and who lies buried at Mount Vernon.

THE GIRLS OF GETTYSBURG

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: In a Gettysburg dispatch which appeared in yesterday's Tribune I notice the following paragraph:

"Steps have been taken to gather together at the semi-centennial celebration as many as possible of the Gettysburg women who years ago stood on the streets of this town and sang patriotic songs as Buford's cavalry galloped through in preparation for the fight of the first day."

This is interesting to me on account of my having contributed a poem, with an explanatory note, devoted to the beautiful episode referred to, printed in "The Troy Press," June 2, 1910. I send you a copy herewith:

THE GIRLS OF GETTYSBURG

(On the evening of the 30th of June, 1863, General Buford, with two brigades of cavalry under General Gamble and General Devin, and serving as the advance of the Union army, entered Gettysburg from the south, and riding out to the high ground one mile west of the town went into camp. At an early hour of the following morning, July 1, they were attacked by the Confederates, marching by the Chambersburg road from the west, thus sustaining the first shots fired at Gettysburg. In Buford's approach to the village his men were greeted with patriotic songs by the girls of the place, who had gone a mile down the road to meet them, and who, arrayed in white, with red and blue ribbons, stood by the roadside singing while the troopers rode past. — See "Two Days of War," page 151, by General Henry E. Tremain.)

With clatter of sabres and thunder of hoofs
The van of the army rode searching the foe,
Till seen up the valley were Gettysburg's roofs
'Midst fields burdened richly in tropical glow.
And fair to our eyes was the beautiful dale;
But sternly the bugle commanded its tune,
For war was our orders and not to regale
In the arbors of pleasure that thirtieth of June.

Boys from the city and boys from the field,
Rich boys and poor boys, we all had one name;
All sons of the Union, stout hearted and steeled,
We galloping up into Gettysburg came.
Sunburnt and bearded, a rollicking crew,
With Buford and Gamble and Devin along,
All wild for the battle as drunkard for brew
We rode in the valley with four thousand strong.

We were ready for cannon ball, ready for shell,
When the Gettysburg girls met us out on the way,
And 'twas beautiful songs, not Confederate yell,
That saluted our ears at the brink of the fray.
Fair girls of Gettysburg, garmented white.
Adorned all with ribbons of red and of blue,
Fair girls of Gettysburg, back in the night
Of the past we are looking again upon you.

Again do we hear your sweet voices in song,
Your faces upturned unto ours of the raid,
While the devil of strife all unbridled and strong
Is chastened within us, by you is obeyed.
And the worth of the nation looms up in our view,
And love of our country grips to the heart's core.
For the Gettysburg girls with songs loyal and true
Have to patriots made what were soldiers before.

Untroubled those girls sought their pillows that night,
Though the air with portents of the battle was sown,
For they knew that four thousand men ready to fight
As a wall of defence on the west hills were thrown.
And there in the dew and the darkness we slept,
Awaiting the battle when dawning should rise,
When the fields of the pleasant farms hurricane swept
Would listen with terror and fearful surprise.

Fair girls of Gettysburg, yours was the voice
That welcomed the army to Gettysburg field.
Yours were the songs that exalted the choice
To fight and to perish and never to yield.
Ever the future your haling shall prize,
Entwined as the lily in victory's crown.
And the grace of your doing in memory shall rise
As the flowers of the field above Gettysburg town.

June 20, 1913.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

To view the battlefield of Gettysburg is a privilege and pleasure, but I was not expecting in my journey thither to enjoy riding through any exceptionally beautiful pastoral scenes. The statement that the railroad connecting Philadelphia and Gettysburg and running through southeastern Pennsylvania passes over the most attractive agricultural region in the country may seem exaggerated, but only to those who have not been over the ground.

The rich and beautiful Chester valley and the miles upon miles of wealthy farming country, thickly inhabited with pleasant, substantial homes by thousands and tens of thousands, and over all, an atmosphere of peace and prosperity, will long remain a living picture in my memory. I was glad to find my own estimation of this magnificent stretch of country corroborated by the *Cyclopedia Britannica*, in these words:

“The limestone plain of Lancaster county spreads west across the Susquehanna river into York county, and east into Berks and Chester counties to within twenty miles of Philadelphia. The whole plain swarms with life. * * * The eight counties, which lie along the face of the South mountains in the southeastern region of the state, are in the highest state of cultivation, and resemble the most picturesque rural districts of England — a country of rolling hills and gently sloping vales. * * * A country of wheat, rye, maize, potatoes, tobacco, turnip fields, orchards, meadows and patches of woodlands; a country of flowing water, salubrious, fertile and wealthy; dotted with hamlets, villages and towns, and with the country seats of affluent citizens.”

The population of this delightful section is made up, according to the same authority, of descendants of German and French Huguenots and of colonists of Pennsylvania. The worthy characteristics of the Quakers still prevail,

particularly in Lancaster, Chester and Delaware counties, and "the district which they inhabit is a veritable fairy-land." It is stated that "before the era of railways, Lancaster county made the markets of Philadelphia the cheapest and most luxurious in the world."

Gettysburg, which at the time of the battle in 1863 was but a hamlet, is now an attractive village of about 4,000 inhabitants, and the dwellings crowd up over what was then vacant ground to the frowning batteries in place on Cemetery Hill. The quaint little brick house in which Jennie Wade, the only noncombatant to fall during the three days' battles which raged around Gettysburg, was killed, stands here, not far from the gate of the National cemetery. With the other villagers in their cellars, Jennie, feeling that she ought to be near her sister, who lay with her babe, three days old, beside her, fell from the shot of a musket. The wicked looking aperture made by the fatal bullet is pointed out in the door, and the walls of the house show the marks of many shots. Two of its rooms are filled with relics of the battle and associated curios, all of which are eagerly viewed and bought by the thousands of visitors, to whom the rooms are open.

While I was looking at these interesting memorials, a tall, wiry, gray-mustached man came in and casually remarked that he had fought with the Confederates at Gettysburg. Going to the outside door of the room in which Jennie was killed, he indicated with his finger where he had been sent to a barn to obtain horses. "But," he added, evidently by way of apology, "I didn't get them." Afterwards, I saw him, with a cigar in his mouth and with no sign of defeat upon him, riding out in an auto to view the field.

At Gettysburg, on the morning of July 1, 1863, there began to crystallize the scattered elements of two great armies. General Lee, with 100,000 men, had crossed the Potomac, having for his aim the taking of Harrisburg, a city of great value to the government as convenient for a base for supplies and the rendezvousing, equipment and forwarding of troops. His men were at the gates of the town, and tribute would in a few hours have been levied upon it or a worse fate would have been its portion had

not orders been received by the threatening command to repair towards Gettysburg. Lee's army was extended from Chambersburg, twenty-five miles west of Gettysburg, to the Susquehanna river on the east, a total distance of about fifty miles, and all these different bodies of troops were ordered to concentrate in order to meet Mead, who, with an army of 90,000 men, was approaching from the south. (Comte de Paris places Lee's army at 73,500 and Meade's at 82,000 men).

Radiating from Gettysburg are many roads, passing out as the spokes of a wheel, making the place exceptionally convenient for the mustering of troops. Gettysburg, besides, lies in a section of land affording excellent means for defense for two armies and ample and suitable ground between such lines for the manœuvring of large bodies of horse and foot.

At the southern border of the village of Gettysburg is Cemetery Hill, and immediately east is Culp's Hill. Running south from these points, a low ridge extends for a distance of two miles and then rises into a rocky hill known as Little Roundtop, just south of which is a much higher point, called Roundtop. To the west, and distant a little more than a mile, is another elevated line called Seminary Ridge, and running in a direction about parallel with the one described above. The ground between is a plain, and rises gently towards the west.

The three days' fighting at Gettysburg began in this way: General Reynolds, commanding the left wing of the Union army, was instructed by General Meade to advance northward, search for the enemy, and if possible engage with him and bring on a general battle. Haste was necessary, for the presence of Lee's army was spreading consternation and alarm throughout southern Pennsylvania, while foraging parties of the enemy were wasting the country. General Reynolds' advance, consisting of Buford's division of cavalry, reached Gettysburg on the evening of June 30 and encamped about a mile northwest of the village. Only five miles west of Gettysburg the Confederate advance, consisting of a portion of Hill's corps, encamped for the night, while General Reynolds, with the

First corps, reached a point five miles south of the village on the same evening. On the following morning, Wednesday, July 1, General Buford discovered the advance of Hill's corps on the rising ground northwest of Wiloughby Run, about one and a half miles westward of Gettysburg. Shots were exchanged and Buford's two divisions were soon engaged. At 9 a. m. o'clock General Reynolds arrived, leading the First corps, deployed in line of battle to meet the increasing volume of the Confederates. General Reynolds having been killed early in the battle, General Doubleday, commanding the First corps, assumed the control of the troops on the field. Against superior numbers, and with a long and attenuated line, Doubleday's corps and Buford's men maintained the line with great courage.

About noon the Eleventh corps, General Howard in command, came up, and while one of its divisions was ordered to throw up earthworks on Cemetery Hill, the two other divisions were instructed to march up and deploy so as to continue General Doubleday's line at the right; but in attempting to do so they were met by Ewell's corps and were prevented. There was thus left a wide interval between the lines of the First and Eleventh corps, which soon proved a dangerous opening. At last, about 3 o'clock, with artillery severely raking the line of the Eleventh corps, with fresh bodies of Confederate troops threatening its right flank and with two brigades of the enemy behind them in the streets of Gettysburg, the First corps being also hard pressed, it was deemed prudent by General Howard, now in command of all the troops, to retire to Cemetery Hill and await the coming of the other corps of the army.

I have gone somewhat into detail concerning the first day's battle, though a great deal of space might be well employed in setting forth a full and particularized account of it—the heroic charges, the brilliant captures and the thrilling episodes. Justice has never been done to the troops which fought in this tremendously important battle, for besides being called a defeat, its glory has been eclipsed by the great battles which occurred on the two following days. But the first day's battle was a victory in this, that it accomplished what it was intended to effect, that is, to

precipitate a general engagement. Besides, that long, hard day's fighting had gained the time wherein the army of Mead might reach and fortify the heights of Gettysburg, thus casting the die for the selection of the victorious field of the decisive battle of the civil war. For, on the morning of his fall, looking from the cupola of the Theological seminary at Gettysburg, General Reynolds had discovered the advantages for defense which were offered by those grounds, and had dispatched a courier to General Mead advising that here the Union army should make its stand. General John F. Reynolds was an able and distinguished officer, having served in the Mexican war and acted as commandant of the Military academy at West Point. He had been repeatedly promoted for meritorious service in the Civil war, one of his striking exhibitions of ability having been at the second battle of Bull Run, where he prevented the rout of the Union army. It is interesting to note that General Reynolds was fighting, when he fell, upon what might almost be called paternal soil, for he was born at Lancaster, Pa., about fifty miles east of Gettysburg, in 1820.

A few weeks since, on a beautiful day when the foliage from the effects of the first mild frosts had taken on its gorgeous tints, I had the pleasure of riding over the battlefields of Gettysburg, embracing 16,000 acres, with 41 miles of Telford (macadamized) roads, 379 mounted cannon, more than 500 monuments, with tablets and markers almost without number—a wilderness of artistic beauty in metal and stone. There are more memorials upon the fields of Gettysburg than upon all the other battlefields of the world combined. So struck was a certain Englishman with the impressiveness of it all that he exclaimed, "The field of Waterloo wouldn't make a respectable back yard for Gettysburg." Of the multitudes who visit this great battleground (200,000 in the past year) none go away on the same plane of citizenship as that on which they came, for the magnificence and sublimity and deep solemnity of old Gettysburg sink into the soul to remain as an education in patriotism. I observed that there was no levity expressed among the visitors during the entire day consumed in

riding through these avenues, saturated everywhere with heroic associations, but that there was stillness and that serious expressions characterized the countenances of all.

The first locality visited was the scene of the first day's battle, and here, for the first time, I learned that this was not a skirmish on a large scale, as I had been taught to believe, but that in respect of plan, proportions and length of time, it had the character of an important engagement. Here are the long lines, indicated by monuments and markers, standing thickly, and of every conceivable artistic design, with batteries in place as they stood in the battle, and here one may read, had he time, the elaborate inscriptions by which all the incidents and movements may be learned. One of the five observation towers which the government has erected on the field stands on the scene of the first day's battle, and, it being on elevated ground, an excellent view from it is obtained of the entire theatre of operations, the finding of important points being facilitated by a dial, on which their directions and names are indicated.

Among the monuments I was glad to note the one to John Burns, the famed citizen of Gettysburg, who, being past 70 years of age, went into the field and begged the privilege of fighting for the flag. He fought with the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, receiving three wounds, from which he recovered, and was for several years a guide to the battlefield. The statue represents Burns with bare head and rifle in hand, with a determined look and movement, going to the front.

In the edge of a wood lot on the left is a small marker indicating the place where General Reynolds fell, and north of it, some distance away, stands his noble equestrian monument, looking west towards the place of the enemy. Standing on higher ground, it is conspicuous and impressive. The four equestrian bronze statues at Gettysburg are among the most striking features of its superb monumental display, and comprise, besides General Reynolds', General Hancock's, on Cemetery Hill; General Slocum's, but a short distance east of it, on Culp's Hill, and General Mead's, on the ridge west of his headquarters

and about one-half mile south of Cemetery Hill. All look towards the enemy. General Hancock's, facing the north, is eloquently represented with outstretched hand as checking the retreat after the first day's battle.

An interesting feature connected with the monuments is that many are arranged in groups upon the most important points of the lines of battle, and thus serve to emphasize and also to plainly mark and explain the strategic aspects of the battles. Extra care is bestowed upon these places. Some of them have a parklike appearance, and with the monuments tastefully disposed, are not only impressive but attractive. The points thus honored on the lines of the first day's battle, beginning at the Union left, are: In the east edge of the woods where General Reynolds fell; on McPherson Ridge, where the Chambersburg road passes its highest point and where General Reynolds' and General Buford's statues are located; the railroad cut, and Barlow's Knoll, on the extreme right.

Coming now to the scene of the second day's battle, the ride to the south down Confederate avenue, the noble road that runs along Seminary Ridge, where the larger portion of the enemy's artillery was posted, gives one a realistic sense of what the Union army experienced in the terrible cannonade which was turned upon it from these batteries. The distance rode over along the ridge was a mile and a half or more, and most of the way there is one continuous line of mounted guns, standing behind high stone walls, and aimed towards Cemetery Ridge. And not only are they aimed, but the guns of the individual batteries are directed in crossing lines, for the purpose, as a veteran explained, of delivering a raking fire. The government has erected tablets throughout the long line, upon which the names of the various commands are inscribed. This tremendous show of artillery is one of the great sights of Gettysburg.

Turning east, it is but a short ride to the Peach Orchard, a slightly elevated piece of ground over which the Emmitsburg road passes, having another road crossing it at right angles and leading east to Little Roundtop, one mile distant. The second day's battle, on July 2, began at the

Peach Orchard when at 3 p. m., Longstreet attacked the troops of Sickles' Third corps. The battle, which was hard fought and sanguinary, raged throughout the afternoon along the ground between this point and Little Roundtop, and it is called the Valley of Death.

The ground known as the Peach Orchard is imposing in its array of monuments, and on to the east there runs a continuous line of memorial stones, while in the Wheatfield, which was several times desperately fought over, there is another multiplying of commemorative records. Devil's Den, a collection of rocks having a perpendicular face looking easterly towards Little Roundtop, not far distant, is a wild and strange looking place with its great fissures and caves and huge boulders. It is located on the west side of a narrow pass, in and out of which the battle raged furiously.

Upon the summit of Little Roundtop, a rocky hill of moderate height, there is still another cluster of noble monuments, the largest of which is the splendid tower perpetuating the valor of the Forty-fourth and Twelfth New York regiments. Here stands the bronze statue of General Warren, who was the officer who directed the height to be occupied by our troops, and here is the tablet marking the spot where Colonel Vincent fell while the brigade which he commanded was driving the enemy down the sides of the hill.

While the battle was thus raging on our left, an unsuccessful attempt was made on our right to take Cemetery Hill by storm. The first charge having failed, a body of Confederate troops, known as the Louisiana Tigers, assailed the east brow of the hill with the utmost fury. These men had never failed to accomplish what they had been ordered to effect, and though numbering but 1,700, on account of their courage and dare devil spirit, were well-nigh invincible. But after a terrible baptism of fire from batteries and small arms, and then a fierce hand to hand conflict, the Eleventh corps, which held Cemetery Hill, was victorious, leaving but 300 of the Tigers to escape. From that day their organization ceased to exist. The lane in which they came stealthily to the attack around

the hill, and the wall over which they leapt to assail our line, are still pointed out. Here is a collection of monuments, all deeply significant; the batteries standing just as they did when the assault was made, and General Hancock's equestrian statue rising nobly over it all.

On the same afternoon, about dusk, the larger part of the Twelfth corps, which was posted on Culp's Hill, having been ordered to our left, the enemy charged and took our weakened line, which, however, was restored on the following morning after severe fighting. On the summit of Culp's Hill there is an imposing congregation of monuments, telling of these hours of stress and carnage, while along the lines are still to be seen the earthworks thrown up by the men during those momentous days. At the foot and south of Culp's Hill is Spangler's spring, famous as furnishing drink for friend and foe, and around which it is said they sat during the night of July 2 and held friendly converse. The spring is now adorned with an arch and stone steps, and pilgrims enjoy drinking its historic waters.

Riding from Little Roundtop north along the Union line, the same display of beautifully designed memorials is continued for two miles, until Cemetery Hill is reached. But the acme of all the monumental magnificence of Gettysburg is beheld at the "Highwater Mark," which point is located on our line about one-half mile south of Cemetery Hill and at a place called the "Bloody Angle." Here was the turning of the tide in the Civil War.

After the battle of July 2, General Lee, having been reinforced by Pickett's division and Stuart's cavalry, resolved to renew the struggle on the following day, and with a combined attack of infantry on the Union centre in front, and of cavalry in the rear, attempt to separate and defeat the wings. Accordingly, on the 3d, at about one o'clock, the Confederate batteries along Seminary Ridge, consisting of about 200 pieces, opened fire upon that portion of our line called the "Angle," where is located the "clump of trees," which was to be the objective point at which the charging troops were to concentrate. The Union batteries replied with about 100 guns, all that it was possi-

ble to bring into play. Suddenly, about three o'clock, the Confederate guns ceased firing and the enemy were seen moving forward with a front about a mile in length and with a volume of 15,000 men in three ranks, Pickett's division being in the centre. This charge is said to have been one of the most superb military spectacles ever beheld upon the fields of war. The distance from whence they marched is a mile and one-fourth, and perfectly exposed to the view of the Union line. To-day, as one looks over those pleasant fields, it is not difficult to conceive how that splendid but fatal coming appeared, with its long and glittering ranks moving unswervingly forward. When within about a half mile, our batteries began to do deadly execution, and from that time until Pickett's men, all that remained of them, fled away broken and dispersed, there was an awful pandemonium with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. For Stuart, with his cavalry, had not been able to co-operate, but having gone around our right, seeking to strike our rear, he had been met at a point three and one-half miles east of Gettysburg by Gregg's and Custer's cavalry and defeated in what proved to be the greatest cavalry battle of the war. Among the Confederate generals there was afterwards a disposition to shift the responsibility from one to another of ordering Pickett's charge, but had they known of Stuart's defeat, which seems to have occurred before the charge was made, not one would have consented to it.

The "Angle," being the place where the concentrated onslaught of Pickett was made, where, indeed, his men succeeded in forcing their way a short distance through our line, is a most interesting and memorable point. The wall and the right-angled turn are still here, and the clump of trees, surrounded for the prevention of vandalism by an iron fence, and under its shade on the east side is the High-water Mark memorial, not the greatest, but in some respects the most appropriate and beautiful of them all. On a pedestal, flanked by two mounted guns, is a great open bronze book, upon the two pages of which are inscribed the statement of Pickett's charge and of all the organizations, both Confederate and Union, which were engaged in it.

The grounds about the "Angle" are finely kept, and with

the green lawns and the noble monuments, and the pleasant outlook to the west, are altogether an attractive part of the field. Nearby is the tall shaft in memory of the United States regulars who served at Gettysburg; the pillars in honor of the First Minnesota infantry, which regiment in its immortal charge was almost annihilated, and Stannard's Vermont brigade, and the grand equestrian statue of General Mead. It is in this part of the field that the State of Pennsylvania is erecting a monument for her sons who fell at Gettysburg.

A few moments' ride northward leads to the little white-washed house that served as General Mead's headquarters, and soon the south gate of the National cemetery is reached, and the sacred soil which was dedicated by Lincoln in words which will not perish. Then appears the beautiful Soldiers' National monument, with the figure of Liberty looking down on the 3,555 graves of Union soldiers who fell at Gettysburg, while upon the imposing shaft of the New York State monument is another shapely sculpture of Liberty, with a wreath of honor in her hand, stretching it towards the graves of 867 of the fallen sons of the Empire State.

Thus I left Cemetery hill, with the cold, deadly batteries on the north side of Baltimore street, and the green, peaceful turf, and the evergreens and the graves on the south side. Thus all these scenes passed from my sight, but not from my memory.

UNKNOWN FLAGS

Around the walls of the great east vestibule of the capitol at Albany are arranged many flags, the emblems borne in the civil war by troops belonging to the state of New York and each is inscribed with the number of the regiment or other organization which carried it. On the south side are a few Union banners bearing the pathetic words, "Unknown Flags."

No shining lists of battles grace
These unknown Union flags;
No regimental emblems face
These war stained silken rags;
Yet ever mutely they appeal,
And founts of sympathy unseal.

Of little thought whose were the hands
These banners bravely bore;
Nor care we much who were the bands
That for their country swore
And marched where'er these colors led,
To gladly make their dying bed.

Enough that erst these emblems flew
Saluted by the brave;
Enough that from their beauty grew
Deliverance for the slave;
That backward through the mists of years
Heroic manhood's face appears.

From woman's hands, perchance, the gift
Upon the village green,
When warmth of patriotic thrift
Led the people to convene
With fervent words and music's charm,
With shining flag their boys to arm.

But many hearts were sad that day
When last they marched the town;
When the banner flapped so bright and gay,
And the colonel, bowing down,
Struggled hard to hide his tears,
Listening to the farewell cheers.

Old flags, fond eyes have seen your light
Shine in the front of war!
Strong hearts have kindled at the sight
And scorned the cannon's bore!
Brave men have charged, forgetting all
But duty and your beauteous call!

And dying men have held it dear
Upon these flags to gaze,
And felt a kindred champion near,
While pain was changed to praise.
To them the banner, battle fanned,
Shone as the angel of the land.

Upon the blasts of strife once borne,
No cords your fame can tie.
Furled colors, faded, pierced and torn,
Ye cease not yet to fly;
For memory's eternal pale
Upon ye breathes a fervent gale.

Salute the Unknown Flags and say:
Old flags, to you be given
The wreath of an unfading bay
From fields where ye have striven,
Till 'neath your folds each soldier stands
Parading on eternal sands.

LAWRENCE, KAN.

The city of Lawrence, Kan., located on the Kansas river, forty miles west of Kansas City and midway between that place and Topeka, is one of the most interesting towns in the West. In the midst of the rich agricultural region lying along the river, having a number of thriving manufacturing plants, possessing unusual railroad facilities, a town adorned with many handsome residences, the seat of the State university, and breathing of a New England social atmosphere, the reason for which will be discerned as I proceed, Lawrence is an important place and a pleasant one to visit. All this, however, would not entitle it to further remark, but when it is remembered that this city was the storm centre in the Kansas Civil War which preceded the Rebellion, and that it was settled by New England emigrants for the express purpose of defending the virgin territory from the pollution of slavery, it assumes great historic interest.

It is not easy to form an adequate idea of the intense excitement which prevailed in the northern States for several years previous to the beginning of actual hostilities at Fort Sumter, and it is hard for those whose memory does not reach back to those stirring days to believe that there were many otherwise excellent people in these northern communities who were opposed to the expression of anti-slavery sentiment, and that the city of Boston was particularly intolerant. But the heroes and martyrs of the black man's cause did their despised but influential work; the heroes with voice and pen; the martyrs by the distillation of their shed blood into the receptive souls of liberty-loving men and women; until the sentiment which they had created rose so high as to sweep from their pedestals of fame and honor two of America's most popular idols, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

Both of these great statesmen and orators standing in the Senate in 1850 gave their voices to the iniquitous Fugitive

tive slave bill, and by that act forfeited the good will and gained the detestation of the right-thinking masses of the North. Henry Clay was in a degree excusable, having been from early life a resident of Kentucky and himself an owner of slaves, but of Daniel Webster, the New Englander, nothing by way of extenuation could be said, and there swept down upon him from his native mountains a fearful whirlwind of reproach and malediction. Charles Sumner, who superseded Webster in the Senate, denounced with flaming words the "legalized outrage" of the Fugitive Slave Law and castigated its sponsors, while the poet Whittier in his "Ichabod," which was aimed at the great Massachusetts senator, said in the opening stanza:

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

The next step in the development of the great national tragedy was taken in 1854, when Congress enacted the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which gave those territories the privilege of permitting or prohibiting slavery, as their citizens should decide, and which abrogated the provision of the compromise of 1820 by which slavery had been forbidden in the Louisiana purchase north of latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes. This line formed the southern border of Missouri, which territory had been admitted as a slave state in exchange for the concession concerning the restriction of slavery.

It was inevitable that these fertile lands should become an active theatre of strife between the friends and enemies of slavery, and Kansas, bordering Missouri and within easy reach of the other slave-holding communities, became the vortex of the national dispute. The control of the territory depending upon the voice of the inhabitants, a race was entered into as to which side should introduce the larger number, it being appreciated by all that this was a test case, that the way Kansas went, the other territories would follow. With violence and bloodshed, conflicting governments, fraud and anarchy, the unappeasable contention

flamed on until it was swallowed up in the great and decisive issue of the Civil war. Of the fervent spirit of freedom for the slave which prevailed in the North we learn by consulting the anti-slavery public prints and platform utterances of those years. I quote from an address by George William Curtis:

“And yet no victim of those (Revolutionary) days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching in the summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas. * * * Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of freedom. I call upon you to say with your voices, wherever the occasion offers, and with your votes when the day comes, that upon these fertile fields of Kansas in the very heart of the continent the upas trees of slavery dripping death dews upon national prosperity and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the wine and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine whether this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall by our failure be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.”

In order to forestall the plan of the pro-slavery people, while the Kansas-Nebraska bill was pending in Congress, the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts organized an Emigrant Aid Society, which was duly incorporated by the Legislature, and which had for its purpose to encourage and assist northern settlers to establish themselves in Kansas. The State of Connecticut followed soon after by forming an organization of similar kind, while the slave owners of Missouri in the same month instituted the “Platt County Defensive Association,” which proposed to expel from Kansas all persons who went there through the anti-slavery aid societies. Events now moved rapidly, and toward the end of July, 1854, a company of thirty persons under the direction of a Mr. Branscomb, acting for the New England Emigrant Aid Society, pitched their tents on the site of Lawrence, deriving the name from the treasurer of the

society. By the addition of another party which arrived some days later, the settlement was increased to about 100 souls, and all hands busied themselves in providing homes and conveniences for permanent occupation. Missouri, jealous of this formidable demonstration of anti-slavery enterprise, immediately sent against them a body of 250 armed men, who, after threatening the northerners to no purpose, sneaked away evidently alarmed by the determined attitude that they had assumed.

Though the people of Lawrence enjoyed no territorial protection and lived constantly in apprehension, the town in the space of two years had grown to a considerable village. Then, in May, 1856, the place was overrun by a party of 800 pro-slavery raiders who posted themselves on the high ground west of the village, called Mount Oread, and came down to pillage and burn, destroying the *Free-State* printing office and the Free-State hotel.

In August of the same year, before the town had recovered from the alarm and depredations of the spring, news was brought in that a body of 2,800 pro-slavery men were approaching to wreak vengeance on Lawrence. Fortunately, John Brown, who had been visiting Topeka, was in town at the critical moment, and being solicited to take command of the defense he complied and delivered himself of a speech standing on a convenient box in Main street. After inflaming the minds of his hearers by calling their attention to the smoke of burning buildings which could be seen arising on the path of their enemy, he said: "Wait till they get within twenty-five yards of you; get a good object; be sure you see the hind-sights of your gun; then fire. A great deal of powder and lead, and very precious time, are wasted by shooting too high. You had better aim at their legs than at their heads. In either case be sure of the hind-sights of your guns. It is from this reason that I myself have so many times escaped; for, if all the bullets which have been aimed at me had hit me, I should have been as full of holes as a riddle."

Two hundred men having volunteered, Brown, perfectly cool and collected, led his little army into a strong position and awaited the attack. His name had now become a ter-

ror to the "Border Ruffians" of Missouri, and he was known to be capable, fearless and desperate in battle. Only a few weeks before he had sown the ground with death at Ossawatimie, and the crowd of raiders, no doubt informed of his presence, hesitated to try their mettle with so formidable a leader. After remaining over night and firing a few harmless shots, the enemy decamped. "Old Brown" had saved Lawrence.

Again, in 1863, while the Civil war was in progress, southern raiders entered the town, robbing the people and burning their dwellings. These are the more important of the evils which fell to the lot of this intensely free state community on account of its convictions concerning slavery, but undoubtedly there were innumerable unchronicled petty persecutions practiced upon it which were not easy to bear. The place until the close of the war was the target, the bull's eye of Kansas, to the lawless pro-slavery element of Missouri, and the heroic stand it made deserves a worthy monument and a wider recognition.

The city of Lawrence, however, is not without an appropriate memorial, though undesigned, of that noble, self-sacrificing spirit which in great stress kept alive the embers of freedom in Kansas, for to-day on Mount Oread, where its enemies once encamped, stands the State university. Here the descendants of the pioneers, sons and daughters of those who resisted, some of them unto death, the malignant fury of the slave power, enjoy high educational privileges as the fruit of their fathers' devotion. The large and growing group of structures composing the university establishment, with a \$500,000 administration building in process of erection, are imposing and a genuine surprise to the easterner, who is in the habit of looking upon Kansas as somewhat immature, but whoever walks about the grounds of this great educational embodiment and then lets his eyes sweep over the beautiful expanse of farming lands surrounding, will conclude that this is a commonwealth of phenomenal progress, having in itself elements of infinite development.

It is to be borne in mind that easily within the memory of man Kansas was practically a wilderness, and I am told

by Dr. Josiah Strong of New York that he remembers John Brown very well. He says: "He lived in the town in Ohio where I was reared, and was a friend of my father. I remember distinctly sitting by his knee, when I was a little fellow, and looking up into his face as he told of his struggles with the border ruffians, and, reaching down into his boot, he pulled out a big bowie-knife which he had taken from one of them in a hand-to-hand conflict." There are, indeed, those yet living who participated in the "Kansas war," who defended the territory for free soil, and to such the growth and honor to which the state has attained must surely be a source of pride and a subject of astonishment. I find here a tempting opportunity for indulging in prognostications as to certain present reform movements, their prospects and the results which may crown their adoption, but I will leave the following out of the hint to whomsoever may be interested.

In September last (1910) I chanced to be stopping at Lawrence on the opening day of the college year, and I attended the chapel exercises on that morning and listened to the address of Chancellor Strong. Though the chapel has a seating capacity of 1,100, all sittings were occupied and many were standing, for the university has a student body of nearly or quite 2,500 persons. Dr. Strong's address was plain, practical and impressive, and indicated that the design of the university is to promote not scholarship alone, but to develop elements of mind and soul for the making of high and useful manhood and womanhood, lay and professional.

The state of Kansas has evidently inherited a portion of that reforming spirit which fermented in "Old Brown" and the pioneers, and looking carefully to her "hind-sights" she is not to be trifled with. Her Governor and the Chancellor of her university are men of power and wide influence and they represent that love of civic rectitude and intolerance of public moral wrong which has characterized Kansas from the beginning. Far beyond her borders her light is shining.

THE GIRTH OF GOLD

He hoped to stretch about the earth
A golden cable as a girth;
To write his name upon the cord,

That all might read beneath the sun;
And that his paltriest act and word
Should be observed by every one;
And all the world should homage pay
And spread their garments in his way.

He sought afar the precious ore
And added ever to his store.
He flung his might against the rock,
And charged the blast with feverish zeal;
He heard the thunder of the shock
And saw the stricken quarry reel,
Until one day the treacherous stone
Flew fiercely in his flesh and bone.

A friend came to his suffering bed
And kindly words of counsel said:
"Come forth with me when you are well,
And I to you will way unfold,
And go with you, and plainly tell
How one may girt the earth with gold."
He rose in want, and grief, and shame;
His face was scarred, his limbs were lame.

He humbly followed his new friend
And learned compassion how to lend.
Beneath the roof of poverty,
Along the fiery fields of war.
In barbarous islands of the sea,
Behind the prison's iron bar,
And in the leper's noisome den,
He ever sought to comfort men.

He came, at last, grown old and gray.
Where had begun his long, long way;
But in his eye shone kindly light,
And in his smile there gently beamed
A radiance that to human sight
The beauty of an angel seemed.
And peace, no more a stranger now,
Had set her seal upon his brow.

In sweet content, with modest store,
He lived and coveted no more.
His Friend within his cabin dwelt,
And words of love from other lands
And pilgrims whom his aid had felt,
Were coming ever to his hands;
His wealth seemed more than heart could hold;
The earth he had begirt with gold.

PIKE'S PEAK AND THE ROCKIES

Far out on the plains of Colorado the conductors and porters of the west-bound trains point out to the passengers the scarcely discerned, cloudlike front of Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet above the sea. Thus it appeared to Zebulon Montgomery Pike on the 13th of November, 1806, when that enterprising and intrepid explorer beheld its misty form towering on the western horizon and resolved to attain to its summit. But the most strenuous efforts were unavailing, for the fearful chasms and precipitous crags of the mountain, swept with tempests of snow and hail, successfully disputed the ascent of the ambitious stranger, who was compelled to abandon the attempt, averring that to scale that lofty pinnacle was a feat beyond the power of man to accomplish. Nevertheless, this famous landmark, the most widely known, though not the highest peak of the Rockies, took the name of the man who first, at least, attempted to overcome its embattled defenses, and who could wish a nobler monument!

Pike's Peak, on account of its advanced position, to the traveler approaching from the east, is his first glimpse of the Rockies, and it stands as a sentinel for the brotherhood of mighty titanic peaks associated with it. After the precious metals began to be discovered in 1858 in what is now the state of Colorado, the name of the mountain became representative of all the regions surrounding, towards which multitudes of fortune seekers directed their steps. Standing in about the geographical centre of a state possessing amazing wealth of precious metals, and minerals of nearly all varieties, having cities at its feet with abundant resources, noble buildings, flourishing industries, Pike's Peak, rising, as it does, somewhat alone and individualized, commanding an indescribably magnificent view, still maintains its ascendancy of fame, and is sought by the tourist more than any other mountain crest in America.

It is in the state of Colorado that the Rocky mountains

broaden and ascend to their loftiest heights upon a plateau which has an elevation of six to ten thousand feet above the sea, and here nature has bared her arm to demonstrate the possibilities of her powers, bestowing untold abundance of mineral treasures, an inexhaustible enjoyment of sublime scenery and an atmosphere impregnated with health-giving qualities. These are the principal sources of the prosperity which prevails about Pike's Peak. A dry and barren district, except in favored parts along the water courses or where irrigation has afforded moisture to the parched and thirsty soil, it would ever have remained desolate and uninhabited had not nature intervened to introduce strong attractions and thus to insure in this central portion of the further west a nucleus of population and extension. Cut off by isolating deserts from the East and from the Pacific coast, Colorado is, as one might say, a country within a country, an oasis of wealth, power, enjoyment and opportunity in the midst of comparative desolation. Yet the people of this state are not socially, as they are geographically, disconnected from the rest of the world, for great lines of travel run through her cities and mountain passes, bringing multitudes from all parts of the globe within her borders.

The capitol and metropolis of this widely-separated commonwealth is Denver, with its population of 225,000 and an altitude of one mile. Standing not far from the base of the Rockies, not less than 200 miles of that mighty range is in the view from the city, Pike's Peak being at the south and Long's Peak in the north. Denver is a live and bustling town, its business streets crowded and teeming with activity, while on the higher ground in the eastern part of the city there are many beautiful and imposing residences, telling of the mining interests, many of whose magnates make their homes at the capitol. "Twenty years ago," said the guide, as he showed us through that attractive residence district, "this ground was the home of the prairie dog." Here stands the noble stone capitol, and east of it spreads the green, rising slope of Cheesman park, adjoining which is the large City park, as yet in an undeveloped condition. Altogether, Denver is a splendid city, the great

eastern gateway, and a worthy one, to the mountains of Colorado's wealth and power, and it is not with indifference that the stranger upon his arrival takes note of the arch spanning the street at the exit of the railway station and bearing the inscription, "Welcome."

The ride south from Denver to Colorado Springs, seventy-five miles, is rather uninteresting, except that the impressive panorama of the Rockies is steadily in view on the right. The country passed over is arid, with little vegetation, and has practically no timber nor trees of any kind. As we came opposite Pike's Peak a snow storm was prevailing upon it, and the mountain, to a distance half way down its side, was white, although it was a mild and pleasant day of the earlier part of September. Herein lies the explanation of Colorado's lack of water, from which her agricultural interests so greatly suffer: The mountain ranges of the Pacific coast, with their cool atmosphere, condense and appropriate the moisture of the east-bound clouds, and what they fail of doing the Rockies nearly complete, so that for a distance of 500 miles east of the latter range, there is but little rain fall or snow.

Colorado Springs, a beautiful city having a population of 30,000, is located under the very shadow of Pike's Peak and is the town from which tourists go out to ascend it. The town owes its green lawns and luxuriant foliage to irrigation, and the same should be said of Denver. In Colorado Springs, rivulets of pure water run in the gutters and filtrate into the lots, which, with the free use of the hose, causes an abundant growth of vegetation, lending the place a fresh and inviting appearance. Many invalids, particularly those afflicted with pulmonary diseases, come here and find the mild, dry and equable atmosphere and the waters of the mineral springs highly beneficial.

The village of Manitou, five miles from Colorado Springs, and the point from which the ascent of Pike's Peak is made, is conveniently reached by trolley. It is a place of 4,000 inhabitants in the summer, but decreases to that of a few hundred in the winter, when its real and not apparent numerical importance becomes evident. There are fourteen mineral springs here, and on account of their medicinal

value it is said that the Indians reverently gave them the name Manitou, or Great Spirit, by which the place has since been called. The village seems to depend almost wholly for subsistence upon the summer tourists and has several hotels for the accommodation of those who come as sightseers or to drink its waters. The Garden of the Gods, which is within a few moments' drive of Manitou, has more fame, so it seemed to me, than it deserves. It is a rocky district in which the red sandstone, by the action of the elements, has been made to assume many fantastic shapes, but the place did not seem either a garden or godlike nor in any way very impressive.

At Manitou a short-line trolley runs up the mountain to the terminal station of the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway, one mile distant. Here one sees a most peculiar railroad equipment, with a stout little locomotive, devoid of tender, and tilted up behind in order that it may preserve something like a level position for itself on the steep grades upon which it must pass. This is a cog-wheel road, a rack rail being laid in the middle of the track, and the engine is thus able, by dint of hard work and consumption of much fuel and water, for which it frequently stops, to push one coach to the summit. An idea of the power required for this trip may be gained from the statement that in the distance traversed of about nine miles an ascent is made of 7,518 feet. The coaches have a seating capacity of fifty, and on the two daily trips every place is taken, some not infrequently having to stand, the charge for the round trip being \$5.

The road begins its course by entering Engleman's canyon, through which dashes Ruxton creek, and here may be seen blocks of stone of amazing proportions which have evidently fallen from the high walls of the ravine and which one can easily imagine must have shaken the mountains with their ponderous stroke. Stops are made at the several stations, and many points of striking character are indicated by the conductor, who, on account of the fierce puffing of the engine, has to speak loudly, and who, owing to the steepness of the car floor and the propulsive push, push, at every stroke of the pistons, has also to be alert to keep

on his feet. Some portions of the ascent are, of course, steeper than others, certain places being so acclivitous as seemingly to forbid their passage, and one of them bears the name of Son-of-a-gun hill. The passengers, however, are not inconvenienced by the steepness, the seats of the coach being so adjusted that coming or going they may be made to assume not uncomfortable sittings.

Magnificent scenery is frequently in the view as the car ascends the mountain, but the passengers, taken up with the novelty of the trip and embarrassed from a real or imaginary lack of breath on account of the rarefied air, do not seem to be very deeply impressed and do not indulge in much conversation. It may be that the awesomeness of the ride induces silence, for the ascent of Pike's Peak has in it elements of both the sublime and terrific. Higher and higher in its dizzy quest the car slowly climbs the mountain, the engine laboring with its utmost power, and when the summit seems almost attained, it is discovered on rounding the curves that yet another and another fearful grade is in front, till at last the pinnacle is reached and the passengers draw a long breath, and they need to, for the air is very thin at this altitude. Looking about the summit, one discovers upon it a confused mass of loose, angular rock fragments of all shapes and sizes, with no sign of vegetation, nor shrub, nor tree, the timber line, very distinctly marked, having been passed at the altitude of 11,500 feet.

The coach stops at a small stone building which serves as a station, hotel, lunch room, telegraph office and store for the sale of souvenirs. Surmounting it is an observatory of perhaps thirty feet in height, upon climbing which I found myself so short of breath that I was compelled to descend, the sensation being as if one had been engaged in violent exercise. On account of such experiences, coffee had a good sale in the lunch room, where a stove emitted genial warmth, for it was chilly and snow fell from the dark and thick clouds that for a short time enveloped the peak. The summit covers a few acres of desolate stone, over which few attempted to walk.

Pike's Peak stands at the eastern extremity of a spur of the Rockies, far in advance of the range proper, and

thus it affords a vantage point for the observer unequalled by any other mountain, it is claimed, in the world, being set apart and isolated. The outlook from it is fearfully sublime, almost overwhelming, with the great plains of Colorado spread out far beneath and stretching away into the haze of magnificent distances, with the city of Colorado Springs lying at the foot of the mountain, like a slate with parallel lines where run her streets, while in other directions mountains, mountains more mountains wall up the view. If all this is not enough to satisfy the tourist with sentiments of awe and wonder, he may look over the brink of the ancient crater and shudder as he does so.

At the end of forty minutes, the time allowed us on the Peak, the coach commenced the descent, the inevitable photographer having made use of the passengers as they were about to enter the car. In going down the mountain, the engine was in the lead, and in holding back proved itself as efficient as in pushing. At one of the stations a young man came aboard with a bundle of Pike's Peak *Daily News*, an eight-page paper, with an illuminated front, consisting of a girl viewing the sun setting on the Peak. Let me go back a little. When we were seated in the car at Manitou and waiting for the start, a man distributed blanks to the passengers, inviting them to fill in with their names and addresses, and stating that on the return trip these would appear printed in the *News*, which would then be obtainable. The office of the paper is located at one of the mountain stations, and when we reached it on the down trip there were the papers with the names, and evidently to the gratification of all, for we bought them as fast as the dealer could handle the change. Besides enjoying to see our names thus associated with this famous mountain, we were interested to learn who were our fellow passengers and where they hailed from, while the paper, though evidently having no "news" in it from day to day, except the date and list of tourists, contained a fine historical and descriptive article on Pike's Peak, and its unique railway.

I was glad when at last I found myself once more on level ground, and no longer cut off from the world, for the

grandeur had grown oppressive with its eloquent intimation that man is small and weak, while God is infinitely great.

The crossing of the Rocky mountains is a great undertaking, at least for those who manage the trains, for the tracks are steep and tortuous and the way is long. The distance from Colorado Springs on the east side to Salt Lake City on the west border, by the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, is about 700 miles, the time consumed in the trip being more than twenty-four hours. By the Midland railroad, however, the route is not so circuitous, though not less than 500 miles, and it is tolerably direct, the roads forming a connection in the middle portion of the distance at Grand Junction, and the Denver and Rio Grande taking the traffic of the Midland road from thence to Salt Lake City.

Leaving Colorado Springs by the Midland route, the train passes through Manitou and then enters the Rockies, where soon fearful precipices tower above and canyons of appalling depth yawn beneath. Mountain scenery of every kind and description comes into view as the train labors slowly up the ascents, sublime isoalted heads now and then presenting themselves, and rock formations of every conceivable variety being observed, for the Rocky mountains are indeed rocky. Many of the striking features of the different ranges which comprise the mountain system of the Rockies have received appropriate names, but no one can behold the prodigal display of these titanic heights, with their endless details of interest and beauty, without realizing that the great mass of it all remains specifically unnamed and practically unknown. Again and again we noted splendid novelties of mountain formation and of rock architecture, which would adorn, as prints, the pages of any periodical, but which have probably never been honored by pencil, brush nor camera. Why should we prefer the Swiss mountains to our own? Though Switzerland may boast of Monte Rosa, with its altitude of 15,213 feet, while Colorado can point only to her highest peak, Mount Massive, standing 14,424 feet above the sea, she can easily

outdo her European rival with average heights, having one hundred and twenty peaks and more approximating 14,000 feet, with about thirty-five others attaining yet higher points. It may not be generally known concerning two other famous Swiss mountain peaks, the Matterhorn, with its altitude of 14,661, and the Jungfrau, 13,668 feet, that the former is not much higher than Mount Massive and that the latter is decidedly lower. For those who enjoy mountain climbing, Colorado would seem to be an ideal state, and as for lying, there remain in the Rockies a sufficient number of magnificent opportunities to employ Dr. Cook for the remainder of his natural life.

The cold austerity of these rugged mountains is relieved and beautified by a series of so-called parks, or wide valleys of pasture lands, which lie almost continuously just west of the front or east range, from the north to the south limits of the state, having a breadth which in the mean is about fifty miles. The Midland road skirts the south border of one of them, called South Park, and the beauty of it as we passed it by will long be remembered. After the chaos of desolate mountains and forbidding rocks it came into view, with its far, shining waters, as a pleasant vision of Arcadia, though in that wide and beautiful domain there was no visible sign of life or habitation. Hemmed in by mountains, still, lonely, far sequestered from towns with their burden of care, this peaceful vista lying in the caress of the declining sun, did appear a paradise where one might delightfully loiter many happy days.

In the trip over the Rockies by the Denver and Rio Grande road, one first rides south from Colorado Springs to Pueblo, distant forty-five miles. This is the second most important city in the state, having large smelting and steel works and a population of 40,000. It belongs to that group of towns which cluster around the base of Pike's Peak, and drawn there by the attractive power of the precious ores. From Pueblo the route is in a northwesterly direction, following the course of the Arkansas river as it enters the mountains and winds through the famous Royal Gorge with its almost vertical walls of 2,600 feet. Here, at a point where the river narrows to but thirty feet,

is the celebrated hanging bridge, suspended not far above the rushing waters by means of steel framework braced against the walls.

Leadville, the next important place reached, is located in the heart of the Rockies at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet and has a population of 14,000. This is the richest mining locality in the state, gold and silver deposits being uncommonly liberal here, and it is said that the value of the precious metals which the place has contributed since 1877 to the wealth of the world aggregates \$350,000,000.

Five miles north of Leadville the train passes through a tunnel one-half mile in length, and here is the continental divide, or Tennessee Pass, 10,240 feet above the sea. By the way, in crossing the Rockies, one is pretty sure to hear accounts of those who, when ascending these high points, have experienced bleeding at the nose and ears, and who have suffered other alarming effects, and the warning is volunteered that no one over 50 years of age should venture upon these mountain peaks. Another story in a more cheerful strain will be likely to come to the ears of the tourist, that well-worn tale of the nervous woman who was apprehensive of fainting when she would arrive at the crest of the divide. There are several versions of this tradition, like musical variations developed from a simple theme, but the plain statement of its ending is that the woman having laid in a stock of medicine for the emergency, when about to resort to it, was told by the porter that the divide had been passed some time ago and that they were now far down on the other side of the mountain.

Eight miles north of the Tennessee Pass is Pando, not far beyond which station the mount of the Holy Cross may be seen on the left for a brief interval. Near the summit of this lofty mountain the eternal snows in rock depressions show forth the form of a cross, but so quickly passed is the point from which it may be observed that few are able to make it out. Down along the Snake river and through the Red Cliff canyon the train glides along, something interesting and picturesque ever in the view, and then we rush into the Eagle river canyon with its two precipitous walls rising 2,000 feet above the stream and with the lofty

mining town of Gilman exhibiting a few of its buildings above the brink of one of them. But the canyon of the Grand river we find still wilder and more imposing with its sixteen miles of winding wonders and its walls rising 2,500 feet on high.

But what impressed me more deeply than anything else among the Rocky mountains were the palisade cliffs, which extend for a hundred miles or more along the line of the Denver and Rio Grande road as it crosses the desert between the Rockies proper and the Wasatch range. No wildest dreams of magnificent palaces, of high, glorious and impregnable castles and of heavenly beautiful cathedrals ever imposed upon the sleeping minds of men visions equal to these actual architectural creations. Of stupendous proportions, endless almost in number and variety, they stand and will stand through the ages a source of wonder and admiration to those who behold them. Having gazed upon these sublime sculpturings, no work of men's hands can ever amaze us again, for compared with this one hundred mile array of nature's colossal building, all monuments, shrines and capitols shrink into insignificance. In front of certain portions of these magnificent formations there is a line of low, barren hills, having the color and general appearance of recumbent elephants, making it easy to imagine that those nobly towering and embattled cliffs behind them are the stronghold of an Asiatic prince and themselves his outlying defense.

Far, however, from these castellated towers being the abodes of crowned heads, they are said to be the retreats of men who, under the ban of the law, make their dens in the solitude of these desert rocks, stealing out only when compelled to obtain supplies. I am reminded of a small place called Rifle, located in Colorado and not far west of the Rockies proper. As we were passing it, I remarked to the conductor that the name of the station was very suggestive, and from what he said it would appear that it was maintaining its reputation, for it had at no remote date experienced a shooting up of the town by a crowd of intoxicated cowboys, who had also playfully let fly a few bullets through a train that chanced to be passing. I

recognized in the villages lying on the road as it passes through the Colorado and Utah desert the exact, original type of those cuts of frontier towns which are frequently seen in the pages of the magazines. Not far east of Rifle is New Castle, another small place, but interesting as having been the point where ex-President Roosevelt left the train to engage in the expedition for big game.

On the east slope of the Wasatch range is a station called Helper, so named from its being the point where an extra locomotive is coupled on in order to pull the train up the steep grades, and even then with both pulling hard the progress is slow. Four miles beyond Helper the train passes between two high, ponderous pillars of rock called Castle Gate, one being 450 and the other 500 feet in height, which, with majestic mountains for background, is very striking to behold. The observation car, in which we spent the most of our time, affords from the rear of the train splendid opportunities for viewing the scenic wonders of the mountains. After leaving Castle Gate, the route is along Price river canyon, and for a distance of nine miles there is a bewildering display of rocks in ever-changing shape and color.

The Wasatch divide is crossed at Soldier Summit at a height of 7,454 feet, the place deriving its name from its having been a camping ground for United States troops in the Mormon war of 1857-58. From this point the road descends toward the plains of Utah, passing through Granite Canyon, a strange exhibition of rock massing, very interesting, even after all the strange formations which had already been observed, for the Rockies are full of never ending surprises. Suddenly we emerged from the mountains, leaving a huge, towering sentinel of granite at the gate, and sped onward into the irrigated fields of productivity, green and inviting, with trees adorning the landscape, the poplar being the most abundant, all of which was refreshing after the long experience of rocks and barrenness. We passed along the shore of Utah lake, with wild duck and teal enjoying themselves upon it, and ere long arrived at Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormon.

In this sketch I have said nothing of Glenwood Springs,

the great mountain health and pleasure resort, nothing of the Hagerman pass on the Midland road with its altitude of about 11,000 feet, nothing of our night ride on the same road along Hellgate, with the lightning flashing into its black and awful depths. Much has been omitted. But all that I might say would fall short of conveying any adequate idea of the beauty and majesty of these mountains.

September, 1910.

THE WILLOW SWITCH

I sit beneath the willow tree,
And hear the brook go laughing by
That joins the droning of the bee;
In song the spreading branches sigh,
And call from distant years to me
Its planting under love's own sky.

He kissed the maid in Delaware
And rode his steed against the north;
Along the Hudson did he fare
Till high Vermont waved welcome forth;
And when at home, 'twas first his care
To plant his whip of precious worth.

The maid that broke it from the tree
Hard by her childhood's happy gate,
Had promised him that she would be
His wife in his far northern state,
And doting on it he would see
The little switch a willow great.

O, could I tell their story long
Of wedded love's congenial tide.
Of gentle wife, of husband strong,
Of evening hours, when side by side
And listening to the night-bird's song,
They sat beneath the willow's pride!

Here now they dwell in earth's embrace;
One marble tells where close they lie;
And all above, in solemn grace,
The willow branches multiply
And fondly lean and interlace
And whisper as the wind goes by.

And still, as in that olden day,
Fond lovers fervent vows declare;
For love shall never know decay
While youth is strong and maids are fair;
Nor while Vermont, in towering sway,
Looks down to gentle Delaware.

SALT LAKE CITY

Salt Lake City is located on the right bank of the river Jordan, at a point a few miles above its outlet into Great Salt Lake. The Jordan, twenty miles in length, flows north from Utah lake, fresh water, which is the analogue of the Sea of Galilee, as the river and Great Salt Lake are of the Palestine Jordan and Dead Sea. The Mormon metropolis, a town of 110,000, and having an altitude above the sea of 4,250 feet, is mathematically laid out with streets uniformly 137 feet in width and in blocks containing squares of ten acres each. Along the gutters of the streets running north and south, water is conducted, so that vegetation may adorn what would otherwise be an arid town. Salt Lake City is said to have been the first place to practice irrigation, and a plot of land is pointed out on one of its streets where an experimental crop of potatoes was raised on the parched soil by this means. The city, being the headquarters of extensive mining interests, a large part of which are located in the Wasatch mountains lying immediately east of the town, enjoying the benefits of a large shipping of agricultural products, having a great trans-continental passenger traffic ever coming and going, and with the importance lent it as the capitol of the state, the town, since the advent of railroads, has gradually assumed the appearance of a thriving up-to-date place.

Many splendid residences grace its broad streets, fine public school buildings have been erected, a large and beautiful city and county building stands as a credit to the liberality of the people, hotels, having modern equipment and first-class service, invite the patronage of the traveling public, while, besides the Mormon temple, there are churches maintained by the Jewish people, by the Catholics and by the other Christian communions. A few of the old adobe (sun-dried brick) houses erected by the pioneers still remain, and are small one-story buildings, very unattractive. In cases where the proprietor had more than one wife, extra

houses were extended to accommodate them, so that it was made an easy matter to determine the proportions of a Mormon's matrimonial plant; all one had to do was to count the doors which led from the outside to their respective apartments.

Three miles east of the city, on one of the foothills of the Wasatch range, is Fort Douglas, an army post, garrisoned by a regiment of United States infantry. The location is a pleasant one, having the officers' residences surrounding a lawn, upon which, at the hour we made the visit, the military band was playing. To the orthodox Mormons the presence of these troops must be a thorn in the flesh, for their doctrines, as originally held, are against any dictation on the part of the "gentile" world, and in the early part of their history they resisted the exercise of Federal authority. In the year 1857 they made hostile demonstrations against troops sent into Utah to maintain the supremacy of law, driving them back, and besides massacred, with the assistance of Indians, a company of 150 "gentile" emigrants near the Utah line, at Mountain Meadows, not allowing one to escape alive.

On the ride back to the city the guide, evidently under the impression that his communications were of a dry and prosy character, relieved himself of a portion of humor, with which from time to time he regaled the party as circumstances seemed to demand. This time it had to do with an Irishman who was endeavoring to obtain naturalization papers in Salt Lake City. "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" asked the official. "No, sor," was the reply. "Have you read the Constitution of the United States?" "No, sor." "What have you read?" inquired the examiner impatiently. "I have red hair, sor," said the Irishman. But the sons and daughters of the Old Sod are well informed as to Mormonism; at least they understand it well enough to refuse to become its members, their profound convictions concerning marriage forbidding them. It is to the high credit of the Irish people that with the Mormon "missionaries" scouring the earth from the birth of their institution, looking up recruits, they have turned to their solicitations a deaf ear.

If there are any hard-shell Mormons left, having the sedate, industrious, plodding, saving and temperate ideas which it is claimed the pioneers entertained, such may find an object of regret on the west as well as the east of the city, that is at Saltair (salt air), on the shore of Great Salt Lake and thirteen miles distant. Here is a group of buildings called the Pavilion, standing on a beach much frequented for bathing, while opportunities for diversion are abundantly provided, making the place a sort of Coney Island for the people of the city. The lunch hall has a capacity for 1,000 persons at its tables, and the ball room, 140 x 250 feet, affords room for 1,000 couples to exercise themselves. Bathing here is said to be very delightful on account of the bracing effect of the salt water, which is so heavily charged with saline constituents that the body is enabled to float upon it without making any exertion. It is said that the sunsets are accompanied here with an uncommonly beautiful display of colors, due, it is supposed, to the action of the light upon the particles of salt escaped into the air by evaporation. But Great Salt Lake is of large practical value, though of fish it can boast of but one small species, in that it contributes 40,000 tons of salt each year, furnishing enough of this commodity to supply the trade in the greater part of the country west of the Missouri river.

It should be remembered, in considering the phenomenal rise of the Mormons, that the growth of Utah and Salt Lake City in that which is creditable has been largely, and in some respects wholly, due to the enterprise and worth of the non-Mormon element. The latter embrace considerably more than one-half of the population of Salt Lake City, though in the state of Utah as a whole, with a population of perhaps 400,000, the "gentiles" are somewhat in the minority. Mormonism, in the meantime, is a decaying cult, incapable of growth in the presence of intelligent Christian faith, morals and purposes. Already the "Saints" have been compelled to abandon polygamy, at least openly, while they appear to be trying to conciliate the ill-favor of outsiders and to conform to the ideas and practices of their non-Mormon neighbors.

Mormonism has had a mushroom growth, and it bids fair to have a mushroom death. Organized at Manchester, N. Y., no longer ago than 1830, with but a few adherents, it was driven by outraged communities from one place to another till it took refuge beyond the Rockies in the desert. Christian society was its bane, and it could only exist in peace when widely separated from such condemnatory influence. Arriving in Utah in 1847, their numbers were largely recruited through the industry of their agents sent to Europe, and the colony grew and flourished. Finding it impossible to resist Federal authority, and non-Mormon emigrants, under the protection of the law, arriving in increasing numbers and influence, it became necessary for the stability and growth of the Mormons to once more move on to other fields. But this they refused to do, the zeal which characterized the pioneers having evidently died out, or, perhaps, they were convinced that they could nowhere permanently isolate themselves from those who would frown upon their doctrines and practices.

The Mormons boast of their numerical growth and civil power in that portion of the country lying west of the Rockies, but it must be considered that these are largely arid and sparsely settled lands, where the "saints," practically unhindered by disciples of a better faith, may dwell in unrebuked security. They are represented by small groups in different parts of the world, but with the disintegrating movement which is going on in the home and headquarters of the institution, these no doubt will find it difficult to maintain themselves. Reports from those having a thorough knowledge of conditions in Utah are to the effect that polygamy secretly exists in that state and that the Mormons are aggressive in their propagandism, and aim to secure control of governmental affairs, not merely locally, but nationally. But it should be borne in mind that the Mormon doctrines are incoherent and absurd, and as such cannot stand investigation by intelligence and common sense. It is only ignorant, weak or misguided persons who can be induced to subscribe to such ridiculous tenets, or to commend such an unsavory record as the Mormons are compelled to acknowledge. No faith can by any

means long exist in the minds of intelligent people that has not in it the elements of reason and truth. Mormonism must either soon die or isolate itself. The present activities of its "missionaries," drumming up recruits, are the frantic efforts of a dying cult gasping for breath.

The life and hope of Mormonism perished in 1877 with the passing of Brigham Young, a man of force and broad, practical ideas, without whose enterprise and perseverance the Latter Day Saints would not have attained to any importance. The Mormons sustained another severe blow during this year in the execution of their bishop, John D. Lee, for having planned and led the attack in the Mountain Meadows massacre, twenty years before. Since 1877 Mormonism has been losing ground, for so intrinsically weak is it as a cult that apart from the aid of great individual and practical capabilities it cannot go forward nor even hold its own.

The Mormon temple and tabernacle are located in the central part of the city and occupy one of the ten-acre blocks into which the town was divided. Near it is the bronze statue of Brigham Young, standing in a public square, and in the same neighborhood is the Eagle gate, once the entrance to Brigham's private premises, but now spanning a street. It is not a very ornamental affair, consisting of four arms, two from each side of the street, which are joined above it at their extremities and surmounted at the point of union by an eagle with spread wings. Not far from the Eagle gate is the Beehive house, once the home of Brigham Young, deriving its name from the imitation of a beehive which stands upon its roof. It should be said that beekeeping is a considerable industry in Utah, a flowering forage there in the nature of clover, called lucern, furnishing a superior product for honey making, but whether Brigham intended by the hive on his house to display a motto prominently before the Mormons or merely to celebrate a characteristic of the surrounding country I am unable to say. The notion of the honey bee seems to have been dear to the hearts of the pioneers, for in 1849, when they attempted to organize a state on their own authority, they proposed to call it "Deseret," which word

in Mormon parlance stands for "Land of the honey bee." Like the bee the Mormons, at least the earlier generations, were industrious and provident, habits of life which more than their creed made them successful. The old-time Mormon was not a visionary by any means, but had very prominently in view, and sought for, the good things of the earth, and but for the worth of labor and economy his fantastic doctrines would have been forgotten long ago. The career of Brigham Young was after the lesson of the honey bee, and he left an estate valued at \$2,000,000, together with seventeen wives and fifty-six children, but as to whether he "did well" or not there can be but one fair opinion. His grave is in the midst of the city, and in that busy part of it where he lived and worked.

The temple block, to which allusion has been made, is inclosed by a high wall and has within it, besides the temple and tabernacle, a large granite building in which the smaller meetings are held, and an ornate little structure called the "Bureau of Information." The temple, built of Utah granite, is a rather imposing building, 186½ by 99 feet, and several stories in height, well constructed, as all the Mormon edifices are, and was completed in 1893, forty years of work, repeatedly interrupted, having been employed in its erection. Outsiders are not allowed in the temple, as the Mormons consider it sacred on account of certain ceremonies performed in it, which prohibition with the cold wall which surrounds the block does not seem in keeping with Christian ideas, which do not encourage closed doors. The place smacks of orientalism and priestcraft. This assumption of mystery, however, is doubtless in the hands of the Mormon hierarchy a potent influence when operating upon weak and superstitious minds. Standing on the pinnacle of the middle and highest spire of the east front and above the main entrance is a representation of the so-called angel Moroni, holding a long, straight trumpet to his lips. According to the Mormons, Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith, telling him where the writings of his father Mormon, the prophet, were buried, and giving such books into his possession when he went to the spot indicated. Smith, who lived at the time in Ontario county, N. Y., was

a person devoid of intelligence or character, and the "Book of Mormon" was shown to be an imaginative work by a clergyman named Solomon Spalding. Such being the case, if the shade of Joseph Smith is able to view Salt Lake City and is possessed of any sense of humor, his well merited misery must be greatly alleviated by merriment whenever he casts his eye upon the angel Moroni and the great temple beneath.

The tabernacle is a huge, elliptically shaped, rounded roofed structure, having no architectural attractions, and measures 250 feet in length, 150 in width and 80 in height. The immense dome which covers it has no interior support, being upheld by concealed lattice trusses of wood which rest upon the elliptical wall. Entering the building by the choir gallery, the dimensions do not strike one as being so great as might be expected of an auditorium which seats 8,000 persons, due perhaps to the rounded shape and the wide gallery, which extends the entire circuit of the tabernacle. The color seemed to be principally yellow, with the great dome above sky blue, everything being very plain. Having viewed the chamber from the extremity occupied by the preacher's desk and the great choir gallery, the guide sent us to the other end of the building in order that he might exhibit its wonderful acoustic properties, and we were astonished to be able to hear distinctly his whisper, the dropping of a pin, and even the rubbing together of his hands, though we were at a distance from him of 200 feet or more. He then conducted us down into the park which beautifies the temple block and gave us an unsolicited lecture on Mormonism, as to what it is, in which effort I do not think he was very successful. As soon as he had ended his talk I made my way to him and inquired as to the tabernacle, whether its acoustic properties were the result of design or by chance. He replied very deliberately: "Brigham Young planned the tabernacle, and he was an inspired man."

We attended a Sabbath service at the tabernacle at which the floor of the building was quite well filled, but with empty galleries, there being an audience of perhaps 4,000 people. No doubt many of these were tourists and resident

non-Mormons. The tabernacle, by the way, is a sort of Mormon Cathedral and a show place for visitors and is not essential to the carrying on of their worship, for they have several local meeting houses in different parts of the city. The tabernacle organ is the second largest in the country, but in general excellence it is claimed to be without a rival in the world, having wonderful tonal capacities ranging from the flute-like to tremendous thunder swells. Some of its milder notes are beautifully rich and expressive. The huge instrument stands in full view in the rear of the pulpit and on either side was the great choir with an enrolled membership of 500 trained voices, about one-half of whom were present. The singing is done entirely by the choir, no devotional books being in the seats, and the order of service is about the same as in Protestant churches.

The speaker gave a long discourse, taking his text from one of Paul's epistles, reading no Scripture, however, and devoting himself to a defense of Mormonism, and reading from the "Book of Mormon" to bolster up his argument. He gave his address with fluency and physical force, but it had no spiritual power, and was an instance of perspiration without inspiration. It was a lecture and not a sermon. At the end of it a large and shapely woman stepped upon the dais behind the pulpit and sang beautifully, the great choir joining with her at stated intervals and the organ thundering in majestic volume. Then a man on the platform with a profusion of iron grey whiskers, who I presumed was President Smith, arose and in a weak voice said something which was evidently a benediction, and the people dispersed.

While I was willing cheerfully to bestow praise upon the noble organ and the splendid choral singing, I could not but regret that such an instrument and choir were devoted to so unworthy a cause, in the interests of which the beauty and impressiveness of their renderings must act as powerful agents. As to the service as a whole, I felt that it was an unfortunate degradation of the Scriptures of God to have tagged on to them such a monstrosity as Mormonism.

September, 1910.

THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET

With a golden coin I purchased a rose
At the florist's beautiful stall,
And it lay on a breast midst silken bows
One giddy night at the ball;
Its fragrance was spent in the heat and the glare,
And its petals lost all their bloom;
No longer the rose was its mistress' care,
And it fell to the servant's broom.

I plucked a violet, growing wild,
From a garden's neglected space,
And gave it into the hand of a child
In a crowded alley base;
But memory keeps her grateful look
In its richest, fairest room,
And the violet, treasured in her book,
Has ever its sweet perfume.

A TOUR THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK

I

Yellowstone National Park is a government reservation, sixty-two miles in length, north and south, and fifty-four in width, located in the northwest angle of Wyoming and extending a few miles into Montana and Idaho. Surrounding the park are very extensive government forest reservations which serve to maintain its pristine character, isolating it from the pales of civilization. Aside from the roads which have been constructed between the principal places of interest, and the hotels which have been erected for the accommodation of tourists, the reservation remains precisely as it was before the white man set his foot within its wonderful borders. No dog is allowed to enter Yellowstone Park and the use of firearms is prohibited, and in consequence animal life abounds there as it did in primitive times, deer and elk being frequently seen grazing by the roadside as the coaches pass by and manifesting no alarm, the deer gazing upon us with their great, soft and expressive eyes.

The first white man to behold the Yellowstone Park was a trapper named John Colter, who wandered there in 1806, and who, coming out into the settlements with wide open eyes and stammering tongue, uttered such words of wonder that his strange accounts only excited the mirth of his listeners, who gave to the region he described the name of "Colter's Hell." James Bridger, another frontiersman, in the twenty years following 1824, visited many times this region and became familiar with all its remarkable features, but on account of the fantastic vapors from his imagination with which he endeavored to decorate the truth, he received no better treatment than Colter. Through descriptions given out by individuals and expeditions, the marvelous character of the place came gradually to be credited, till General H. D. Washburn, surveyor-general of Mon-

tana, led an exploring party in 1870 into these lands to determine decisively as to their nature. From the scientific and authoritative report of this expedition there resulted the government's action in 1872 creating the reservation as a public park.

The park has two entrances, one at Gardiner, Mont., on the north side, and the other at Yellowstone, Mont., on the west side, the former reached via the Northern Pacific Railroad and the latter by the Oregon Short Line, which was the route we took in an all-night ride from Ogden, Utah.

Alighting at Yellowstone, one finds himself in a small wilderness settlement, consisting of a few plain buildings and a log barn for the accommodation of the transportation company, but the tourist will be surprised to observe here a beautiful and commodious railway station which would adorn a large town. At 8 o'clock a. m., the four-horse Concord coaches pulled up to the station, and the sightseers began the tour of the park, some, however, to take but a portion of the full round, which occupies five days, and includes all places of interest. We took the full tour. The visitor finds himself at once in the midst of a forest of spruce and other evergreens, and with the exception of here and there a bare place, he will be riding during the larger part of the time spent in the park through these wild mountain woods. The trees are substantially all of coniferous varieties, which lend to the landscape, wherever glimpses are obtainable, a sombre and monotonous aspect, eighty-four per cent. of the park enclosure being covered with forests. There is a small deciduous tree called the quaking aspen found throughout the reservation, which, at the time of our visit, had from the effect of frosts, taken on a bright yellow, and in blotches large and small did much to light up the scene. Here I first came to have a realizing sense of the destructive results of forest fires, for everywhere along the roads, as far as the eye could reach, were lying dead trees, thickly spread and piled frequently two and three deep, the young growth rising among them. Efforts have been made to induce Congress to appropriate a sum sufficient to provide for the removal of this dis-

figuring rubbish from the roadsides, and surely it is a work, which, to leave undone, is not creditable to the government.

Riding east from Yellowstone the route is along the Madison river, a rather broad but shallow stream, having very clear water and running rapidly westward. Passing many interesting bits of scenery and frowning places of cliff and crag along its winding course, the point after a time is reached where it divides into a fork, the Gibbon river reaching east and the Firehole river extending south, the latter deriving its name from the term, Burnt Hole, which was given the region by the pioneers on account of a great forest fire which once raged here. Following the line of this stream we came in a short time to the place where it makes a leap downward of forty-five feet, preceded by a fine exhibition of rapids. Here, as at all places of unusual attraction or novelty, platforms, walks and stairs have been constructed for the convenience of travelers, and plenty of time is given for observation. We arrived at the Lower Geyser basin at noon, stopping there at the Fountain Hotel for lunch.

Looking south one sees a level space, the Lower Geyser basin, and a low hill one-fourth of a mile beyond, on which is located the fountain geysers, while on the little plain are pools of steaming water, one of which bears the distinguished name of the Queen's Laundry. Hot water is spread thinly over much of the space, which is covered with a grayish, friable substance, the disintegrated crust formed by the deposits of the thermal springs, and this ashy surface characterizes the ground in all the geyser basins. The park plateau, indeed, is covered to a depth of 2,000 feet with lava thrown out by ancient craters located here, and the hot springs and geysers are the final manifestations of volcanic extinction.

We walked down to the Fountain geysers, and while we were looking at other small ebullitions near, one of the former began to boil and sputter and soon was throwing a great volume of steam and water to a height of perhaps thirty-five feet, giving forth a furious sound of hissing and rushing as the foaming column flew upward from its vent. Nearby are the Paint Pots, consisting of pools of boiling

clay, not very attractive for color, but a curiosity. Before we took the coaches I walked back where I might observe the geyser, and saw that it was still at work, rising and falling and splashing its waters in obedience to subterranean impulse, which, by the way, is not difficult to explain. Cold water percolating down to the heated rocks and filling their seams and cavities, steam is generated in the lowest parts and the water above is violently thrown out, after which an interval occurs in which the preparatory process is repeated, the explosive action being on the principle of a safety valve of a boiler.

Continuing south along the Firehole river, having no time to visit Firehole lake not far off from which a blue flame arises, the Midway Geyser basin is soon reached. Here we crossed on a footbridge to the west side of the river, which at this point is not more than thirty feet in width, and viewed the great and deep mouth of the Excelsior geyser. It is elliptical in shape, 200 by 300 feet, having an overhanging rim, twenty feet below which its boiling waters may be seen through the steam. The story is that this, having once been the greatest geyser in the park, blew up on account of a cake of soap having been thrown into it, and the ragged appearance of the crater's walls goes far to confirm the statement of explosion, but a recent and good authority states that the geyser has very long intervals of inactivity, that it has not played since 1888, and that it may spout at any time and throw a great column of water 250 feet into the air. Here, also, are two interesting thermal ponds called Turquoise spring and Prismatic pool, the former having a bluish color and the latter a border of fine coloring, its steam having in it many varying tints, caused by reflection from the mineral particles within it, a condition I found to be associated with other of the hot springs.

A few miles further and we reach the Upper Geyser basin, the gem and crown, so far as geysers and thermal springs are concerned, of the park and of the world. Here is the king of geysers, Old Faithful, sure to be in action at the end of every seventy minutes with but trifling variation; here are geysers of all kinds and sizes, deep and

transparent pools of the most beautiful tints in their still, warm depths, and for a distance of a half-mile on either side of the Firehole river ascend volumes of steam as from an infernal pit. The geysers have taken their names in many instances from the forms of the accumulated mineral deposits surrounding their vents, and thus are pointed out the Grotto, Castle, and the Beehive, the latter giving forth a fierce, buzzing sound. An interesting group consists of the Lion, Lioness and Cubs, but to enumerate, even, the hundreds of thermal springs and geysers in this wonderful valley would prove a hard task, but concerning those in the entire park, they are to be counted by thousands. An ordinary hot spring attracts no attention, for they are common in the upper half of the reservation and may be seen along the roadside, and steam may be seen arising from them above the forest.

We arrived at the Upper Basin in the middle of the afternoon, and thus were given plenty of time to look at the wonders here displayed, the distance traveled on this first day having been twenty-nine miles. We were entertained at the Old Faithful Inn, probably the most unique and beautiful hotel of its kind in the world, and as such deserves a few words of description. It stands on the west side of the river, having Old Faithful geyser near it on the right and in front a general view of the geyser district. The Inn, which is of the rustic style throughout, presents an outward appearance in soft dark shades of great attractiveness. The main part of the structure is a huge, steep roofed affair with low eaves and two rows of dormer windows, the roof facing front. A recess extends under the building to a distance of perhaps twenty-five feet, which is used as a carriage porch, and above as an out-door lounging place, the projecting roof being supported by several cribs of piled logs laid up in log cabin style. Extending on each side of this central part of the building are wings presenting fronts of alternate roof and gable, the whole effect being entirely out of the common and highly pleasing.

The main part is taken up wholly by the reception hall, seventy-five feet square and reaching up to the peak of

the roof, ninety-two feet above the floor. On first viewing this noble chamber one is filled with surprise and admiration. Built of logs just as they came from the woods, even not having had the bark removed, far overhead rude tree rafters under the roof, a huge rough stone fire place and chimney, fourteen feet square, ascending up through the space and on its front, high up, a great clock dial, and beneath it a big iron pendulum and weights suspended, a balcony of logs surrounding the hall, communicating with the wings, these and many less conspicuous features make up a most striking effect, everything being in just proportion and perfect harmony. The building outside and inside is a work of rustic art, adorning the dining hall, which extends from the rear of the main body, and characterizing the guest chambers. The one which we occupied had its walls made of pine boards just as they came from the saw mill, while the furniture was in keeping, with splint bottomed chairs, and the floor decorated with rag carpet rugs, yet the judgment and taste displayed made it attractive and restful to the sight. The equipment and the service here, as at all the hotels in the park, are first class.

The Old Faithful Inn, when lighted up by electric candles and with the great fireplaces burning, is very pleasing and breathes a home-like hospitality which was increased when a big corn popper was brought in and held over the glowing coals, the corn "popping" in the good old-fashioned way. Then it was passed around, each guest getting a big handful. During the evening we had the privilege of seeing Old Faithful play under the search light, which is located on the roof of the inn. It is always easy to learn when the action of the geyser is to take place, for there is a dummy clock hanging in the porch, and being set ahead seventy minutes from each eruption, one has only to consult it to know when to be on the watch. The geyser under the search light is beautiful. High and higher it rises in graceful festoons of spray, attains to a height of 100 or sometimes 150 feet, maintains its altitude for a moment and then gradually sinks midst steam and foam and involved curvings into its den.

At an early hour of the morning I rose and gazed out

upon the still, strange scene of steaming geysers, the ghostly columns all leaning north under the pressure of a south wind, and I could easily understand why the Indians looked with superstitious dread upon this region, believing it to be inhabited by evil and malignant spirits. At 8 o'clock a. m. we started for the Grand canyon by the way of the continental divide and Yellowstone lake.

II

On the morning of our second day's tour we left Old Faithful Inn for Yellowstone lake, nineteen miles distant and lying in an easterly direction. Plunging again into the interminable forest of evergreens, we passed Kepler's cascade on the Firehole river and ascended towards the Continental divide, which, between the inn and the lake, assumes the line of a U, compelling us to cross it at two different points. We were accompanied over the divide by a government trooper as a guard, for the road here is particularly lonely and upon it a few years ago a group of coaches was halted and the occupants relieved of a large amount of money and valuables, the work of a single highwayman. Military stations, log houses, are found at different points in the park, and here small detachments of mounted men are posted, who, patrolling the roads, maintain obedience to the park regulations and hold themselves ready to extinguish forest fires.

The first divide is crossed at Craig pass, where a very small lake adorns the spine of the mountains at an elevation of 8,250 feet, and then the road dives on eastward into the valley on a crooked course, called Corkscrew hill. A person cannot be long in the park without admiring the roads, their excellence and the skill with which they have been laid out, Corkscrew hill being a notable illustration, taking scientific advantage of the broken land in order to secure the easiest grade. Government engineers staked out these admirable thoroughfares aggregating 140 miles and eighteen feet in width, and they are maintained in repair and sprinkled at national expense, \$1,500,000 having been expended on these hard, graveled roads, which penetrate to

the wonder places of this wilderness reservation. Up from the valley the route leads to the second divide at an altitude of 8,345 feet, and thence the way is descending to the lake, which is no doubt appreciated by the horses. For not only do they have to contend with the steep grades, but with the rarefied air, and it is not until they have been gradually introduced to their work and acclimated for two seasons that they are able to endure a full share of roading. All portions of the park are high, ranging from 6,387 feet at Mammoth Hot Springs to the higher altitude of the divide, the reservation being actually a section of the Rockies. It is here, as in mountain ranges generally, when viewed from a distance the higher points massed together give the appearance of a definite, continuous ridge, but when one arrives on the ground it is discovered that this was an illusion, mountain peaks, valleys and level lands being spread irregularly about.

We arrived at Thumb bay, Yellowstone lake, at mid-day and stopped at the lunch station there for refreshments. On the south and west sides of the lake there are five inlets and the fifth, the more northerly one, is called by the appropriate diget. The lake, on account of these arms, is very irregular in outline and has a shore line of 100 miles, though it is but twenty miles in length, north and south, and sixteen miles in width. This is a beautiful sheet of water, clear and cold, nestling in its still mountain bed 7,741 feet above the sea and having no rival in respect to altitude among lakes of a considerable size except Lake Titicaca in the Andes. Surrounded by hills and mountains, which covered with timber, arise immediately from its bright waters, with its pleasant bays and islands, Yellowstone lake is a charming feature on the wild face of this primitive region.

The government maintains a fish hatchery near Thumb bay from which the streams of the park are stocked, so that the reservation is becoming attractive for the disciples of the rod and line. The lake abounds in fish, salmon trout being the most largely represented, and I heard the Lake hotel fisherman state that he had caught there during the season with a hook and line 10,247 pounds. From Thumb

bay to the Lake hotel, located at the north end of the lake, is a distance of sixteen miles and the trip may be taken by water, at extra charge, if preferred, as a small steamer runs between the two points. We remained, however, with the coaches and after enjoying the ride of a mile or two along the shore of the lake, we once more passed into the deep, dark forests, following a northerly direction. But, though the natural bridge, with a mountain stream dashing over the rocks beneath it, is about all that is very remarkable on this part of the route, it should be stated that this and all the long rides through the forest are far from being without interest, for its roads were laid out with a view to scenic effects, and hence something interesting is coming ever into view. The Lake hotel, which we approached for a considerable distance along a pleasant drive on the lake shore, is a large and attractive-looking edifice built in Colonial style, and stands on a slight rise of ground near the water. Facing south, the view of the lake from it is splendid, having Stevenson island with its green trees standing not far off as a fair adornment on the still bosom of the shining expanse. The Yellowstone river, flowing north, which has here broadened out forming the lake, contracts to the Yellowstone river again near the Lake hotel and continues north to the two falls and Grand canyon. It is not a large river, broad but shallow, and on the following day as we rode along it we saw many wild ducks, strangers to fire arms, leisurely swimming there. The stream has associated with it considerable historic interest in connection with our wars with the Indians and their raids and we noted several tablets commemorative of such, but it is unnecessary to more than mention the subject here.

At the Lake hotel we had our first opportunity of seeing bears in their native freedom, for in the park are, roaming at large, besides deer and elk, black, brown and grizzly bears, antelope, mountain sheep, beaver and a herd of buffalo, which latter, however, aggregating about 100, are not allowed to stray. The bears frequent the hotels in order to feed on the garbage which accumulates, and becoming familiar with the presence of people they are quite indifferent to visitors, coming and going as suits their appetites.

It is something worth seeing to observe a big bear come solemnly lumbering out of the woods, approach to within a few rods of you, nose around in the refuse, growling at and threatening another over some choice tidbit. The cubs were very tame, having been much fed and petted, and one of them raised himself up and affectionately placed his paw on a lady's shoulder.

Though we had ridden thirty-five miles since morning, with both mind and body actively moving, closing the day with the visit to the bears, all hands were well rested and ready at the beginning of the third day's ride, and we continued our course northward along the Yellowstone river. At a distance of ten miles, or one-half the way to the Grand Canyon, we came to the mud volcano and the Gothic Grotto.. The volcano is a frightful phenomenon, consisting of a steep-sided crater twenty feet across, deep down in which is a boiling mass of mud or pulverized rock, while from under one side of the pit there is vomited out with fearful groans and mutterings great volumes of the thick and vile stuff, which composes the contents. The Grotto, while not repulsive, is of an uncanny character, though small compared with the volcano, and has a thermal spring issuing from under a pointed arch, the water being shot out forcibly at short intervals.

From this point the route is through Hayden Valley, a beautiful open grazing country extending for miles along the river, which meanders through it in lazy, graceful curves. The serenity of this remote and uninhabited section is very restful to ride through with its wide, rolling grassy reaches and its patches everywhere of light green sage brush. It is difficult to believe that no farmer nor farm house is to be found here, for the aspect is that of an agricultural district, and a domestic, familiar air seems to hang over this lonely valley. But land like this upon which frost falls every month in the year and which has only a small aggregate of rain, could never reward the labors of husbandry, though it is, as an inspirer of idealism, as helpful as corn and potatoes. I might say here that the northern part of the tour is through a country much less wooded, and with mountain peaks much more in

the view, making the long rides additionally pleasant. As we were passing through Hayden Valley, moving objects were observed far across the river to the east, which the driver informed us was a herd of elk, convincing testimony that though the valley appeared conventional enough it was yet in the same primitive state that it was when the white man first came within its charmed boundaries.

We arrived at the Grand Canyon at 12 m., registering at the fine, large hotel there and spending the afternoon in this the central and most beautiful, and to put it mildly, most glorious place in the park. The canyon, north of the Great or Lower Falls, is about twelve miles in length and has an average depth of 1,200 feet with precipitous sides. The south or Upper Falls are 112 feet in height. The Lower Falls, located at a point perhaps one-third of a mile further north, having a plunge of 310 feet, and like that of the Upper through a narrow passage, marks the beginning of the deep and spectacular portion of the canyon. My first view of it was from the platform at the brink of this lower falls, and although this is not the best vantage point, the magnificence of the place here suddenly bursts upon one with almost overpowering effect, for it is like being set down unexpectedly at the gate of Paradise. Though the devil has been highly complimented through the different things in the park which have been named for him as, the Devil's Slide, the Devil's Frying Pan, the Devil's Kitchen, etc., the Grand Canyon might well as an offset be dedicated to the Celestial Powers, for here are found not only eloquence, poetry and orchestration, but sermons, prayers and benedictions. No painter's art can ever give but a faint conception of the beauty and majesty of the Grand Canyon. Every conceivable color is there from white to black, but where one leaves off and another begins cannot be determined, and the whole display is subdued and chaste, unspeakably captivating. Nothing can be compared to these colors except the autumnal tints of the forest, which are far inferior, and if these astonish us in the harmonious blending, what shall we think of that Divine skill and forethought which in the remote cycles prepared these rocks to be at last exposed and under the

influence of the elements to assume lineaments of grace and beauty!

The most picturesque portion of the canyon is that which extends about two miles below the lower falls, and along this part good lookout stations have been provided and the government has erected a fine concrete arch bridge across the river above the upper falls, so that the east side view-points may be reached. I will not attempt to describe further the Grand Canyon, except to say that the sculpturing is such as seems to correspond perfectly with the color scheme, all combining to produce a thrilling effect, and its beholder feels that absolutely nothing could be added to complete what nature has here exhibited. To gaze down into the profound depths of this illuminated chasm, with the river rushing there in white foam and green water, is an event in one's life and I thanked God that I had been permitted to enjoy such a privilege. I have no great desire to visit the Yosemite Valley or the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, though they are much deeper than that of the Yellowstone, for lacking supremacy of color, I am convinced that they cannot rival the unique excellence of this resplendent gorge, and so when I heard a man say that it was but "a ditch compared with the canyon of the Colorado," I felt sorry for him.

While we were looking into the canyon, we noted a jagged pinnacle of rock rising high above the river, called Red rock, and we were startled to observe several persons, one a lady, carefully winding around and creeping up to the point. To our relief they at last reached the top and two of them, who were moving picture artists, set up their machine on what appeared to be a precarious footing. Eagles and hawks build their coarse nests among the crags, and, unmolested, soar and dive along the dizzy heights of the canyon. The prevailing color of the gorge is yellow, upon which as a background the other tints are set off, and it is from this that the river derives its name.

We passed the night here and on the following morning took up our journey toward the Mammoth Hot springs, which are located near the north side of the park. In a stroll which we took while waiting for the coaches, we fell

in with a man who was busying himself about a big shack, who informed us that he was "feeding" the men who were employed in constructing an enlargement of the hotel. We inquired about the bears, and he said there were plenty of them and that nights he could hear them prowling around the shanty, trying to get in, but that they were harmless. However, we did not envy him his callers.

III

On the morning of the fourth day of our tour, starting from the Grand Canyon, the route led us westward through the evergreen forests to Norris Geyser Basin, twelve miles distant, where we had lunch at the Norris hotel. Except that the Virginia Cascade on the Gibbon river was an attractive feature of the ride, there was nothing specially interesting, though it is always a refreshing novelty to ride for hours at a time through a primitive section, to drink in copious draughts the sweet stillness of the great woods and to hark back to the unconventional days of the aborigines.

Looking west from the hotel, Norris Geyser Basin is a steaming vale of hot springs, extending for perhaps one-half of a mile, and the volcanic manifestations are believed to be of later time here than those of the other basins. The ground is honeycombed with the boiling water, and a plank walk leads across, resting on the crust, the appearance being that of ice when it is "rotting" in the spring. In and around the basin are innumerable larger springs, some of them geysers and others emitting steam forcibly, called steam geysers, the Black Growler being the chief of the latter kind, the smaller ones being evidently offshoots from the parent scolder. The Black Growler is the most singular thing at this basin, having its ugly, black mouth on the east side where it can roar at the little springs in the valley, and the malicious blood-curdling mutterings that proceed from its throat are astonishing to hear. The noise is said to be due to the rush of steam through the crevices of the rock. Several of the springs east of the Growler were interesting, in fact they all are, but after one has seen

so many as we did and in the space of a few days, they somewhat lose their power over a person's curiosity, and though we could see on and on to the east columns of steam arising, we had not the disposition to carry our explorations further.

From Norris Geyser Basin the route lay due north to Mammoth Hot Springs, twenty miles distant, and we turned our faces in that direction at 12:30 p. m., leaving a portion of the party who were taking but part of the full tour. The Mammoth Hot Springs, however, should not be missed by anyone who has gone so far as to reach the Park, for not only the springs themselves are strangely beautiful, but the scenery there is highly picturesque and impressive.

In passing along the lonely roads the meeting of a trooper riding on his round, or of vehicles, constitutes a decided event. Trucking outfits were most in evidence, as all the stores for man and beast must needs be hauled in from Yellowstone and Gardiner stations, and the big, six-horse teams slowly plodding along in front of their huge loads were interesting to see. The great amount of materials for the hotel extension at the Grand Canyon was being thus transported, and the season when we visited the Park having nearly ended, hay and grain was being drawn in while the roads were yet good. For the warm period is of brief duration here, snow drifts of considerable depth lingering on the divide till after the Fourth of July, while the entertainment of guests at the hotels is limited from the middle of June to the middle of September. Thus the season is busy while it lasts, 33,000 persons having availed themselves of it in 1909, a number which will doubtless increase as the attractions of the Park come to be better known.

Many who desire to make the tour in closer touch with nature do so at the hands of the Wylie Permanent Camping Company, which furnishes accommodation in tents and transportation facilities. Evidently a large number of private campers come here, for grounds were frequently passed that had been recently occupied, and the management seems to be encouraging such visitors, for the desir-

able places for camping are placarded, "Good Camp." Were automobiles allowed in the reservation no doubt the camps and the touring business generally would thrive much more, but the machines would scare away the deer, the bears and other animals, and somewhat lessen the charm of primitiveness that now exists. The deer are not exercised by the passing of a coach, running but a short distance away, the horses probably serving to remove in their eyes the artificial part of the outfit, but let a person alight and attempt to approach them with a camera and they give you to understand that they do not care to make your acquaintance.

Not far on our way we came to a shallow basin of bubbling, boiling water called the Devil's Frying Pan, and further on were two pretty little sheets of water called Twin Lakes. These are gems in their way, one being distinctly of a green color, and the other decidedly blue, but more curious than this, the green one, which communicates with the other, carries its tint into the blue lake, where there is an easily discerned V-shaped line dividing the two colors. The streams of the Park, little and great, seem to be all tinted, due, I suppose, to the mineral elements so abundant in this volcanic soil.

Roaring Mountain is the next prodigy on the trip, and is a high hillside on the right of the road in which are many orifices emitting steam with a low chorus which sometimes swells to a considerable volume of sound. This hill (or hell) is the picture of desolation, as if the besom of destruction had here done its most effectual work, growling at the ground and scalding and shaking it until all semblance of itself has departed.

We were not sorry to leave this uninviting neighborhood, and ere long we came to Beaver lake, a small body of water formed by a dam which the beavers built here many years ago. They still inhabit the lake, and their houses and recently made dams may be plainly seen. On the other or east side of the road stands a high, steep, black hill called the Obsidian cliff, which is one of the most curious things in the park. It is composed of obsidian, a substance thrown out by volcanoes, which upon cooling becomes a black,

opaque glass. The cliff, being weathered, does not present a glassy appearance, but the fragments freshly broken from it are of a fine, intense lustre of black. The road passes over the base of the cliff, and as no drill could be used upon the glass, a passage was broken by building fires upon the refractory substance and throwing cold water upon it. The Indians employed this glass for arrow-heads.

When we were about half way to Mammoth Hot Springs a halt was made that we might obtain a glass of mineral water from the Apollinaris spring, and we then rode through a very pretty stretch called Willow Park, the creek running along the road being heavily bordered with willows and bunches of them being scattered about the little valley. Yellowstone Park seems to have this peculiarity, that where it is not covered with forest it has an inviting, artistic look, as if almost it were in charge of a landscape gardener.

Passing a small sheet of water called Swan lake, the route took us through Swan Lake valley, an open country resembling Hayden valley, but not so long or wide. The beauty and peace of this scene were most charming, and it derived elements of grandeur, too, from the mountains, conspicuous among which were the four peaked Quadrant mountain in the west and the loftier Electric peak in the north.

Leaving the valley, the road leads into the famous Golden Gate canyon, at the south entrance of which we passed Rustic Falls, a creek here dashing down on the rocks with foam and spray, enlivening the stern aspect of the gorge. The Golden Gate is the most picturesque and impressive chasm in the park, the Grand Canyon, of course, excepted, and extends a distance of about a mile. Its high and steep sides of rock are splashed with a rich, dark yellow, which lends warmth and beauty to the cold and austere precipices which rise on either side. In order to obtain a passage here it was necessary to construct a high arched viaduct at the side of the west wall, and it is said to be unduplicated by any other. It was built of concrete and steel at a cost to the government of \$10,000, and serves not only a useful but an ornamental purpose.

At the north end of the canyon the road winds among a great scattered mass of grayish colored rocks of strange, weird shapes, and thrown about in wild confusion, giving to the locality the well-deserved name, Hoodoo. Here, at a certain point where the road sweeps in a curve between two immense shoulders of the gray rock, is the Silver Gate, an interesting and striking passage. The Hoodoo is an uncanny place in the daytime, but what it must look like in the gloom and shadow of night can be imagined. It was here, by the way, that a fatal accident occurred last season, when a coach fell through the road, the mishap having been due to an underground washout. I had read of this in the papers, and, making inquiry of the driver, he said he would show me the spot when we came to it, a promise that he kept, though it was apparent that he was disposed to conceal everything that tended in any way to excite apprehension. To the right, as we drove out of the gorge, Bunsen Peak stood up as a guard, with an altitude of 9,100 feet, and from the brink of a precipice a smooth raceway, made by the water, but now dry, came straight down to the bottom, and was called the Devil's Slide. Surely none but his Satanic majesty could take that fearful trip and enjoy it.

The ride through the Golden Gate prepares one to be impressed with the unexpected scene that is to burst upon him as he emerges from the north entrance, for having been confined between the walls of the canyon, the great valley sleeping in the embrace of the surrounding mountains takes on an exaggerated aspect of beauty and majesty. Here again we have the park-like appearance alluded to, the absence of woods and the charming look of the valley, unadorned except by pristine beauty. Too much cannot be said in praise of this view, which in my estimation is the finest one in the park.

By an easy grade the road curves in and out down the long declivity and at last sweeps up before the porch of the big hotel, standing on the floor of the great bowl-shaped valley. In front of the inn, or south, spreads a fine lawn of about four acres, facing which on the east are the plain but large and attractive buildings called Fort Yellow-

stone, for the housing of the troops stationed here, while on other sides of the plaza are dwellings, the whole having a pleasant and thrifty appearance. Concrete walks have been laid across and around the inclosure, and the grass is kept green by irrigation, an enterprise which the deer evidently approve of, for they may be seen grazing there at all hours. It is a rare sight to observe these graceful and innocent creatures, bucks, does and fawns, coming and going in the little settlement in perfect security and nibbling grass right at the doors of the houses, a practice which they enjoy only from the absence of dogs and firearms.

From the porch of the hotel, looking south, appears the hillside upon which are located the hot springs, the steam from the Jupiter terrace being conspicuous. The term, Mammoth Hot Springs, seems to me, however, a misleading one, for the springs are not large in the volume of water they give forth, though some of the terraces are of great size. This area of thermal activity, past and present, covers a space of 200 acres, and here may be seen its results in all conditions from the living terraces of to-day to the crumbling, calcareous debris under one's feet. It is curious to trace the stages of decay, some of the clifflets having evidently just been abandoned by the water, others in a state of incipient disintegration, yet others falling to ruin, and thus on till there is nothing left but the gray stuff which once had forms of grace and beauty. It is but a small part of this ancient ruin that is active, there being only five or six important springs, but these are wonders, Jupiter Terrace being the largest, standing steeply up with its high, radiant face.

The explanation of this terrace formation is simple. The water being hot dissolves and holds in solution a great amount of mineral matter, and on cooling this is deposited, forming many cup-shaped, shallow vessels, side by side; these overflow, and being on the side hill, another series of vessels is formed, and so on, till several steps or terraces have been made, the water ever trickling down and adding to the building up of the concretion. The heights of the steps differ, some being not over six or eight inches, while

others reach to several feet, as those on the Jupiter Terrace. The variegated colors displayed on these wonderful natural art works and the sculpturing in them made by the running water, is very beautiful and full of grace.

From Gardiner station, five miles north, a six horse coach line runs to this hotel, and it is something worth while to see one of the big vehicles take on a load of passengers and baggage and move grandly off. These coaches have seats on top and are able to swallow up an astonishing number of tourists and huge piles of luggage. Late in the afternoon, about dusk, a bugler sounded his call, the music floating in wild cadence over the valley and reverberating from the hills, and then night settled down. But within, the spacious reception room of the hotel was bright and cheerful, and here and in the souvenir stores, which have large displays of everything in their line, we found the evening to pass quickly away.

At an early hour of the morning the bugler played again, and desiring to have one last look of the terraces I arose, and walking across the lawn southward turned to the west toward the Hymen terrace, passing an isolated column of rock called Liberty Cap, thirty-eight feet high. The terrace, though not highly colored, is a gem, being almost pure white, and the steps running around about three-fourths of a circle having a diameter of thirty feet. Unlike some of them, this one standing near the foot of the hill is available for observation, and a person may walk closely around it, and from a point conveniently near a view directly down upon it may be obtained. From thence the water in the shallow cups could be seen in its pale green tint, only a small quantity sufficing to maintain the flow, for the water does not pour over these steps, it merely passes in a thin film. In one part of the terrace there was even no water, and it is evident that the currents, on account of the modifications in shape which the terraces are constantly undergoing from the deposit, are ever changing their direction and tending thus to be perpetually deserting old formations and building new ones. This may account for the enormous amount of disintegrating terraces which are found here, though in earlier times a greater volume of

water may have fed them. In sharp contrast to the Hymen terrace was a log house standing near it and bearing the sign Sam Toy, Laundry, which building is said to be the first erected here for the entertainment of tourists. I found my friends, the deer, loitering around the terrace, six or eight of them, and they allowed me to approach quite close and then walked unconcernedly to a little higher ground, but though they were not inclined to be familiar, I was glad to see them, and I will always carry in my memory the unique picture made by the Hymen terrace, the deer and Sam Toy's laundry.

Soon we were riding south toward Yellowstone station with a long journey of forty-seven miles before us on this, the fifth and last day of our tour. We retraced the road to Norris Basin and traversed no route which I have not already described, except that which runs from that point and along the Gibbon river to the Madison. The Gibbon Falls and Gibbon Meadows, and other interesting features make this part of the ride enjoyable, but as they differ in no marked degree from the similar attractions of the park, which I have already called attention to, they need not be further dwelt upon. At the close of the day the train bore us south and away from the confines of this rare and beautiful place of wonders, and in attempting to impart some imperfect idea of what it contains, I feel that I am in a small measure liquidating my debt of gratitude to Yellowstone Park.

September, 1910.

POEM

[Read at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association
of the Albany Medical College, May 6, 1902.]

How fair appear his native hills,
When from an alien shore
The wanderer returns. And thrills
His bosom, and the tear distills,
When seen the homestead's door.

How gladly hears that kindly voice—
His mother's voice! What bliss
At the dear hearthstone to rejoice,
To be her heart's instinctive choice,
To feel her loving kiss!

'Tis thus, old halls, we come to thee,
And O, our bosoms burn
As thy familiar walls we see,
And 'midst thy fond fraternity
A little while sojourn.

And there are sons of thine who dwell
In many parts afar,
Whose hearts this hour with longing swell
To leave the tincture and scalpel,
And haste where brethren are.

Beside the couch of fevered pain,
Their minds persist to roam;
They dream of year when young and vain
They came to Æsculapius' fane
To delve the learned tome.

And on their rides o'er street and lane
They see bland Armsby's face,
And Mosher, kindly and urbane,
And Swinburne, practical and plain,
Hear Vanderpoel's deep bass.

But shall the gloomy cave of death
These men of learning hold?
No! each has here attending wraith;
They linger hanging on the breath
Of friends of days of old.

And here imagination sees
The great of ancient time.
Our day invites Hippocrates,
Who scaled the ramparts of disease
And made his art sublime.

And Celsus, too, of varied gifts,
 No doubt has here his ghost,
 And, universal critic, sifts
 Our words and with keen judgment lifts,
 And listens all engrossed.

If one our soaring eloquence
 Should threaten to convulse,
 Lo! Galen's shade with diligence
 Observes emotion's violence,
 His finger on the pulse.

Speak, Paracelsus, are you here,
 Yet wandering under ban?
 Then stay incredulous and sneer,
 But let some truth of thine appear,
 Prophetic charlatan.

Here Harvey comes, great theorist,
 To meet this brotherhood.
 Hail, glorious anatomist,
 Forever shall thy name exist
 While courses human blood!

And Jenner waits, that kindly sage,
 Who sought not preference;
 Who blessed his unbelieving age,
 And tamed the fierce and roving rage
 Of ghastly pestilence.

Still one of native soil I call;
 We need not sound his fame,
 For weeping Gratitude shall fall
 Forever on the marble wall
 Inscribed with Morton's name.

How great a heritage is ours,
 O men of medicine!
 A wealth of intellectual powers;
 And fields of Charity's sweet flowers
 Adorn Disease's fen.

These be the doctor's growing stock;
 A mind of cultured grain;
 A heart as sturdy as the rock.
 As meek as meekest of the flock,
 That roams the grassy plain.

This be the doctor's greatest fee,
 More precious far than gold:
 Beneath his skill to ever see
 Health robbing misery with the key
 Formed in Love's beauteous mold.

Say, you who watch the anguished bed
Of ushering in of breath;
Who hear last words of parting said,
And close the eyelids of the dead
'Neath shadowing wings of Death;

Say, is there aught on Fame's high cliff
Can rival rapturous hour,
When you have after fearful strife
And sleepless nights snatched back a life
From Dissolution's power?

Call forth the conquerors of old,
E'en Alexander's sprite,
And yet no transports shall be told
Of triumphs great and manifold
Like yours when won the fight.

And as, young men, on rugged way
Physicians free you go,
The letter of your art obey
But, too, the spirit of that day
On the road to Jericho.

And learn a kindly presence sheds
An ever healing ray
Upon Prostration's burning beds,
And through the cast-down spirit spreads
The light of Hope's display.

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LITTLE HELPS TO HEALTH

CHAPTER I

Introduction

Having been invited by The Press to edit a health department, I now make my bow to the public and proceed to tell what I know about the wide domain of the arts of the physician and sanitarist, their highways and byways. The field is large and diversified, and I propose to ramble with the reader in an aimless sort of style, and to expatiate in familiar language upon whatever happens to turn up. Jaw-breaking and mysterious terms will not be allowed to enter the pages of this department. I shall not trespass upon the province of the physician, strictly speaking, and shall have little to say of drugs, but much of sanitary matters. Nursing, the care of children, the office work of various organs of the body, are a few of the many subjects which I will endeavor to consider in such a way as to be profitable and moderately interesting. Knowing that an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure, I will strive to teach the people how to keep from getting sick, and invalids from getting sicker, leaving the doctors to prescribe the medicine. I shall be of real benefit to my professional brethren, who all know that good nursing and obedience to their general instructions having been secured, the battle is more than half won. Otherwise, medicine might about as well be poured in the keyhole of the sick man's bed room.

Nursing the Sick

Nurses are born, not made. Because a person has a sympathetic nature and an earnest desire to relieve the suffering of the ailing, it does not follow that she will make a successful nurse. A good nurse must have the faculty of reading character and the skill of adapting one's self to the peculiar phases of individual cases; for no two are precisely alike. The nurse should know when to speak, what to say, and when to stop talking. The patient

should not be nursed too much, though some people want a good deal of pitying attendance; others prefer and will do better to be let alone as much as possible.

Spunkiness in a nurse is very desirable, for a patient is sometimes met who needs plain talk. Then again the attendant must be able to be as meek as a lamb under great provocation. I remember of attending a patient for a long time whose treatment of me was, to say the least, not considerate, but I recognized the fact that the man was a sufferer, and put up with his conduct. Some bank bills that I received in due time seemed to plaster up my wounded feelings. Some people are naturally noisy; they slam doors, talk loudly, step heavily and make a stir wherever they go. Such should never undertake to be a nurse. Then there are those phantom-like persons who go about a sick room with the stillness of a ghost, speaking in sepulchral whispers, and with apprehension depicted upon their countenances. This, though ever so well intentioned, is bad medicine for a sick person. A nurse should not make himself oppressive with his silence. He should obey the instructions of the doctor and not tell the invalid, who may not be doing very well, of how famously Mr. So and So, similarly affected, is doing under the care of Dr. Pillsbury. The nurse should be careful to note every changing symptom of the patient and report to the physician upon his next visit.

The Tongue in Sickness

A white tongue denotes febrile disturbance; a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, typhoid fever, blood poisoning; a red, moist tongue, inflammatory fever; a red, glazed tongue, general fever, loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and flabby tongue, feebleness, nervousness.

Rules for Bathers

1. While suffering from violent mental excitement do not bathe.

2. When suffering from suddenly occurring, or from continued illness, do not bathe.

3. After sleepless nights or excessive exercise do not bathe, unless you first rest a few hours.

4. After meals, and especially after taking alcoholic liquors, do not bathe.

5. Take your time on the way to the bathing house or beach.

6. On arriving at the beach inquire about the depth and currents of the water.

7. Undress slowly, but then go at once into the water.

8. Jump in head first, or at least, dip under quickly if you do not like to do the first.

9. Do not remain too long in the water, especially if you are not very robust.

10. After bathing rub the body to stimulate circulation, then dress quickly and afterwards take moderate exercise.

Hydrophobia

This being the season of the year when dogs go mad in the greatest numbers a few lines on hydrophobia are in order. Many eminent medical men insist that there is no such affection as hydrophobia, claiming that persons said to be suffering from the effects of virus introduced into the system by the teeth of dogs, are in reality either the victims of their imaginations or else would have been sick in the same manner if they had not been bitten. But the fact is that forty-seven per cent. of those bitten by mad dogs have hydrophobia. Also, dogs isolated on islands or elsewhere, where communication cannot be had with other dogs, do not contract the disease. There must be, therefore, a virus communicated by dogs giving rise to hydrophobia, or rabies, as it is sometimes called. A bite is more likely to cause infection when the skin is exposed, as the clothing removes the saliva from the animal's teeth as they pass through it. The treatment should be immediate cauterization, or what is better, the cutting out of the lacerated flesh. The time which elapses between the infliction of the injury and the exhibition of the disease is anywhere from three days to six months, and even two years or more. Look

out for stray dogs and kill all dogs bitten by others suspected of being mad.

More Air

Every adult respires about twenty times per minute, one thousand and two hundred per hour, and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred in twenty-four hours. During a day and night every grown person inhales about fifty-seven hogsheads of atmosphere, extracting therefrom about one and a half pounds of oxygen, which enters the blood and vitalizes all the tissues of the body. An adult will inhale about ten cubic feet of air per minute, a rate sufficiently rapid to vitiate for healthful respiration the atmosphere of an ordinary sized apartment in one hour, were the entrance of fresh air entirely prevented. The fact that the atmosphere covers the earth to a depth of between forty and fifty miles indicates that all creatures were intended to have an abundant supply and to use it freely. Because air is free and plenteous it does not follow that it is not precious. Much more attention is being paid to ventilation nowadays than formerly. Particularly is this true of public school buildings, which are now built — at least the more important ones — with a view to a liberal supply of fresh air for the students. When I consider the close and crowded little district school houses of the country, I wonder that the teachers and scholars do not perish of air famine during the winter terms. Some plan should be devised to ventilate them. A simple way to ventilate a sick room in cold weather is to let down an upper sash and raise a lower one a space of a few inches, tacking over each aperture a piece of muslin. A current is thus obtained, and if the open spaces can be arranged to be on opposite sides of the apartment without exposing the patient to draught, so much the better. I will have more to say upon this subject in the future.

Condiments

Seasoning articles, such as mustard, pepper, etc., are often useful to employ in the diet of the sick, being particularly valuable in low fevers of a typhoid nature and in malarial fevers. They should be given liberally. Black

pepper is to be preferred in the complaints named. In inflammatory conditions of the stomach or bowels, of course the use of the stronger condiments is to be avoided. Diarrhœa is frequently benefited by the abundant use of black pepper, cayenne or mustard.

Scratching the Head

Everyone has observed that persons when perplexed are apt to scratch the head. The phenomenon is easily explained. The blood vessels of the scalp communicate with those of the brain, and the irritation caused by scratching the head stimulates the flow of blood through the brain, thus increasing mental activity. The act of chewing, also, has the effect of forcing blood into the brain and of stimulating that organ. This accounts in a large measure for gum chewing.

Peril in Deep Water

Many deaths from drowning occur every season which are due to cramping of some part of the muscular system. A cramp is a muscular spasm, accompanied with pain in the parts affected. If the spasm is confined to a single limb a swimmer may escape sinking by exercising presence of mind; when a leg and an arm are involved, or both of either, there is not much hope of keeping above water. In bad cases the whole muscular system is seized with spasms. Cramp is most apt to attack the legs, and persons of an irritable temperament are most liable to be victims of it while bathing. The most frequent cause of fatal cases of bather's cramp is the shock of immersion in water of a considerably lower temperature than the body, particularly when the person is much heated. The vigorous and robust, with highly developed muscles, are the most exposed of all bathers to the danger of cramp. Avoid going in the water while the body is heated.

What Ails the Baby?

Doctors are sometimes in a quandary, especially young doctors, to know what is the matter with the little patient not old enough to talk. The physician will be apt to keep his ignorance to himself, like everybody else, but he will

feel bad and small deep down in his bosom, while at the same time trying to maintain a decent show of learning and professional dignity. The following indications will be found to be, not invariably, but generally, correct guides of diagnosis: Changes of expression in the brow and eyes indicate pain or mischief in the head; in the nose and cheeks, pain or mischief in the chest; in the mouth, lips and cheeks, pain or mischief in the abdomen.

Restoring the Drowned

After getting the body out, immediate steps should be taken to revive the spark of life on the spot. Turn the body on the face for a second or two to let the water run out of the mouth. Then lay it on the back with the head and shoulders a little raised. Pass two fingers to the back of the tongue and draw it out and wipe out the mouth. Breathing is thus made possible. Strip off the clothes and commence rubbing the body dry, with hot flannels if possible. Encourage breathing by tickling the back of the throat with a feather and applying strong smelling salts or hartshorn to the nose. If this does not succeed commence to produce artificial respiration in this manner: The tongue being drawn well out and tied with a string or fastened with a rubber band, the operator should take his position at the head of the body, which is still reclining on the back. Grasp the arms a little above the elbows and draw them up and back as far as possible, straightening them at the same time. This movement elevates the ribs and enlarges the chest and causes the air to be drawn into the lungs. Let the arms remain for a couple of seconds in this position, then bend the elbows and bring the arms with firm pressure to bear upon the sides. This lowers the ribs, diminishes the size of the chest and causes the air to be expelled therefrom. Next, the upward movement of the arms is to be repeated and the process continued with the frequency of ordinary rates of breathing, fifteen times per minute. Effort should not be relaxed under a long time. Persons who have shown no indications of life after hours of treatment have been revived and saved after persevering effort. The fact that the person has been under water for

ten minutes or more should not discourage from making an earnest attempt at restoration. A case is on record of an individual having been under water more than half an hour and resuscitated.

Treatment of Sunstroke

Different kinds of sunstroke call for different treatment. One case sometimes requires to be treated exactly opposite from another. When the face is flushed, arteries of head throbbing, pulse full, surface hot, respiration snoring, apply cold wet towels to the head and mustard and heat to the feet. Keep the head elevated and loosen clothing about neck and chest. Also give a quick cathartic. When the symptoms denote exhaustion a different method of treatment is demanded. The pulse is feeble and rapid, and the patient does not snore. The absence of head symptoms described shows there is not congestion of the brain. The life of the patient may depend upon the use of stimulants, which should be given, and if necessary by the rectum. Keep the sick man in the coolest place convenient, and if the body is hot sponge with spirits and water. Do not wait to take the patients home before commencing treatment. About half the number of severe cases of sunstroke are fatal.

Water for the Sick

Years ago physicians would not allow patients with fevers to drink much water. Starve a fever was their motto, and give it but little drink. Now we give the fever stricken all the water they want, provided of course that they do not gorge themselves. Also, the plan is now followed of giving the sick a fair allowance of food whether they relish it or not. Let the sufferer have plenty of water, and cold, except in inflammatory affections of the lungs, when it should be of about the temperature of the room. In typhoid fever the water should be taken from a source different from that used before the sickness, as it is possible that the disease is due to some contamination in it. When patients are very sick they will not always experience thirst, though they may be in great need of water. Hence, it should be frequently offered to them and they should be

urged, if necessary, to imbibe it. The water should always be pure and fresh.

Disease not Always an Enemy

Disease in some cases may be nature's method of righting a wrong, or of overcoming the effects of some disturbing agent. A fit of sickness may save a person from worse and more prolonged suffering.

A Nourishing Draught

Often the appetite of a sick person greatly needing nourishment will utterly fail. The following will frequently be found sustaining when everything else has been refused: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white together thoroughly; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This receipt is much used in hospital practice.

How to go to Sleep

Retire early. Two hours of sleep before midnight are of more value than four hours during the day.

Eat little and always some hours before going to bed. Cold food only should be taken for supper.

Do not carry your cares and burdens to bed with you, and refrain from reading in bed.

Have a large and well ventilated bed room if possible.

Lie with the body horizontal and the head slightly raised. If the body is allowed to be in a crooked and constrained position the circulation is interfered with. Do not allow a light to burn in your bed room. Endeavor to sleep not less than six nor more than eight hours in the twenty-four. Get up early in the morning.

Poisonous Vegetation

According to an eminent authority there are no less than fifty or more species of native and cultivated plants in the United States which are capable of exciting inflammation in the skin. Doubtless many cases of skin diseases difficult to diagnose or trace to their sources are due to contact with some poisonous growth. The popular mind takes cognizance of only two or three poisonous plants.

CHAPTER II

The Doctor as Angel and Devil

"The physician like an angel seems
When he in the sick-room brightly beams;
And like unto a god is he
When he has removed the malady.
But in a different light we view
The doctor when his bill is due;
Our altered eyes we at him level,
As though he were the very devil."

Points Concerning the Skin

The skin of an ordinary sized person has about two millions of minute apertures, the outlets of the little tubes leading from the sweat glands, which are located under the skin. Were these ducts joined together they would reach to a distance of twenty-eight miles. Beneath the skin are also located the sebaceous glands, small organs which secrete and deposit on the skin through minute ducts the oily substance found on the hair, and to a slight extent on all parts of the body. These glands are provided with small muscles by which their product is forced out. It is the accumulation of this substance which gives rise to unpleasant odors from the skin. It is clear that this drainage system of the body, like the sewers of a city, should be kept open, and this is to be brought about by means of the bath. Through the ducts described, the body to a certain extent rids itself of waste material, which prevented from escape through the skin must either entail greater exertion on other organs to cast it forth, or remain as an injurious element in the system. Another reason why the pores of the skin should be kept open is that the perspiration is a means of regulating bodily heat, upon the even degree of which good health depends. Thus in the absence of active bodily exercise the insensible escape of vapor from the skin suffices to dispose of the surplus heat, but when physical exertion is made, the increased supply of heat which is generated is carried off through the more abundant escape of moisture,

which occurs on the skin and in the lungs. About three pounds of perspiration are given off daily by an adult. Respiration takes place to a slight extent through the skin, and new born babes depend considerably upon the skin as an assistant to the lungs. It has been found that a limb enclosed in an air-tight case extracts oxygen from and exhales carbonic acid gas into the confined air. All this teaches that for the sake of health, if not from motives of cleanliness, the skin should be kept clean.

The Cold Bath

The temperature of the cold bath ranges from 40 to 60 degrees. It should be employed only by those in good vigor of health, as considerable vitality is required to effect a reaction after ablution. To the physically strong, the cold bath is both enjoyable, and beneficial in promoting an even greater degree of health.

The Hot Bath

This should be of a temperature of from 100 to 106 degrees. Like the cold bath, it is an extreme measure and is also to be avoided by the debilitated. It is employed to facilitate the elimination through the skin of disease creating poisons in the blood, and as a cure and prevention of infantile convulsions. The best thing to do with a child in a fit is to put him in a tub of hot water, or what will answer as well, to wrap the trunk of his body with flannel dipped in hot water.

The Turkish Bath

The Turkish bath, stripped of detail, is merely the process of exposing the body to steam, the temperature of which is gradually elevated from 96 to 140 degrees. Any one can take a Turkish bath by enveloping himself in blankets, under which lime is in process of slacking in water. It is used for the same eliminative purposes as the hot bath.

The Shower Bath

This is usually cold. The victim, standing under a perforated affair like an enlarged nozzle of a sprinkling pot, and ten or twelve feet elevation, pulls a string, which he

lets go of pretty quick if he isn't used to the shower bath. The moderately cool shower bath, for most people, provided it is not prolonged, will be found an invigorating practice.

The Tepid Bath

The tepid bath has a temperature of about 95 degrees, or a little cooler than that of the body. For all ordinary bathing this is the bath to be preferred — each individual choosing a degree of heat which shall be agreeable. Baths should not be taken soon after meals. The matter of frequency will have to depend upon such a variety of circumstances that no undeviating rule can be formulated. What would be too much bathing for one would not be enough for another. The season of the year, the occupation one is engaged in, together with other considerations, will have to be the guide in individual cases.

A Woman's Feet Washed

The story goes that a woman who had lost a pair of her stockings found them after many a fruitless search on her feet when she washed her dirty extremities. On the spot where she threw the water grass sprung up and in one night grew two feet high, blossomed and went to seed.

About Tears

At the outer corner of the eye is located the little apparatus in which tears are made. It is called the lachrymal gland, and it is about the size and shape of an almond. It constantly secretes and pours out through its ducts, opening on the inner surface of the upper lid, its product, which serves to prevent friction between the lids and eyeball in winking and aids the former in the removal of foreign substances. When particles of matter get into the eye the lachrymal gland takes on increased action and an abundant flow of tears is the result of the attempt to wash out the offending material. At the inner corner of the eye is the commencement of a little duct which leads down to the interior of the nose. This is for the purpose of carrying off the surplus of the fluid which collects in the eyes. A channel for this canal is pierced through the bone for its accommodation. During sleep the secretion

goes on and an ingenious way of facilitating its escape is that of a triangular gutter left between the edges of the closed lids and the eyeball, by which the fluid is conducted to the opening of the duct leading to the nose. Why emotions of the mind excite the shedding of tears, and what purpose is subserved thereby, are mysteries. It may be that the extra secretion of the fluid, necessitating an additional supply of blood to the glands, in this way relieves the head of too much strain. But this does not account for the unbecoming faces that people make up when they cry.

Survival of the Miss Fittest

"Darwin forever!" shouted the medical student, looking up from the paper. "Here's a sailboat with seven people on board capsized, and the only person saved was a dress-maker." "What has that to do with Darwin?" growled the professor. "Survival of the fittest," said the student, triumphantly. "Married woman?" asked the professor. "No, sir, young lady." "Miss fittest, then," said the professor.

The Value of Flannel

Flannel underclothing is now beginning to be in demand, and well it may be, for it is a texture unequaled for the purpose for which it is worn. It is a bad conductor of heat, a ready absorber of perspiration, and its surface is such that its friction against the skin stimulates the surface of the body to an increased generation of heat. Additional clothing, however, and the consumption of fuel should not be relied on exclusively during the winter months for warmth, but outdoor exercise is then more imperatively the rule of health than in the warm season. During the latter time air circulates freely indoors, but in cold weather one must go out of doors to get the purest atmosphere. The principal reason for so much sickness prevailing in the spring is the debilitated condition of the system caused by a lack of plenty of fresh air to breathe during the winter. Care should be taken to keep out of doors as much as possible during the winter.

Patent Medicine

It has been demanded, and not unreasonably, that all food articles and medicinal compounds be prohibited by law from being publicly exposed for sale unless a statement of their ingredients be printed upon their labels. Since physicians must attain to a certain standard of medical knowledge before being allowed to practice, it would seem that the public might for as good reason be protected from what may well be suspected of being unscientific medicine. No doubt some proprietary medicines are useful ones, but there can hardly fail of being many frauds practiced in this line, offering, as the business does, so great financial inducements. Not infrequently medicines of little worth will attain to great popularity and immense sale. The credulity of the public in regard to patent medicines is something wonderfully childlike.

Harz Mountain Tea

A New York paper says: "What a commotion there would be among our patent medicine venders if the New York police followed the example of the Berlin police, who are continually issuing warnings to the public, of which the following is a specimen: 'The tradesman, Paul Heider, of this city, Anklamer street 28, is selling, under the name of "Harz Mountain Tea," a mixture of lavender flowers, sassafras root, peppermint and several other plants, weighing fifty grammes. His price is fifty pfennigs, and he advertises it as a remedy. Official analysis has shown that the real value of one of these packages is hardly ten pfennigs.'"

The Fat in Foods

Fat exists largely in the higher animals, and it is only the lowest orders that do not show any trace of it. Fat is deposited abundantly immediately beneath the skin, and it is found to some extent in every fluid and tissue of the body. Hence, it is necessary that not a little fat should enter into the diet. Foods which contain starch, like potatoes and bread, have this substance it is supposed converted in some way into fat by the internal chemistry. Persons, however, who live almost exclusively on a vegetable

diet are apt to suffer with a kind of dyspepsia characterized by "heart burn" and a generation of gas in the stomach caused by fermentation. Man was not intended to be limited to a certain class of dietary articles, and does best when he partakes of both animal and vegetable food, notwithstanding the testimony of enthusiastic vegetarians. Fat is found in nearly a pure state in butter, lard and oils, and it exists to a greater or less extent in every animal and vegetable food. The following foods contain it in these proportions:

Meats, five to ten per cent.

Eggs, twelve per cent.

Milk, three to four per cent.

Butter, eighty to ninety per cent.

Cheese, from eight to thirty per cent.

Almonds and nuts in general, fifty-three to sixty-six per cent.

And in all vegetables, from traces to two and three per cent.

Dr. Shaw's Humiliation

Dr. Shaw called at a house, and was met at the door by a little daughter of the family. He asked her to tell her mother that the doctor had called. The child went up stairs and soon returned. "Did you tell your mamma?" asked the doctor. "Yes." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Oh, pshaw!'"

The Profession of Medicine

The profession of medicine, while a noble one, is very hard. Medical students do not realize this fact until they have been in the harness for ten years and the novelty is entirely worn off. Nobody knows but a doctor of the extent of fatigue, anxiety, annoyance and humiliation which physicians have to endure and remain all the time gentle and kind and ready, no matter if the door bell rings in the dead of a rough night, with no money in it. As might be expected, a great many young doctors do not remain long in practice. They find it a fearful ordeal to compete with established physicians. Out of 100 graduates from a cer-

tain medical college, during the first five years nearly 75 per cent. resorted to other employments to make a living. Twenty-three received a salary, either in connection with practice or separate therefrom. Fifteen were proprietors of drug stores, three were insurance agents, four loaned money, one sold real estate, three were connected with medical journals, one was an agent for drugs, another a book agent, one preached, one followed the patent medicine business, two were farmers, one a manufacturer, two gave massage treatment and one sawed wood. The others quit the business. Only twenty-nine of the 100 devoted themselves exclusively to the practice of medicine, and of these eleven associated themselves with other physicians. These figures, the young man who aspires to the title of M. D., will do well to ponder. Of course there is always room on top, but the ladder is very steep and long, and it is well enough to know it before commencing to climb.

Inward Fits, So-called

When babies lie still and moan, and have twitching of the muscles of the face, and roll their eyes, they are said to be suffering with inward fits. The trouble has nothing to do with convulsions, but is due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels. Often an accumulation of gas in one or both of those organs is the cause of the symptoms, in which case warmth and friction on the skin over the region, or the administration of a little peppermint or wintergreen will have the desired effect.

With and Without Laudanum

Lady (to applicant)—What wages will you expect as nurse?

Applicant—How old is the baby, mum?

Lady—Seven months.

Applicant—Without laudanum, mum, two dollars and a half a week; with laudanum, two dollars.

Prevention of Lung Affections

The period of life between the ages of 12 and 21 is the most critical for those predisposed to consumption. During these years the body is heavily taxed to furnish the

materials for rapid growth, and consumption frequently takes advantage of the situation to manifest itself. Boys with weak lungs, instead of being confined closely to books, should be encouraged to lead what may be called an animal life. By this I mean that out-door exercise or employment should be insisted upon and much mental effort prohibited. The same course could with profit be adopted for strong as well as frail young people. The feverish strife which characterizes our educational systems is not calculated to permit of the development of the bodily powers sufficiently. Or more properly, the head is improved at the expense of the body. Brawn is essential to success in any calling or profession as well as brain. In many of our schools no recess is taken in the middle of the two daily sessions, as was formerly the rule, and some schools have no play grounds upon which the children may romp and shout as they should. This practice is not decorous, but it is better for the small folks. During the time of life spoken of the intellect is sometimes dull and indisposed to exertion on account of the weakening effect of growth, but it will resume its normal vigor when the physical frame is better developed. While exercise of the lungs is useful before actual disease is manifested in them, it is injurious after such invasion. Those with a tendency to pneumonia should avoid all straining of the lungs while suffering with a cold. Hurried breathing brought on by rapid walking, or climbing an ascent, has the same irritating effect upon diseased lung tissue as movements in an inflamed joint or fractured bone.

Her Tongue Needed Rest

Patient—Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me.

Doctor (after feeling of her pulse, etc.)—There is nothing the matter, madam. All you need is rest.

Patient—Now aren't you mistaken, doctor? Please study my case carefully. Just look at my tongue.

Doctor—That needs rest, too.

Infantile Diagnostic Points

A marked degree of emaciation, which progresses gradually, indicates some chronic affection of a grave character.

Enlargement of the ends of the fingers is a sign of interference with the circulation.

The accumulation of a thick material between the eyelids, coming from the little glands near their margins, may indicate great prostration of the general powers.

Piercing and short cries show that some severe trouble of the brain exists. If the child besides rolls his head from side to side uneasily and exhibits a sensitiveness to light, it is pretty certain that the membranes covering the brain are inflamed. This is called meningitis. When the membranes enclosing the spinal cord are also invaded the trouble is given the dignified title of cerebro-spinal-meningitis.

CHAPTER III

The Bliss of Health

“Ah, what avail the highest gifts of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless, then, whatever can be given;
Health is the vital principle of bliss.”

Keep the Mind Busy

The body thrives most when the mind is well employed. All the organs perform their functions the best when they are not watched. An idle mind is prone, for nothing better to do, to watch and register every sensation until it becomes possessed with the idea that something is the matter with this or that part of the human machinery. The brain being the vital centre of the nervous system, it is easy to understand how that, deprived through indolence of mind of its healthful activity, it will become enervated and involve also in more or less debility every part and parcel of the body. This, no doubt, is always the experience of those who have nothing in particular to think about.

The Influence of Todd

I am led to speak of an acquaintance who was once indolent of both body and mind. He laid abed mornings and let his wife get up and build the fire, which is an evidence that he was pretty badly demoralized. He had no

purpose in life, and spent a good deal of his time in counting his pulse. Heart disease, he imagined, had hold of him, and was liable to hurry him out of the world at any moment. He happened to get hold of a little book entitled, "Todd's Student's Manual." With such marvelous power does this author expatiate on the value of time and the necessity of exertion that he enabled my lazy friend to get up the next morning in good season and build the fire. His wife, when she woke up and found him gone, thought he had been kidnapped. She was delighted to find him safe and sound in the sitting room, where he was intently reading "Todd's Student's Manual," while the kettle danced and sung on the kitchen stove. My friend, when he had finished the book, was always afterwards an altered person. He made up his mind that he would keep doing something, whether there was any money in it or not. He forgot his pulse and his entire catalogue of misgivings, and became improved in health. Also money in due time commenced to roll in as the result of his honest endeavor. It was all due to "Todd's Student's Manual," in a paper cover at that. It is now, however, glorious in a beautiful embossed morocco binding, with the title on its side in gilt letters. The reformed man's wife had it done. She keeps the book on the centre table along with the Bible, and she tells to her friends what it has done for her, while tears of gratitude course down her blooming cheeks. Moral — Have a worthy object in life that will employ your mind. Do something, no matter whether it pays or not.

The Corset

A shapely corset is as much to be desired as a nicely fitted shoe. Those who argue that the waist as made by nature should not be corseted, would not admire a shoe made exactly the shape of the foot and without heels. Corsets are only to be condemned when they are tightly laced. It is generally supposed that those articles of apparel are worn universally under high pressure, but with many their only purpose is to lend shapeliness to the waist and to furnish stability to the costume. A corset may do this without being laced tight enough to be injurious to

health. But a good many women inclined to corpulency depend upon it to reduce their figures to genteel dimensions. This they may succeed in doing around the belt, but at the expense of incurring deformity, for the blood and tissues are squeezed out of the ends of the unyielding jacket. It is as hard to convert a fat figure into a trim one as to manufacture a perpetual motion. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that tight lacing is very injurious. Common sense ought to teach every one that. It obstructs the free circulation of blood, making the red face to tell of what is the matter, interferes with respiration, crowds the liver and other organs out of place and embarrasses the performance of their function, and delays the digestion and assimilation of food. Corseting is all right except when tight, when it is all wrong.

Embarrassing for the Professor

"Now, gentlemen," said the medical professor to his class, "observe the patient attentively and see if you can determine the nature of his difficulty. Take particular notice of his eyes, the shape of his head and the expression of his countenance. It is not to be wondered at that you learn nothing from this man's face. It is only by years of practical experience that I have acquired an acuteness of diagnostic skill which enables me to read his physiognomy like a book. I knew he was a deaf mute as soon as I set eyes on him." The professor withered when the man opened his mouth and began to say: "Boss, it's my brother that is deaf and dumb, and he is waiting outside to come in."

Digestibility of Foods

Meats—Easy to digest: Mutton, venison, hare, sweetbread, chicken, turkey, partridge, pheasant, grouse, beef. Hard to digest: Pork, veal, goose, liver, heart, brain, duck, salt meat, sausage.

Fish—Easy: Turbot, haddock, flounder, sole, oysters, trout, pike. Hard: Mackerel, eels, salmon, herring, salt fish, lobster, crabs, mussels, cod.

Vegetables—Easy: Asparagus, French beans, cauliflower, beets, potatoes, lettuce. Hard: Artichoke, celery, spinach, boiled cabbage.

Fruit, etc.—Easy: Apples, oranges, grapes, strawberries, peaches, cocoa, coffee, black tea. Hard: Currants, raspberries, apricots, pears, plums, cherries, pineapples, chocolate, pickles.

Body and Mind

As might well be supposed from the intimate relations of the two, the body and mind sympathize with each other in their joys and sorrows. Each is very sensitive concerning the well-being of the other. If you want a well body, keep the mind busy and cheerful. If you desire to see the bright side of life and to be hopeful and buoyant, you will have to stir around in the sunlight so that mildew will not have a chance to obscure your eyesight. Carlyle was perhaps the most conspicuous illustration the world has known of the deleterious effect upon the mind of the faulty performance of a bodily function. Dyspepsia made him a most crabbed and irritable man. A torpid liver is a frequent cause of a dull, sleepy or dejected condition of mind. Often a mandrake pill will dispel the clouds from the mind quicker than anything else.

The Eyelid

The eyelid serves as a protection to the eye against too strong light, and acts as a curtain for the organ of sight during sleep. The muscular action of the iris, the colored band surrounding the pupil of the eye, accommodates the size of that aperture to the intensity of light. The marvelous and beautiful action of the iris may be readily observed by watching it in a glass by lamplight — after having suddenly come in from the dark. But the lids and eyelashes are also brought into requisition to guard the eyes from injury, the eyelashes being useful to protect the eyes from dust and insects, and they are not an insignificant element of beauty, forming becoming awnings to the windows of the soul. Each lid is provided with a strip of cartilage running near its edge which lends it form and stability. The eyes are opened by the action of a small muscle which elevates the upper lid, the lower one remaining stationary. Closure is effected by means of a circular muscle surrounding the eye, which, when it con-

tracts, brings the edges of the lids into close contact. The margin of each eyelid is provided with a row of little glands which manufacture and deposit on the eyes through small ducts an unctuous fluid which serves to neutralize the irritating effect of tears and enables the lids to effect a perfect closure. The process of winking is beneficial to rest the eyes and to remove dust, that would otherwise remain on the organs, obscuring the vision. The quick and involuntary action of the muscles in winking is one of the many wonderful little things in the world that we seldom pause to think of. The eyebrows in a measure protect the eyes from light and foreign substances, and also serve to set them off becomingly, but they are chiefly useful to prevent the running down of perspiration, which they are cunningly calculated to lead toward the temples.

Poor Mrs. Partington

"Lame! Lame!" sighed Mrs. Partington. "Here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First, I was seized with the bleeding phrenology in the hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by the stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave inflammation of the left borax, and now I am sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

The Father of Medicine

Previous to the time of Hippocrates, a Grecian physician born 460 years B. C., medicine was wholly in the hands of the priests, who pretended to heal the sick with the performance of certain rites. It remained for Hippocrates to elevate the profession of medicine from the realm of superstition to a plane of some degree of intelligence and dignity. Still, this old worthy knew infinitely less of anatomy and physiology than the school boys in these days. Public opinion would not in his time permit the dissection of the human body, and he knew nothing of the great and primary truth of the circulation of the blood. Hippocrates depended a great deal upon a regulation of the diet in the management of the sick, and he trusted a good deal to nature to bring about a cure. Nevertheless, he employed

a number of medicines and resorted to cauterization, cupping and bleeding. He did not practice the latter after recovery, as it is a popular notion that many of his disciples do. Hippocrates was proficient in diagnosis and a number of books of which he was the author attest his ability as a physician.

Love Apples

This was the term once used to designate what we now call tomatoes. Not a great many years ago they were cultivated merely to look at, but now they are considered so lovely a diet that they are devoured by everybody. Tomatoes are a healthful dietary article and should be abundantly used. Tomato soup will be generally relished by invalids, and the vegetable, besides, has a stimulating effect upon the liver and the other secretory organs.

Chinese Medicine

The following is a copy of a prescription handed by a Chinaman to a druggist in the city of Anniston, Ala. No doubt the druggist after scratching his head a while put up the medicine: "Pickled lizards, two pairs; Corea ginseng root, one-half ounce; willow cricket skins, half a dozen; rattlesnake tail, one-fourth ounce; sweet potato vine, one ounce; black dates, two ounces; red bark, one and one-half ounces; devil-fish suckers, three ounces; reindeer's horn (ground), one-half ounce; bird's claws, one-fourth ounce; lotus leaves, one-half ounce; white nuts, one ounce; dried ginger, one-fourth ounce; coffin nails (old ones), five ounces. Boil the whole in two quarts of water; drink two spoonfuls a day, and make paste with the solution and powdered rat's flesh, and apply to the sore."

Filth and Disease

It may be well to say that filth is probably the direct cause of no contagious disease. The fact that epidemics have their starting point and revel most in insalubrious situations may prove only that disease germs which float in the atmosphere have there found a fertility in which to abundantly grow and multiply. Cholera, typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contagious diseases which

owe their development frequently to the presence of filth. Health boards should have their eyes open to these facts, and not only enforce cleanliness but strive to prevent the entrance and the spread of infection. It is not unreasonable to hope that coming generations with general and perfect sanitation will do away with contagious diseases entirely. Dr. Gaillard Thomas of New York, one of the world's most eminent medical men, has this to say in this connection: "I would choose the power of stamping out forever the contagious diseases which fill our graves with curly heads and dimpled cheeks, and our homes with sorrow that knows no comforting. I would destroy these terrors of the household, scarlatina, diphtheria and the host of contagious maladies which go hand in hand with them. The way of accomplishment is open to every man with willing hand, determined mind and intelligent brain. Surely it is not too sanguine a prediction that the next century may witness the extinction of contagious diseases."

A Beastly Practice

The kissing of animal pets is a common practice, but it ought not to be indulged in. Aside from the fact that it is a lowering habit, one is in danger of contracting disease. Thus, diphtheria, etc., may be taken from cats and pigeons, and a variety of other affections from animals generally. Favus is a disease of the skin communicated from mice to cats and from cats to their demonstrative admirers.

Coffee

Coffee is a prompt stimulant, and in many cases may be substituted for alcohol. It is antagonistic to malaria and specially destructive to the germs of cholera and typhoid fever, and hence is a valuable remedy in these diseases. Coffee, inasmuch as it is a pleasant and mildly stimulant beverage, and withal of a certain amount of nutritive value, is a most useful drink in health and disease. It should be remembered, however, that indulged in too freely it is capable of inflicting a good deal of injury. It is said that the Dutchman drinks on an average sixteen and one-half pounds of coffee a year; the Belgian about half as much; the German four and one-half pounds; the Frenchman

about one-half that quantity, while the Englishman gets along with half a pound and the Russian with one-fifth of a pound a year.

Uncle Pete's View

"Pears to me," said old Uncle Pete, as he leaned his hoe against the fence and abstracted a pebble from his shoe, "pears to me like dar war some kin' o' inside composishun in all dis talk about babies cuttin' teef. De way Is'e come to look at it, hit's de teef cuttin' de baby. Leas' wise dat's de way Is'e come to look in de case ob culled chilen."

The Value of Teeth

Good teeth are rather to be chosen than great riches — even if they are false. Indeed, artificial teeth are much to be preferred to dilapidated natural ones. One reason why people are living longer nowadays is because of the employment of false teeth, through the agency of which the body is better nourished. Besides, a sightly set of teeth encourages laughing, and this is good for the health. A dentist will fit a person out with a mouthful of teeth in a very short time and for a small amount of money. Timid persons need not submit to have extracting done, for the deft dentist will gently lower the stubs to the gum and in a day or two will have the new teeth ready.

Lincoln's Rules

"Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

Ventilation of Churches

Palpitation of the heart occurs so frequently during church attendance that it would seem that it must have some cause connected with the church edifice. It has been explained to be due to a deficiency of oxygen in the air, that gas being consumed more rapidly by the congregation than

it is received by ventilation. The heart in its attempt to supply the body with oxygen in a normal quantity, which the lungs are unable to receive from the atmosphere, induces palpitation. To make the matter worse, for lack of free escape of vitiated air, carbonic acid gas accumulates from the expired breath of the company, producing dullness and sleepiness. A church full of people all acting as bellows and consuming from the air its vital principles and contaminating it with a poisonous product will render the atmosphere unfit to breathe in the space of twenty minutes, unless free ventilation is profited by. The ideal method of securing fresh and getting rid of foul air would be to provide many small apertures of ingress and egress. The ordinary way of putting off the renovation of air until a sense of discomfort has become apparent and then opening the flood-gates till sneezing and coughing show that the cure threatens to be worse than the disease, is a primitive and injurious method which will be done away with in due time. Volumes of cold air should not be allowed to pour on a sweltering congregation from apertures in ceilings or windows. Draughts are dangerous. It has been proposed to generate oxygen in churches with chemicals, to take the place of that consumed, but I think it would be more in harmony with pure and undefiled religion to have the air of the same pristine character.

The Fall of Bill Nye

Bill Nye has taken to equestrianism for insomnia. He relates his experience as follows: "Two weeks ago I began horseback riding at the suggestion of my physician, who is a thoroughly good man and senior warden and tiler in our church here.

"To-day my pulse is normal.

"Respiration noticeable.

"Temperature 73 1-2.

"My physician reports some abrasions and one severe concussion of the cornice. He says that if I had been fatter there would have been a number of flesh wounds.

"I have always said that the roads here should be macadamized, but if they can be upholstered at the same price it would suit me better."

Where Bad Roads Come In

Mr. Nye's accident leads to the remark that roads and health are in relation of cause and effect in many cases. Bicycle riding is discouraged and also pleasure driving by poor roads, and thus the extent of the indulgence in these healthful recreations is minimized. The same may be said of walking and horseback riding. Then, people in the country are apt to delay sending for the doctor on account of bad going, and the physician's visits are often rendered less prompt and frequent for the same reason. Unfortunately, in the spring and fall months, when most sickness prevails, the roads are the worst. Prolonged exposure to inclement weather, enforced by poor roads, is favorable, of course, to the contraction or aggravation of physical infirmities.

CHAPTER IV

Hay Fever

This is the season of year when hay fever flourishes. The disease is caused by the inhaling of the pollen of grasses and flowers. It resembles a common cold and is accompanied with fever, sneezing, coughing, watery discharges from the nose and eyes, and a burning sensation in the nose and throat. Hay fever is not amenable to treatment, and about all that can be done is to grin and bear it. There is little hope of getting rid of the trouble before the cause of the complaint ceases to float in the atmosphere, which will be late in September. In the meantime the patient should, if possible, go to the seashore or some mountainous region, where the exciting cause has no existence, or else is less abundant. This course will be likely to effect a cure. All that can be done besides this is to palliate the symptoms. Victims often suffer with an asthmatic complication, and this adds much to the distress. Persons subject to the trouble are apt to experience repeated attacks year after year.

A Timely Warning

It seems that there is such a thing as hygiene of court-

ship. Reliable authority has it that an Indiana maiden suffering from a pain in the side, supposed to have been caused by pleurisy, upon being adroitly questioned by the physician, said the trouble dated from the evening that her beau was uncommonly demonstrative in his parting embrace. One of her ribs was broken.

The Circulation

The processes by which the blood is distributed to every part of the body by the heart and returned again to that organ have been aptly described as a series of pumps. The heart, acting as the principal machine, receives the purified blood from the lungs and pumps it into the blood vessels. The heart exerts a good deal of force, but not sufficient to insure the return of the blood from distant parts of the body to itself to be propelled into the lungs for purification again. Were there no other contrivances to advance the current the blood would stagnate in the hands and feet on account of the little vessels becoming gorged. In the first place the arteries and veins are elastic, and act in propelling the blood in the same manner that the extra rubber bulb in a spraying apparatus serves to maintain a perpetual generation of vapor. Then there is the alternate compression and relaxation caused by respiration, by which the abdominal organs are first allowed to become filled with blood, and are then made to part with some of it by a squeezing process. The valves of the veins are another aid to circulation by preventing the blood from going back, while not interfering with its advance. The muscles, also, act as pumps in assisting circulation, by the interrupted pressure upon the blood vessels during exercise. This anyone can demonstrate for himself by baring the arm and rapidly and forcibly opening and shutting the hand, when the veins will be seen to distend with the accumulated blood.

The Need of Exercise

The need of exercise is made apparent from the foregoing, and a full and free circulation of blood to every part of the body is essential to good health. Unfortunately, those engaged in sedentary pursuits cannot well avail themselves of the advantage to be derived from an

abundance of exercise. Walking is an excellent method of taking exercise so far as use of the lower limbs, profit of fresh air and relaxation of mind are concerned, though the muscles of the upper part of the body are not to any great extent brought into play thereby. Inasmuch as those whose employment is desk work are brain-workers, the importance of muscular exercise can hardly be overestimated as a means of diverting the blood and vital energy away from the head, thereby giving rest to the brain.

Typhoid Fever

Cleanliness of premises should of course be maintained at all seasons of the year and care be taken that drains have free discharge, with no leakage, that sewer gas through defective traps or otherwise does not find entrance to the dwelling, and, in short, that the breeding sources of disease are not allowed to accumulate; but at this autumnal period more than any other is caution in these respects to be exercised. Typhoid fever is a lingering and dangerous disease, and its favorite time for manifestation is the fall months. The affection, by the way, is more prevalent in dry than in rainy seasons. The cause of typhoid fever is doubtless often the inhalation of gases arising from defective drains, from sewers, and decomposing flesh or filth of any kind. Also, it has been traced to drinking water from wells contaminated by the contents of leaking drains and sewers, or by surface drainage. Crowded tenements and insufficient ventilation are predisposing conditions. All suspected places should be disinfected. This leads to the general subject of disinfection, a matter of great importance in the prevention of disease. By the rigid enforcement of intelligent sanitary rules, such as quarantine of the household in which the sickness exists and a thorough system of disinfection, threatened epidemics of scarlet fever and diphtheria, or for that matter of any contagious disease, can be often snuffed out in their inception.

About Carpets and Curtains

Carpets are a luxury, but it should not be forgotten that, as they are ordinarily managed, they are not whole-

some decorations. Curtains interfere more or less with the free circulation of air and the entrance of light, and carpets when left undisturbed upon the floor for six months or a year, as they for the most part are, become loaded with dust and dirt and the germs of disease. The question of light and ventilation should always be considered in connection with curtains. Plenty of air can do no injury to an apartment and it is better to have faded furnishings than not enough of light. Carpets and rugs need shaking out and airing at least once a week, a suggestion which I know will fill housekeepers with astonishment and dismay, as they recall the getting out of the huge repository of dirt from under the piano, the bookcase and the stove. She remembers the dust and contention that fill the atmosphere at such seasons, and is reminded of the excuse the man gave for not combing his hair oftener than once a year. He said it hurt him so then that he could not summon courage to repeat the process at shorter intervals. Polished floors and the employment of rugs permitting of ready handling and airing, in point of artistic effect as well as health, are to be preferred to a carpet tightly tacked around the borders of a room to be the custodian of one year's dirt. These remarks apply most emphatically to bedrooms.

Civilization and Sickness

It is a pity to say so, but it is true that civilization has brought with it much sickness that among barbarians has no existence. This fact can be more abundantly demonstrated among crowded populations. Hysterics, for instance, and the larger portion of the catalogue of nervous diseases are attributable to our strained and artificial mode of life. Then there are the infinite numbers of sicknesses which owe their development to faulty ventilation of dwellings and unhealthful emanations from various civilized sources of corruption. Savages, at least, have plenty of fresh air and abundance of room. On the other hand, these children of the wilderness, from exposure, famine and lack of intelligent medical attendance, are swept off the face of the earth in great numbers, while civilization is

always an assurance against starvation of the masses. But a steady work is being prosecuted to neutralize the evils that result from the purification and elevation of society, and great strides have already been made in that direction. It is due to the profession of medicine to say that it has originated and carried forward all sanitary reforms, and it should also be said that it has persevered in championing these measures, knowing that their adoption meant a curtailment of their source of income. My experience with the medical profession leads me to consider it, as relates to the alleviation and prevention of human suffering, a noble and conscientious body of men.

Reading Aloud

This is a very useful exercise, as it develops the muscles of respiration, sets the internal organs in motion, and in these ways is beneficial to the whole organism. A good deal of hard work may be done simply by reading or speaking aloud. Public speakers often perspire very freely owing in a large measure, no doubt, to the physical exertion of making themselves heard. Most of the muscles of the trunk are brought into play in the act of reading aloud, and, providing the exercise is not carried to the point of fatigue, is profitable to a greater extent than would at first be believed. The practice is to be recommended to the small-chested and to those predisposed to diseases of the lungs. It may be said here that the whole theory of the remedial value of exercise is founded on the belief that activity of the body, and of all parts and organs of the body, is essential to the fullest degree of health of the same, and that inactivity has as its results debility and decay.

Cholera

Cholera is now doing terrible execution in Russia and the cities of Persia. News comes from this and that point in the United States that the disease has developed in such places, but if any real cases have occurred no extension has so far taken place. The fact that cholera prevails across the ocean is enough to excite alarm on this side of the water and to lead imaginative and apprehen-

sive minds to magnify innocent affections into the dread disease. An epidemic of cholera visited the United States in 1832. Appearing first in Quebec on June 8, in about two weeks it showed itself in New York city, and afterwards spread to Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans and other cities. The fatalities were very considerable. The disease was confined mostly to cities, few cases developing in the rural districts. Two years later another epidemic appeared in the United States, since which time there has been no general prevalence of the cholera. There is little danger of cholera getting into this country by means of personal contagion. The system of inspection and quarantine in force at our ports renders it next to impossible for foreigners having the disease to set foot upon our territory. Even were it to find lodgment among us, our sanitary resources are so complete and effective that the trouble could be controlled probably ere it had an opportunity to spread itself. Of those who contract cholera about one-half die of it. Epidemics of the disease are confined to cities and large towns on account, no doubt, of the less healthful surroundings. Cholera probably owes its diffusion to some cause besides its contagiousness, as this will not account for its rapid spread, but its nature is undetermined. Like the cause of the grippe epidemic, it remains to the eye of man sealed up in the book of nature. Sometime, when the primary causes of epidemics like these are discovered, as it is not too much to hope they will be, then medical men can set themselves to work to remove them and rid the earth of the depopulating scourges. As it is, doctors are working a good deal in the dark, for the prime object of the healing art is to remove the cause — to strike at the root rather than the branch.

Taking Contagious Diseases

It is frequently remarked that physicians enjoy immunity from contagious diseases while mingling daily with infectious patients. There is a popular notion that the doctor takes some drug which insures him against contracting communicable diseases, but this is not a fact.

Physicians have no faith in anything of that kind. A person may chew asafœtida, which has some reputation in this line, till he can be smelled from Dan to Beersheba, without affording him a particle of protection. In attending patients with contagious affections the doctor is cautious not to allow his hands or clothing to come in contact with the sick person or anything in the room he occupies any more than is necessary. He owes this avoidance both to the families of his other patients and to his own. I recall being a health officer in a large village during a scarlet fever epidemic when I was daily for a considerable time in the presence of children sick with the disease, some of them malignant cases. Returning from my rounds, before mingling with my three children I changed my coat and was careful to wash my hands. Besides keeping them at as safe a distance from me as possible, this was all the precautions taken, and none of them took the disease.

Two other reasons may be given to account for doctors so generally escaping the contraction of contagious diseases. In the first place they breathe so much the tainted atmosphere of sick rooms that their systems become, as one may say, hardened against the noxious influences of infectious complaints. They may be likened to men who by reason of long exposure to extremes of weather are able to resist the influence of severe heat and cold, in the presence of which conditions those not accustomed to extremities of temperature would faint and perish. Again, physicians escape infection on account of remaining but a brief time, usually, in the sick room and going out into the fresh air, which serves, so to speak, to wash the tainted breath and disease germs of the infection from their lungs. Of course, the longer one remains in the presence of infection the more danger there is in contracting it. A person may visit a typhoid fever patient with not much danger of taking the disease, provided his stay is short; but let one nurse such a case and the system will become saturated with the emanations from the sick man and the attendant will be likely to have the affection. It should be said, however, that a person should never go where contagious diseases exist without good and sufficient reason. Bold-

ness, it has been claimed, is a state of mind affording protection from infection. There is nothing in this, excepting, perhaps, that a sentiment of fear necessarily exercises a debilitating effect upon the system and thus predisposes to the sickness and renders the apprehensive easy victims. Ill health, to some extent, is responsible for the contraction of communicable diseases. A debilitated body cannot so well resist the deleterious influence of the tainted atmosphere as a sound one. Hence careful attention should particularly be given to the cultivation of health when epidemics are prevailing, and also the mind at such times should be diverted, so far as possible, into cheerful channels.

Impure Drinking Water

Water may be fair to the eye and pleasant to the taste, while holding in invisible solution the germs of disease. A well is something to be looked upon always with suspicion. It never exists except in places that are inhabited, and where inhabitants are there will be found domesticated animals, and it is a very easy matter for the drainage from the products of these to find its way into wells of water. The only sure way to avoid danger of infection from drinking well water in crowded communities where vaults and heaps of compost abound, is to boil the water. But a better way is to allow no filth to accumulate and to do away with vaults entirely. Small villages, owing to lack of sewerage and a pure water supply, and the infrequent removal of garbage, are always favorite localities for the manifestation of epidemics on account of the unsanitary conditions involved. Particularly when contagious diseases are prevailing in a community where wells are the sources depended upon for water, should it be boiled before using.

Huge Consumption Figures

Estimating that 100,000 persons die annually in the United States from consumption, which it is safe to do, and assuming that ten years of usefulness is lost in each case, it is found that the disease yearly deprives the country of a profit equal to the earning capacity of 1,000,000

persons. At \$300 a year this would amount to \$300,000,000. This amount is increased by the loss of money involved in nursing the sick of consumption, and by other necessary expenses, until the aggregate can be easily figured at low estimates up to \$500,000,000 as an annual burden. But these amounts will seem as nothing to the desolation of heart which consumption has brought to many who will read these lines.

CHAPTER V

Value of Elemental Remedies

Deacon Rogers he came to me;
 "Wife is comin' round," said he,
 "I re'lly think she'll worry through;
 She scolds me just as she used to do.
 All the people have poohed and slurred—
 And the neighbors have had their word;
 'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say,
 That be cured in such an irregular way."
 "Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
 And his remedies—light and water and air.
 All the doctors beyond a doubt,
 Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."
 The deacon smiled and bowed his head;
 "Then your bill is nothing," he said,
 "God's be the glory, as you say;
 God bless you, doctor, good day! good day!"

—Selected.

Peruvian Bark: Quinine

This medicine, in its crude state, is obtained from the cinchona trees of South America. The name cinchona is derived from the countess of Cinchon, who, returning to Spain from Peru, introduced the remedy into that country in 1640. Previous to 1820, when the active principle was first isolated from the bark, it was necessary in order to derive the full effect of the medicine to take huge doses of the powdered material. By certain chemical processes, what is popularly called quinine is obtained which, in the form of pills, may be taken readily in large doses if necessary and with no experience of the bitter taste of the drug. Quinine acts as a general tonic, increasing the appetite and promoting digestion. In considerable doses it has an

exhilarant effect upon the mind and is apt to cause ringing in the ears. In large doses there is reduction of the pulse and a lowering of the temperature of the body. The greatest usefulness of the medicine, however, is in fevers of a malarial origin and in all the host of complaints with which malarial poisoning has more or less to do. Such a remarkably curative effect do the preparations of Peruvian bark exert in fever and ague and remittent fever, that the medicine may be said to be a specific in these diseases. It is successfully employed in the treatment of periodically recurring neuralgias and in a wide range of other affections. Impaired hearing and eyesight are sometimes the result of the administration of large doses.

How to Take Medicine

"How shall I take my medicine, doctor?" asked Miss Augusta.

"Take it, my dear young lady, as you would take a husband — for better or for worse."

Exercise Should Be Moderate

Of 5,000 soldiers examined by a surgeon nearly eighty per cent. had affections of the heart, brought on it was supposed by severe muscular exertion in campaigning. Too much exercise is as bad, or worse, as not enough. There is always danger in what may be called artificial exercise, such as is practiced in gymnasiums, in exceeding reasonable bounds of exertion in attempts to excel in athletic performances. Those who do not think highly of what is called physical culture claim that there are more men past sixty living in France, where little attention is paid to the systematic development of the muscular system, than in England, where the same is largely carried on. I am convinced, however, that the more gymnasiums we have the better. The secret of the cause of injurious effects following undue bodily exertion is the fact that the nerves are exhausted in the work of furnishing stimulus to the muscles. A moment's reflection will give one an idea of how great such expenditure must be during a violent bout of exercise. A person should guard against intemperance in a gymnasium as well as in a barroom.

Spasmodic Croup

This is distinguished from membranous croup by being abrupt in its development. It is apt to occur in the night with no premonitory symptoms. The breathing is very laborious and is accompanied with the peculiar croupal cough. There is no fever, differing in this respect from membranous croup. Though these attacks are very alarming in their manifestations, there is no cause for apprehension. The trouble being a spasm in the larynx, by reason of which the passage of air to and from the lungs is interfered with, the administration of nauseating medicines like ipecac serves to relax the constriction. Poultices to the front of the neck will aid in the restoration of normal respiration.

Hysterical Croup

This is a purely nervous trouble occasionally seen in adults. It is easily recognized by the nervous characteristics of the history of the individual, the suddenness of the invasion and the quick relief following the administration of such medicines as valerian and asafœtida, so much employed in hysterical conditions.

Colles Fracture

This is a fracture of the radius, the outer of the two long bones of the forearm, just above the wrist joint. It is of frequent occurrence and is occasioned generally by a fall upon the palm of the hand. It is characteristic of the injury that the hand and wrist assume the shape of a silver fork. Unless the fracture is properly reduced and the fragments held in place by suitable supports there will be deformity and a turning of the hand to the radial or thumb side as a permanent result. The temptation to use the hand before the fracture is well united is great, and a union without disfigurement is often prevented from this cause. As in case of all fractures near to joints, there is liability of ankylosis or bony union of the articulation. To prevent this movement should be made in the wrist joint daily as soon as considered advisable. Very careful handling of Colles fracture is necessary in order to restore the wrist to its former degree of suppleness and symmetry.

A Disappointed Man

Young wife — There is a gentleman in the parlor, dear, who wishes to see you.

He — Do you know who it is?

Young Wife — You must forgive me, my dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and — and O, if I were to lose you, my darling! (Bursts into tears.)

He — There, there, dear. Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellett?

Young Wife — N-no, it's not a doctor; it's a — a — life insurance agent.

Holding the Breath

The cause of this is the complete closing by spasm of the glottis. The child suddenly ceases breathing and continues without breath until the countenance is livid and it looks as if a fatal termination would be the result. Such may be the termination, though rarely. The attacks, which are due wholly to abnormal nervous action, are brought on often by some emotion of the mind, as excitement from being punished. The affection, so far as my observation goes, is confined to children. While in the paroxysm, such means as dashing cold water on the face or slapping the back seem to be useful in hastening the restoration of the respiratory function. The child's general health should be fortified and all sources of mental irritation avoided. If the gums are swollen and tense from teething, they should be lanced, as the disturbance to the system caused thereby is sufficient to bring on the trouble. The paroxysms are most frequently observed among nervous children. The preference is for infants under one year of age. It is rarely observed in children above the age of five.

Colds

Now that it is getting cold it is in order to speak of "colds." The proper name of the affection is bronchitis, the common name having been employed on account of the

causative influence in the production of the trouble. A cold is an inflammation of the air passages from the nose to the lungs and through the air tubes of those organs. It usually commences in the nose, giving rise to sneezing and a watery discharge, and extends gradually into the throat and from thence into the upper air passages, finally penetrating through all the larger tubes of the lungs. There are accompanying fever, chilly sensations, headache, and a dull pain in the upper and middle part of the chest, corresponding to the location of the large air passages. A cold may be expected to last at least a week. The blood being driven in part from the skin by the contraction of its tissue by cold, it accumulates internally and finds in the lungs a favorite place of setting up inflammation. Colds often occur, however, when no cause can be assigned, and it is probable in such cases that some morbid, exciting influence exists in the system. An aggravated type of bronchitis in which there is higher fever, greater prostration, and severer headache, is called influenza or grippe. Hive syrup is an excellent remedy for colds. To guard against bronchitis one should avoid draughts, and inure the body as much as possible to the weather. Care should be taken that a sufficiency of clothing is worn in cold weather, but "bundling" should be avoided.

Hard to "Stick" a Druggist

A medical journal says: "A gentleman received a note from his lawyer which he was unable to decipher. On his way to his office he met a friend at the door of a drug store. The friend, after vainly attempting to read the note, suggested that they step inside and hand it to the druggist without comment. The druggist, after studying it in silence for a few minutes, stepped behind the prescription case, and in a short time returned with a bottle of medicine, duly labeled and bearing directions. When the gentleman saw his lawyer he was informed that the note was a notice for him to call at his office between three and four the following day. It is a pretty difficult matter to 'stick' the regulation druggist."

Still Looking in the Eye

The eyeball contains the aqueous humor, the crystalline lens and the vitreous humor. The transparent and slightly bulging part of the eye is called the cornea. Back of this is the aqueous humor, a colorless fluid, occupying the small space between the cornea and lens. This little chamber is divided by the iris, which is pierced in its centre by the pupil. It is the iris which gives color to the eye. Though but a muscular curtain governing the diameter of the pupil, the iris is the most beautiful and expressive feature of the countenance. This is another specimen of the divine art of combining beauty with usefulness. The iris has two sets of muscles, circular and radiated. The first is a band of fibres surrounding the pupil, by the contraction of which that aperture is diminished in size, and the second are the radiated fibres, by which it is enlarged. These latter ones are arranged like the spokes of a wheel. So sensitive are these delicate muscles that the presence or absence of impalpable light is sufficient to excite them, one or the other, to contraction. Close behind the pupil is the crystalline lens, which is shaped like a magnifying glass, having convex surfaces before and behind. It is semi-solid in consistency and perfectly clear. If boiled, it admits of being separated into layers like an onion. The office of the lens is to focus whatever is in the field of vision upon the retina, the lining of the eyeball, from whence the impression is conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain. Near-sightedness is due to a too great convexity of the lens. For the examination of objects close at hand, the lens, by the action of the ciliary muscle, is rendered more convex. Very early in life the power to accommodate the eye to the inspection of things near by begins to diminish, and continues to until at from the age of thirty-five to fifty glasses have to be worn to make good the failure. The iris and crystalline lens occupy only a small portion of the globe of the eye, the remaining posterior part being taken up with the vitreous humor which fills about four-fifths of the whole of the interior. It is, of course, perfectly transparent, and it has a semi-fluid consistency.

Blinded by Horse Medicine

Puffendorf tells the following: "A man who had sore eyes went to a horse doctor for relief. The doctor applied to his eyes an ointment he was accustomed to use on horses. The man became blind, and sued the doctor, but the judge acquitted the horse doctor on the ground that if the man had not been an ass he would never have applied for relief from a horse doctor."

Treatment of Wounds

There are four kinds of wounds, viz., the clean cut, from a sharp instrument; the contused cut, or such as is made by a blunt edge; the lacerated wound, or such as results from a tearing of the flesh by a nail for instance, and the punctured wound, like those resulting from bayonet thrusts or the bites of animals. Clean-cut wounds bleed the most freely of any class of incisions. Punctured, lacerated and contused wounds, in which the ends of the severed vessels are ragged from the character of the injury, are not likely to bleed much unless some vessel of considerable size is involved. The first thing to do in the treatment of wounds is to remove all foreign matter, such as particles of glass, fragments of stone, etc. All clots should also be removed from the wound, as these will prevent the sides from being perfectly adapted one to the other, and thus delay the healing process. Clots, besides decomposing in a wound, give rise to irritation. A sponge and cold water are ready means of removing particles of matter and clots from wounds, and the effect of the cold will be to stop the bleeding in ordinary cases.

To Stop Severe Bleeding

In the first place do not get excited. Do not cover the wound with cloths, but expose it to the air and try by pouring on of cold water or the application of ice to stop the flow of blood. If the injury is in a limb, keep the same as much elevated as possible. If the bleeding still continues, make a firm, thick pad of a size a little larger than the wound and bind it tightly on with a strip of bandage. This will be pretty sure to succeed, especially if the pressure is made over a bone. When an artery is cut the blood

escapes in jets. This, of course, is a very alarming state of affairs, and everything should be done to restrain the flow until surgical assistance arrives. Make strong pressure at the point of injury with the finger. This will generally suffice in arteries of small size. For large arteries in the limb, a handkerchief should be tightly tied about it between the bleeding point and the body. If necessary, put a stick between the skin and the handkerchief and increase the pressure by a twisting process. What is needed in emergencies like these is presence of mind and common sense.

CHAPTER VI

A Fledgeling

He has just come out of college,
With his head crammed full of knowledge,
He has come the world to alter,
In reform he'll never falter,
In a few years he'll grow tired,
And won't act like one inspired,
He will learn life's hard and dreary,
That the world ain't run by theory.
He will then grow very prudent,
And he will laugh at the young student,
And he'll say, I once was really
Very green and very mealy.

—Selected.

Body and Soul

In order to maintain or develop the complete physical, mental and spiritual man, he must be given a sufficient quantity of suitable food. It is generally supposed that, excepting the case of very much impoverished persons, everybody has an abundance of good things to eat, but this is a mistake. There is little doubt that three-fourths of families deny themselves culinary articles from motives of economy. This is not as it should be. I believe in a generous and varied diet, beautiful and luxurious homes and good clothes. It is slow work reforming and Christianizing men while their stomachs are unsatisfied, their homes unattractive and their clothes seedy.

Food for the Sick

While a person may select as pleases his palate and agrees with his stomach his dietary list while in a state of health, it becomes imperative in time of sickness to regulate the diet according to the nature of the case. Upon the intelligent selection of foods for the sick and its administration at proper intervals and in right quantities, depends frequently the life of the patient. In the choice of foods for persons sick with affections of the digestive canal, it should be borne in mind that it is a rule of medicine to give rest, so far as possible, to all diseased or disordered parts. Thus, when the bowels are inflamed, foods should be used which are digested for the most part in the stomach and *vice versa*. Hence, when there is derangement, irritation or inflammation of the bowels, all fats, and foods containing starch, like bread, potatoes, arrowroot, etc., should be prohibited, and the employment of eggs, milk, oysters, animal broths, etc., which are digested in the stomach, should be enjoined. On the other hand, in dyspepsia and all affections of the stomach, such foods as arrowroot, tapioca, rice, etc., will be found to be acceptable on account of their being digested principally in the intestines. Instead of taking pills for constipation, it is better to eat oat meal, corn bread, graham bread, vegetables and such fruits as apples, figs and raisins.

The Predicament of a Blush

A Boston medical college graduate, being asked to define a "blush," replied as follows: "A 'blush' is a temporary crythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy ætiologised by the perceptiveness of the censorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of vaso motor nervous filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiant, aerated, compound nutritive circulating liquid, emanating from an intimidated præcordia."

The Folly of Shoulder Braces

Shoulder straps and braces are not to be recommended. They pull the shoulders back of course, but at the expense

of having the muscles which should do that office work become weak and shrunken from inactivity. After wearing these appliance for a while, when they are taken off the muscles of the front of the chest will pull the shoulders forward worse than ever. Shoulder braces encourage laziness. A person can keep himself erect if he wants to without the employment of artificial supports. They interfere with circulation and respiration.

How the Tragedian Kept Straight

He was told by the doctor that he must rectify his unbecoming stoop by force of will, and that any other treatment would be of no avail. The actor said that it would be impossible for him to carry his back around on his mind and hit upon another method. He ordered made from the most expensive materials a coat to be tightly fitted when his shoulders were thrown well back. Whenever he commenced to droop, a pinch under the arms told him that his garment was costly and frail, and he would immediately get into proper form. A cure was effected in due time. In his case the love of money was the root of some good.

Baths for the Sick

In feverish conditions great relief is afforded by sponging the body with warm water treated with common soda — say a tablespoonful to a washbowl of water. Sponge and dry an arm and then the other, and so on a part of the body at a time, until the entire frame has been gone over. The heat of the skin will be lessened and a sense of refreshment and comfort experienced as a result. Danger of taking cold is avoided by bathing a portion at a time as described. I value this expedient very highly and have noted its good effects many times. Soda facilitates the removal of impurities from the skin, and by thus securing the opening of the pores encourages perspiration.

Agnosticism Defined

Mrs. Jason — Jehior, what is an agnostic?

Mr. Jason — Why, it is a feller that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers as long as he is in good health.

Gum

The mouth employs gum as a mild substitute for profanity and also as a sort of perpetual diet. When not carried to excess and the quid is not large enough to produce contortion of the face in its mastication, it is a harmless amusement. Further, the chewing of genuine spruce gum is no doubt useful as an aid to digestion on account of its aromatic principles and the increased amount of saliva induced by the process. It besides probably exerts a curative influence upon catarrhal conditions of the throat.

Died of Grandmother

This would be a fitting inscription to put upon many a baby's gravestone. The little one was made to laugh and crow and show off to everybody; he was made the sport and plaything of a tribe of relations until his weak little threads of nerves were exhausted, his rudimentary brains worn out, and he curled up to die. People have strange idea about babies. As soon as one gets into the world the changes commence to be rung in a good many families from one thing to another as to how the little new-comer is to be handled, dosed and fed. About all that a baby needs is keeping clean, and a mother that does that will have her hands sufficiently employed. Bringing up by hand and artificial foods are dangerous expedients.

Hygiene of the Old

The food of old people should be easy of digestion and of a consistency to admit of ready mastication, for artificial teeth, if they are profited by, are not so effective as natural ones. Care should be taken not to overburden the stomach with food, as it is apt to be followed by a disturbance of the digestive organs, reflecting injuriously upon the enfeebled system. It should be borne in mind that the inactivity of the aged reduces the amount of food needed to support the body. Most old persons are uncomfortable in a room of lower temperature than eighty degrees. It is essential to their safety that the surface of the body be kept from cold and chills, for a cold skin means congestion, more or less, of internal organs, which, inducing

inflammation, is almost certain to prove fatal. The buckskin jacket is an excellent heat-retaining garment, lending warmth without cumbersome apparel. The jacket should have sleeves and should cover the abdomen. No man past seventy should be without one of these garments. An abdominal bandage is useful for old people with relaxed condition of the part. The larger portion of the blood is concentrated there, and when the circulation is feeble, as in the case of the old, the accumulation is increased. Thus it will be seen that support and pressure from the outside will act to restore the normal state of the parts and facilitate the freer circulation of blood to all parts of the body.

A Boston Blow

The man was unconscious, breathing heavily, and his half-closed eyes had a glassy stare.

"Yes," said the physician, who had been hastily called in, "he must have blown out the gas."

The man on the couch opened his eyes and looked with stern reproach at the doctor.

"No," he said feebly, "I wish it to be clearly understood that I did not blow out the gas. I blew out the flame."

And the homeless wandered from Boston lapsed again into unconsciousness.

The Spinal Column

The spine is a most wonderful contrivance. It is the pillar of support for the trunk of the body. The ribs are fastened to it, the head surmounts it, and the arms depend upon it for all their usefulness. Though very strong, the spine is remarkably supple, twisting or bending in any desired direction. It is made up practically of twenty-four bones, which admit between each of a slight motion. When this is combined a considerable limit of movement is seen to exist. With all this liberality of motion, the spinal cord, which runs through the interior of the spine in a tunnel provided for it, escapes pressure, no matter what contorted position the body may assume. When viewed from the side, the spine appears with modified curves like the letter S. This conformation, like all

parts of animal structure, is a union of beauty and utility. Were the spine a straight line of bone, every jar and jolt would be transmitted to the brain to the injury of that organ. With its curved form it acts as a spring under the head, relieving concussion in walking, riding and leaping.

The Air We Breathe

The atmosphere is made up of oxygen twenty per cent., nitrogen seventy-nine, and watery vapor, carbonic acid gas and various emanations from vegetable life or decomposition and combustion in small amounts. Oxygen is the most profusely distributed element in nature. Of water it constitutes eight-ninths parts, of the atmosphere about one-fourth, and it makes up one-third of the mass of the whole earth. Its use in the air is to vitalize animal functions and to feed combustion. The mission of nitrogen in the air, other than as a diluent of oxygen, is not known. Were oxygen not diluted with nitrogen, the vital functions of the body would be excited to such a degree of activity that the system would be ere long worn out. Combustion would be more rapid, and the inflammability of substances would be increased. The carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere in an undiluted state would prove almost instantly fatal if inhaled. Though this gas is heavier than air, in obedience to a law of gases it does not sink, but distributes itself uniformly through the atmosphere. It is estimated that enough of this poisonous gas exists in the air to cover the earth to a depth of thirteen feet were it all collected thereon. It is absorbed in part by trees and plants, together with other harmful emanations. For this reason plants in a living room act as sanitary agents. They also give off oxygen, in their process of growth, rendering them all the more valuable renovators of air.

Opposed to Change

Doctor — Your wife really needs change, Jangle.

Jangle — Jerusalem! I gave her a ten-dollar bill not a month ago.

False Measles

This is not a fever like true measles, but is simply an

eruption of the skin. It is often caused by indigestible food in the stomach. With some people certain foods will give rise to an eruption of the skin. Everything which debilitates the nervous system tends to the development of the trouble. It is not communicable. The rash, which closely resembles that of measles, is never, like that eruption, spread entirely over the body, but is confined to a portion of the person. It further differs from measles by an absence of cough, and cold in the head. Sometimes there is a little fever, with headache, but it is a very mild affection and needs little treatment besides warm bathing.

Mother's Marks

The proper name for this is *nævus*. They are red blotches on the skin, generally first discovered at birth. *Naevi*, together with various malformations of infants, are attributed to some violent impression upon the mind of the mother occurring before the child's birth. There is not much if any foundation for this theory. They are situated most often upon the face or neck, varying in size from that of a pin's head to blotches several inches in diameter. The condition giving rise to the disfiguring and sometimes repulsive appearance is a dilated and tortuous state of the small blood vessels of the skin. No harm is usually experienced from the marks, but occasionally they become the seat of ulceration, followed by bleeding hard to control. Some forms of *nævi* have a tendency to spread, and one the size of a pea will sometimes rapidly attain to the dimensions of a silver dollar. The disfigurements often disappear of themselves, and if they are not increasing in size, or are not located on the face or neck, it will be unnecessary to institute any treatment. By taking the dimensions of the *nævus* with paper and scissors, the amount of extension, if there is any, may be determined. The spread of a *nævus* may be checked by pressure made upon it of some hard substance held in place by adhesive plasters. Small *nævi* are sometimes obliterated by vaccinating upon their sites, but it should be remembered that the scar resulting is often considerable. Medicines are of no avail to remove these blemishes. The trouble admits of removal under various processes.

Moral Hygiene

This sounds oddly, but there is such a thing as moral medicine and moral sanitation. A parent who contents herself with securing for her offspring a sound physical constitution does well, but a boy turned loose from the restraints of home into the polluted atmosphere of the outside world, unless he has a well-fortified moral backbone, is apt to succumb to the noisome pestilence of sin. Corbett, the prize fighter, is a model specimen of physical development, but the better part of his nature having been neglected he has become but a muscular monument of infamy. The child's bath should be tempered with pure doctrine, his diet mixed with catechism, and the parent should hear every evening his invocation to the Giver of good gifts. The influence and memory of such instructions will never be effaced from the mind. In the hurly-burly of life, when sentiment and the spirit of friendly feeling seem ready to take wings and fly away, the vision of childhood's home, with the lamp-lighted chamber, the face and form of mother as she waited to hear the evening petition, will appear in the corridors of memory and the man will take courage. Inoculate your child with Bible doctrine and render him proof against the vile contagion of moral disease. As with individuals, so with communities. Along with sanitary work should go the improvement of the mind and heart of the people. Indeed, it will be impossible to institute and maintain universal and perfect sanitation unless charity is as common as the air. But I am not a preacher, and had better leave this part of the subject to the care of the ministers.

The Parental Instinct

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?" "On the shelf next to the peppermint." "Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it." "Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet, or you'll wake the baby."

Hahnemann

This is one of the most conspicuous names in the cata-

logue of medical celebrities. Hahnemann was the originator of the homœopathic system of medicine and was born in Saxony in 1755. Like many distinguished men, he in early life was compelled to buffet with poverty. He secured his education by earning the necessary money by teaching and translating. His studies were pursued with great devotion, and he made it a practice for several years to spend wholly every other night over his books. While practicing his profession in Dresden he became impressed with an idea of the experimental nature of the business of the physician, and felt that he could not conscientiously continue in it on that account. He repaired to Leipsic and resumed study, in hope of discovering a definite and unvarying system of medical treatment. Relinquishing a profitable practice, he endured poverty for the sake of improving the status of medicine, again resorting to translating books for a livelihood. While engaged in this work he was led to experiment upon himself in health with Peruvian bark, and found that his symptoms resulting were like those of fever and ague, for which the medicine (quinine) is universally prescribed. This was the clue to the great homœopathic principle, "Like cures like." Hahnemann experimented upon himself with other drugs, establishing the law in every case to his satisfaction. He made practical application of the theory with great success in the treatment of disease. The father of homœopathy in the teaching of his system met with ridicule, insult and persecution, but he lived to see it recognized in the capitols of Europe.

CHAPTER VII

The Cigarette Habit

The consumption of cigarettes is increasing in this country. About three times as many are sold as were disposed of seven years ago. Nearly 3,000,000,000 cigarettes were manufactured in the United States during the year ending July 1. For this huge and increasing

demand for a particular form of tobacco there must be some peculiar reason. I believe that cigarette smoking owes its popularity and fascination to the inhalation of the fumes of drugs like opium, valerian and cannabis indica, which I have no doubt they are contaminated with. In no other way can the slavery of the cigarette habit and its deleterious effects be accounted for. Were cigarettes composed of tobacco simply, they could hardly generate such an inordinate relish for them as they do, nor would their very abundant consumption by an individual be followed by a fatal result, as is not infrequently the case with the brands now on the market. Nevertheless, all forms of tobacco in its purest state I do not hesitate to condemn as being an insidious and dangerous enemy of the race, debilitating the body and enervating the mind. The drugs referred to above when smoked in cigarettes produce a feeling of well-being which operates to fasten the habit on those foolish enough to indulge in them. As the system becomes accustomed to their exhilarating influence a larger consumption is called for to excite the desired effect till the victim finds himself the emaciated bondsman of the white and innocent looking little cigarette. Touch it not, taste it not, handle it not. A party in a position to speak with authority concerning the cigarette manufacturing business says: "I can state with confidence that all cigarettes made in this country are drugged, with the exception of the brands turned out for Spanish consumption and exported to South America and elsewhere. The Spanish people do not like drugged tobacco. It is different with consumers in the United States. They prefer cigarettes that have been to a greater or less extent sophisticated. Accordingly, the makers suit their product to the demand. But any one who is a judge of tobacco can distinguish by smoking the cigarettes that they are impure. Some of them, including two or three particularly popular kinds, are dosed so heavily that I consider them positively dangerous."

To Disinfect and Deodorize

Great care should always be taken to have an abundance

of fresh air in the sick room, for no plan or process will convert stale air into a healthful atmosphere. A person in good health needs always to have his apartment well ventilated, but the condition of the sick in a much greater degree demands the vivifying presence in a pure state of this universal element. Particularly is this true of those ill with diseases of the lungs, who are prevented from inhaling their normal quantity of air. An excellent way to disinfect a room is to hang on a line a towel wrung out in a solution of carbolic acid—two or three teaspoonfuls to a pint of water. By wetting the towel from time to time as it becomes dry, the air of the apartment may be disinfected with small effort and trifling expense.

Healthfulness of Apples

There is a Spanish proverb which says: "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night." I doubt, however, if a good, ripe apple weighs very heavily on the stomach at night. Apples are universally popular and they should enter more than they do into the regular courses of diet. They are quick of digestion and are nourishing, while they remove feverish conditions and tend to restore the normal tone of the digestive organs. A supply of good apples should always be kept within sight of the family that they may be tempted to take one, and like Eve pass them around. Give the children more apples and less confectionery, and thus diminish the doctor's bill. Be sure to lay in a good supply of apples for the winter months.

To Avoid Cramps

Those who are troubled with cramps occurring at night will find the raising of the head of the bed to act like a charm in the relief of their distress. Place two bricks under each leg, or blocks of wood of an equal thickness.

To Cure Earache

Drop five drops of chloroform on a bit of cotton wool in the bowl of a clay pipe and blow the rapidly evaporating vapor into the painful ear through the stem. Chloroform is a powerful anodyne and penetrating as its vapor

does to the drum of the ear, it exercises its soothing influence at or near the seat of the pain.

The Hand

No instrument has ever been invented to rival the adaptability of the hand or to equal the ingenuity of its mechanical construction. It not only can bestow a loving caress upon the tender brow of infancy, but all in the same moment it can hurl itself, a clenched bundle of bones, with terrific force in the face of an enemy, felling him to the ground. What a marvel is the hand of man! Look about you and what do you observe that is not directly or indirectly the fruit of that wonderful member? All labor-saving machinery was contrived by it. The locomotive, the Brooklyn bridge, the printing press are monuments of its marvelous capacities. Cut off the hands of the people and what would we come to? It manufactures pianos and violins, and then extracts sweet music from them. It stretches a cable across the wide ocean, contrives an instrument of cunning workmanship, and with it sends messages to all parts of the earth. The hand is made up of numerous little bones, muscles and tendons and joints held together by strong ligaments. Though composed of so many small parts, its precision of movement and strength of grip are all that could be desired. The unequal length of the fingers has been skillfully managed to render the grasp of a globular object, or implements like hammers, etc., more secure than could have been obtained with fingers of an equal length. When the hand is clasped it will be seen that the ends of the fingers are on a line. The thumb is the giant, the mainstay, and the anchorage of the fingers, and they depend for the most of their ability of strength upon its co-operation. The hand, of all parts of the body, is the most highly indued with the sense of touch. So fully has this been developed that in persons deprived of sight the hand has proven a no mean substitute.

Why the Right Hand

From its infancy the child manifests a preference for the right hand in its playful occupations. This is a curious fact, which has never been definitely explained.

Very nearly or quite all are more proficient with one hand, and those who are left-handed are comparatively few. Ambidextrous persons, those who are as ready with one hand as another, are seldom met. That the generality of mankind favor the use of the right hand is a wise provision of nature. It insures a greater degree of dexterity in the arts and trades than would have been possible had one hand admitted of as convenient employment as another, and besides emergencies occur when it is necessary that there shall be no hesitation or delay in the selection of the member to be used. At such junctures the right hand involuntarily leaps to the performance of its mission.

Sutures

Stitches are of great assistance in the rapid healing of wounds. They hold the edges together more securely than plasters, though ever so carefully applied. It is an easy and simple matter to stitch up a cut, but it needs a surgeon's needle, which has cutting shoulders, to do it in the readiest manner. A common needle is hard to push through the edges of the skin, which is tough. Those who are subject to erysipelas should never have stitches taken in the scalp, as that fiery complaint is apt to be developed as a consequence. It is said that a tribe of Indians in Brazil have this ready and novel method of retaining the edges of wounds. They collect a few of the large ants which inhabit the country and hold them in position over the wound until they have seized it and securely closed it by the force of their jaws. The bodies of the ants are then severed from their heads, which retain their grip until the wound is healed.

Do We Eat too Much?

The normal temperature of the body in all persons and at all latitudes is about 98 1-2 degrees. In the winter season some means of generating a greater degree of heat for the individual is called for in order to neutralize the chilling influence of the surrounding atmosphere. Next to the wearing of additional weight of apparel and the heating of dwellings, the consumption of larger amounts of food is the principal source of the increased development of animal heat. In cold weather the appetite in-

creases and the physical vigor generally improves on account of nature's attempt to fortify the body against injury from the low temperature. Hence, it is a temptation during the winter months to ingest more food than the system requires. Much less nourishment is sufficient to support and repair the waste of the body than is generally supposed. Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, said that "one-fourth of what we eat keeps us, and the other three-fourths we keep at the peril of our lives." All food taken into the stomach more than is required for the effective running of the physical economy is just so much waste matter to distribute through the body to unnecessarily tax the various functions in their removal. To take too much food into the stomach is like dumping too much fuel on the fire. The disposition to partake of food, however, needs encouragement with not a few. Some persons scarcely ever experience a sharp desire for eatables and consume so little food that it is a matter of surprise how they manage to exist, but it is a noticeable fact that such generally frail persons, in a greater proportion than others, enjoy immunity from disease and live to a ripe old age.

To Liberate a Tight Ring

It sometimes happens in a spasm of vanity that a ring is squeezed on the finger and the wearer is alarmed to find that owing to the prevention of the return of blood from the digit the member has enlarged and removal of the band is difficult. The following course if carefully observed will be found effective. Take a narrow rubber band or braid and, commencing at the tip of the finger, wind it tightly up to the ring, taking pains to cover all the surface. Elevate the hand for a few minutes in a vertical position and afterwards with no delay remove the band and rewind as before. After again holding up the hand for a few moments it will be found that the finger has been sufficiently reduced in size to permit of the removal of the ring.

Bicycle Riding

The bicycle is a most valuable appliance for bodily exer-

cise. Bicycle riding is to be preferred to walking, inasmuch as more muscles are brought into play and a greater degree of enjoyment is experienced. Exercise to be in the greatest degree beneficial to health should be pleasurable. If the bicycle is ridden a good deal before a boy has attained to his full growth he is liable to contract the "bicycle back." Bicycle riding is to be recommended for those of middle age and older. After say 40 the disposition to stir around diminishes and there is danger of too little exercise being taken, ordinary methods offering so little inducement. But the novelty of riding through the country at a rapid rate with the landscape passing in review like a panorama, together with the zest of excitement induced, render this method of recreation very tempting to many of those who are indisposed to take a proper amount of exercise.

The Secret of Beauty

Health means beauty, if the elements of such a thing exist in a person, and beauty means health. Beauty is very desirable, especially for women, on account of its being a great advantage to them in making their way in the world. Beauty is the broadsword of the fair sex and few there be that can stand before it without losing their heads. *Physical Education*, a worthy monthly journal devoted to the systematic development of the muscular system, has something pertinent to say in this connection. We quote: "The third reason why physical education of women is of fundamental importance (which perhaps is not generally recognized) is that physical perfection or beauty is one of the results of proper exercise. We believe that to be beautiful is a great thing in itself. Beauty, meaning symmetry of form, perfection of features, means much for the future of the race. Few people realize that beauty is really very closely allied with the perfect performance by each part of the body of its own function. A beautiful skin, apparently clear and translucent, responsive to color, delicate, is but little more than a skin that is doing functions properly, the sweat glands in perfect working order, the capillaries doing just what they should. A perfect form means that each muscle is de-

veloped just as it should be. Grace means that an economical way of doing things has been discovered, moving in curves instead of angles, steady movement instead of jerky, and so on, all the way through. These are all products of physical education."

For Hard Tea Drinkers

"Theism" is the term given for a nervous affection brought on by excessive tea drinking. The trouble commences with a determination of blood to the head and mental excitement. This condition is induced by drinking too freely of the cup that cheers, yet not inebriates, which indulgence being repeated gives rise to depression of body and mind. Instead of quitting the habit, the lover of strong tea is now apt to indulge more abundantly than ever until nervous trembling, hallucinations, palpitation and other indications of a derangement of the nervous system supervene. Those who are actively employed may drink considerable tea without any ill effects, but for those not engaged in manual pursuits it had better be used sparingly.

Visiting the Sick

A visit to a sick person may be either for good or for evil, depending upon the tact of the caller. Provided the stay is short and the visitor knows what to say and what to refrain from saying, a visit from a sincere and sympathetic person may result most happily for the patient's benefit. In sickness the nervous system is always debilitated, and if by an agreeable turn of conversation the invalid's mind can be diverted into a pleasurable channel, a salutary stimulant effect is produced upon the brain, which is thence reflected throughout the body with good results. No doubt the beneficial effects following the visits of invalids to watering places and other summer resorts is largely owing to the diversion of mind and brain stimulant of excitement which is experienced in such places. To go into a sick room and say, "How bad you look," or "You look worse than you did two days ago," an expression of consternation upon the face meantime, is anything but reassuring to the sufferer. Yet there are many who are

supposed to be gifted with a fair allowance of common sense who will commit such indiscretions as this. In cases of severe illness I have more than once observed an aberration of mind to take possession of the neighbors to exaggerate all phases of the case, to horrify the patient and to behave in an undignified and irrational manner. All this is to be carefully kept out of hearing of the sick. I have many times seen patients exhausted and their recovery delayed in its progress by well-intentioned visiting. It is always necessary in critical sicknesses to absolutely prohibit every one but attendants coming near the patient.

Getting Mad

When a person has arrived at the years of discretion — if, by the way, it is possible to do so—he finds that it does not pay to indulge in getting mad; so he controls his temper, often not so much from motives of principle as from reasons of policy. He discovers that after his angry passions have subsided that he is weak in the knees, trembly, and exhausted. This indicates that a great amount of nervous force has been expended. A tempest of passion entails a very severe strain upon the tenement of the soul, blunting the brain, degrading the better nature, and tending to debilitate the whole system. There is no excuse for getting mad. There is absolutely nothing in the world to be angry with, if one will but look at it in that way. Nothing that is said or done to a person should inflame or even ruffle the even tenor of his mind. A man who is so unworthy as to unjustly treat another is deserving of our pity, not of our hate. Not infrequently, when the question is candidly sifted, it will be found that the explosion has been due to the uncharitableness of more than one of the parties implicated.

Timing a Smell

An inquisitive scientist has experimented to determine the time necessary for the transmission of an impression on the senses, from the instant of contact to the point of time that it is recognized by the individual. The smelling time ranged for several substances tried from thirty-seven hundredths of a second for ammonia to sixty-seven hun-

dredths for carbolic acid. The aroma of musk was too quick in its trip for the subtle investigator to determine its limit. The sensations of touch, sight, and hearing are more rapid than smelling in their transmission to the brain.

The Baby's Cry

A good deal is to be learned by attentively listening to the varied character of an infant's cries. A mother that is constantly within hearing of her offspring can judge very closely of what is disturbing it by this means. Thus, she will come to recognize a whining, miserable cry as indicating discomfort from cold. There is also the cry of hunger, the single, sharp, loud cry of inflammation of the brain, the smothered cry of inflammatory lung affections and the tearless cry of anger. Infants, by the way, shed no tears until the age of three or four months. In children past this age who are suffering with acute sickness, no tears are secreted in many cases. At such times if tears are shed, it is a good indication, and their absence is held to be of unfavorable significance. This point is worth remembering, although mothers need not be frightened if no tears are shed when the sick baby cries — as stated above, he may be only angry.

CHAPTER VIII

A Funny Love Song

Press me closer, all mine own,
 Warms my heart for thee alone.
 Every responsive thrill,
 And each caress my being fill;
 Rest and peace in vain I crave,
 In ecstasy I live, thy slave;
 Dower'd with hope, with promise blest,
 Thou dost reign upon my breast;
 Closer still, for I am thine,
 Burns my heart, for thou art mine;
 Thou the message, I the wire,
 I the furnace, thou the fire;
 I the servant, thou the master—
 Roaring, hed-hot mustard plaster.

—Burdette.

As to Cremation

An important, though not cheerful subject, is that relating to the disposal of the dead. Cremation has gained in popular favor of late, and so far as it prevents the contamination of the soil and atmosphere by the process of decomposition, it is a sanitary measure. Not a few, however, naturally recoil from the idea of having themselves or relatives reduced to a handful of ashes in a fiery furnace, the residue being scattered as small dust in the streets, on house tops and on the sea.

Cemeteries

Cemeteries located at reasonable distances from habitations are innocuous, provided their soil is rich and dry. These are the conditions which insure speedy and odorless disappearance of the soft parts of the body. This may be proven by covering any small dead animal with a shovelful of dry earth. The microbes which are abundantly found in the soil are the means by which animal tissues are disposed of, and they thrive best in fertile earth, but if the ground is not dry their influence is to generate putrefaction. (It is denied that worms can exist at the depth of a grave.) In China a very considerable portion of the country is taken up with cemeteries, which would seem to be a threatening of pestilential visitation, but it should be remembered that burial places, with the exception of recent interments, are simply fields of earth. Poor humanity for the most part, I think, desires a definite prospective resting place for its physical body, and the mourner loves to visit the plot where objects of affection have been handed into the embrace of mother earth, to erect with a devotion pathetic to behold costly and beautiful memorials thereon, and to strew the fragrant emblems of the Creator's tenderness upon the sepulchers of the absent.

Ventilation Again

In a previous article I said that ventilation through distributed and many small apertures was the method to be preferred for assembly rooms. Thus, the very process of combustion of fuel in winter in the effort to be comfortable is a means of considerable ventilation in dwellings. The

hot air of a room is then strongly pushed by the outside atmosphere through every minute chink and cranny, and ventilation to some extent is brought about. The drafts of stoves and fireplaces carry off large amounts of air from rooms, which escape of course must be made up by fresh supplies from the outside. Heating by stoves or furnaces, particularly the latter, has the effect to deprive the air of a sufficient quantity of moisture. This can be remedied in the case of stoves by evaporating water upon them. The inhalation of very dry air absorbs the mucous from the lungs, leaving them exposed to the cold air when going out, thus causing trouble in those organs. Steam heating is to be preferred so far as it does not have so great drying effect upon the air of rooms.

Fresh Water English

Fweddy—Gwacious! Heah's a papah that says London's got the cholewa.

Hahwy—Heavens! Let's send the waitah down for some gween peaches and cucumbers.

Atmospheric Circulation

It is well for the race that a circulation of the air has by nature been provided for all over the earth. Otherwise life could not exist upon the globe. As it is, the air in contact with the earth becoming warmed, ascends and air from above takes its place. The difference in the temperatures of the sea and land, and of different portions of the earth's surface, gives rise to winds which refresh the atmosphere and carry off the seeds of pestilence.

Man Mostly Water

Three-fourths of the weight of the body in health is water. This fluid, like air, is so free that we do not estimate it at its full value. Only think of it, our judges, and presidents, and orators, are principally water. It is a somewhat humiliating thought. Of the blood and other fluids of the body, water forms almost the total volume. It is estimated that two pints of water are eliminated daily from the skin, two by the kidneys and one and a half by the lungs, making five and a half pints which leaves the

body in twenty-four hours. An insufficiency of water in the body causes dryness of the skin, constipation, indigestion and defective secretion and circulation. It will be noticed that fat people drink much and spare persons but little water, going to show that bodily weight depends upon the amount of water imbibed. Said a man just recovered from sickness: "I lay six weeks in the hospital speechless with fever, and not a word could I utter but water, water, water."

Consumption From Cattle

That consumption can be communicated from one person to another admits of no doubt, neither can it be denied that fowls have been given the disease through the sputa of consumptives, nor that swine have contracted it from the milk of cows whose udders were thus affected. Though it has not been proven that a person may derive consumption from drinking the milk of consumptive cows affected in other parts than the udder, health boards have forbidden the sale of milk from such cows. Whether the flesh of these consumptive animals, or eggs of hens having the trouble will, when eaten, give rise to it has not been shown. There would seem to be danger of it. The reason that Hebrews are so rarely affected with consumption may be attributed to the care which they exercise to eliminate all flesh from their diet which does not come from animals having sound lungs. The practice of inbreeding cattle and of cramming them with unwholesome foods in order to increase the flow of milk is calculated to favor the development of consumption. It should be seen to by health authorities that cows whose milk is offered for sale have well ventilated stables, clean food and pure water. Consumptive animals should be killed and their bodies disposed of in a manner to prevent all danger of infection from the carcasses. This is a matter of milk and meat that should receive more attention than it does.

The Ruling Passion

Sick wife—I feel that I am dying, George. But there is only one regret on my mind.

Broken-hearted husband—What is it, darling?

Sick wife—That it isn't some other member of the family. Black is so becoming to me.

Teething

An infant commences to "cut" its teeth at about seven months of age. There are swelling and redness of the gums, saliva flows freely from the mouth, the baby cries, and frets, and chews its fingers or anything that it can find to put into its mouth. Sleep is disturbed and, generally speaking, the little one is very miserable. Unfortunately, this is not all. On account of the great reflex irritation caused, convulsions, eruptions on the skin and bowel complaints are very often induced. Bronchitis, inflammation of the brain, gatherings in the ears and abscesses in the glands of the neck are apt to be associated with teething. Under eight months the food of the child should be wholly milk, and above that age while teething it should form the principal part of the diet. Avoid weaning an infant or altering its diet during the time of teething, but if it must be done, take advantage of one of the periods of rest in the process. Let the baby have a rubber ring or something of that kind to chew, as the pressure on it of the gums seems to relieve the pain and hastens the appearance of the teeth. Lancing the gums is beneficial when convulsions, diarrhoea or much disturbance of the system occur, or the cutting through of the teeth is delayed. Often the lancing, though perhaps not always hastening the advent of the tooth, by loosening the hard and inflamed tissue and permitting the escape of blood, relieves pain and lessens the reflex irritation. Sponging the head with cool water and the body with warm water when there is considerable heat of the surface will be found useful. Everything should be done to fortify the health of the little patient so that he may be the better able to contend with his teeth. See to it that his bowels are kept from getting constipated.

When Temporary Teeth Appear

The dates will of course vary, but the following will be found approximately correct:

Seven months—The two middle front lower teeth.

Seven and a half months—The same on the upper jaw.

Nine months—The two side cutting teeth on upper jaw.

Nine and a half months—The same teeth on the lower jaw.

Twelve or thirteen months—First molar on each side of lower jaw.

Fourteen months—The same teeth on upper jaw.

Sixteenth to twentieth month—The “eye teeth,” two on each jaw. This is the most unkindest cut of all, according to Shakespeare.

Twentieth to thirtieth month, or later—The second molar on each side in both jaws.

Scrofulous children generally commence teething early, and those disposed to rickets, late.

The Medical Student and Imogene

It was night. The light burned low. No car rattled in the stony street. The positive man of the house was locked in the embrace of sleep. His bedroom door had been locked by his daughter, fair Imogene. The watch dog had ceased to bay beyond the Tiber. He slept in his kennel. He had been given an opiate by the medical student, fair Imogene's admirer. The coast was clear. “Now or never,” said the infatuated med as he took an armful of the image. “Fair one,” he broke forth, “no longer can I conceal from you the affection which wells in my heart, or more correctly in my brain, for the heart is merely a muscular affair which can do no thinking—how absurd to attribute intelligence to the heart — my growing admiration can hardly have escaped your notice, and now I am going to make a formal ———” Just then the armful creaked, creaked, creaked. He paused. “Ah ha,” he meditated, “here is something pathognomonic.” Again the creak, creak, creak. He continued: “I am going to make a formal—formal—ahem—you know—that is, a formal request that you will not take it seriously.” He went home and got out his medical books. Yes, it was as he feared; her costal extremities were wearing into the diaphragm. It was a gone case. Narrow escape. He was wrong. She had on a new corset. Eligible females will do well to take note of this tolerably true story. So

much competition exists in the matrimonial market that one has to look out for every little thing.

The Sixth Sense

This is also called the muscular sense. It is that knowledge which the mind has of the position of any part of the body governed by voluntary muscles. By voluntary muscles are meant those which act in obedience to the will, like those of the limbs. Involuntary muscles are such as do their work independently of thought—like the muscles of respiration and those of the heart. The marvelous capacity of the sixth sense may be illustrated in the case of a man standing upright with his eyes closed. What keeps him from falling? Many muscles are called into play and must all have a certain tension in order to maintain the body in an erect attitude. Yet the mind without the aid of the eyes takes cognizance of the position, and at one and the same time judges the exact amount of contraction that is needed in the many different muscles.

More About the Eye

The eye is protected from external injury by the projecting bones around it. The brow acts as a strong guard, taking with the cheek bones and the nose the force of falls on the face. The socket of the eye is shaped like a funnel, the pointed end being behind. It is well cushioned with fat to prevent the jarring which it would otherwise experience, and it minimizes the friction of the constantly moving eyeball. It is hardly to be believed that the skin covers the sight of the eye, but it is a fact. It turns up under the lid, ascends, then is reflected on the eyeball, extends over it to line the other lid, and then goes to the margin to become again the integument. On the inner sides of the lids its formation is adapted to its location, and over the sight of the eye it is perfectly transparent.

Infantile Troubles

Children with inflammation in the abdomen will lie with their knees elevated, so as to relax the exterior parts and thus relieve the pressure and pain.

The pulse of a nursing child is about 132 to the minute. The average between the years of one and five is about 104.

In sleep the rate is lessened by fifteen or twenty pulsations. An infant's pulse is so easily accelerated by one cause and another that it is not to be relied on in diagnosis to nearly the extent that it is in the case of adults.

Children are liable to invasions of fever, which sometimes run to high temperatures, giving rise to alarm. There is pain in the head, loins and limbs. It is called ephemeral fever, from its short duration of two or three days. The fever is not a serious trouble and is quickly recovered from.

Poor Pie

"Do you mean to say you et that pie the woman give ye?" said the tramp to his companion.

"Yep. Ye see my dog was with me, and ef I had throwed it away Rube would a tackled it, sure. He's a mighty good dog, and his health ain't been none of the best lately."

And Poor Bread

All bread and pastry to be readily digestible should be of a consistency not permitting of being rolled in a ball between the fingers. Sodden bread and pastry remains a good while longer in the stomach than it ought to, the reason being that the gastric juice cannot readily penetrate between the particles of the food in the digestive process. Sick headache is often caused by this kind of diet, and permanent indigestion is brought on by it. A man that I know once bought some pie tins with perforated bottoms, which were lauded as preventive of heavy under crusts. He presented them to his wife, never thinking that his tinware was full of raw and unwholesome insult. That lady indifferently remarked that if he would skim his brains with his tin plate he might find a little of the cream of common politeness.

John Abernethy

This was a distinguished English physician and surgeon, born in 1764. He was the first surgeon to tie the carotid and the external iliac arteries, and the success of his daring attempt established for him a wide reputation. Up to the time of Abernethy local affections like skin

diseases were believed to have their cause at the place where they manifested themselves, but in his "Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases" this astute investigator showed that such troubles depended upon constitutional disturbance. Previously, physicians had relied wholly upon locally treating local diseases, but they afterwards adopted Abernethy's theory and prescribed with a view to constitutional effect. With all his skill and erudition this great doctor was ignorant of the simple little fact that molasses catches more flies than vinegar. He was rude with his patients.

Man and Beast

Man has intellect to direct him, yet there are few thoroughly well men. Beasts are guided by instinct, and though often hard-worked and not always well fed, enjoy much more health than their masters. The only way of explaining this is by saying that the brute does not know enough to injure his physical nature. Mark the perfect health and overflowing spirit of the song bird. He couldn't sing so well with his head full of politics. Behold the horse, how in the majesty of strength, with towering head and defiant manner he rushes to the hill top and snorteth thereon. His breath smells of grass, not of Limburger cheese.

CHAPTER IX

Frightening Death

I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrup and squills,
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
"What are you doing?" my patient cried;
"Frightening Death," I coolly replied.
"You are crazy!" a visitor said,
I flung a bottle at her head.

—Selected.

Scrofula

Scrofula, king's evil and struma are synonymous terms and indicate a condition characterized by enlargement and suppuration of the glands of the neck, inflammation in joints, sore eyes, catarrh, discharges from the ears, and a variety of skin diseases. Strumous children are apt to have large heads, light-colored hair, plump though unhealthy complexioned faces, thick lips, "chicken" breasts, and protruding stomachs. Physicians are able to detect scrofulous persons at a glance. It is an hereditary taint and bears some relationship to consumption. The causes which predispose to the development of the disease are insufficient or improperly prepared food, vitiated atmosphere, deprivation of exercise and recreation, and deficiency of light. The trouble is, for the most part, one of childhood.

A Marriage Question

The swain and the damsel should look the ground over before entering into the long road of married life. This is the teaching of the above paragraph. Lunacy, consumption and scrofula are notable proofs of the fact that disease may be transmitted from parent to child, and there are others which might be named. Those contemplating marriage will act wisely to avoid much threatened misery by examining into the lineage of the one admired. John may be handsome and agreeable and have the taint of death in his veins; Mary may be simply divine, while the germs of distemper lurk in her bones. A man when he looks at a horse with a view to purchase, examines the length of the teeth, hunts for sprains, splints and ring-bones, and inquires sharply into the steed's family tree. Good fruit comes not from common trees. Northern spies and Baldwins don't grow on cider apple or crab apple timber. Consequently John and Mary, if they have made a contract, had better talk the matter all over and if they are both pretty effectually tainted they ought to remain merely friends. If only one is affected, however, they might chance it.

The Doctor Felt Better

Time, 5 a. m.; raining hard. Mud deep. Loud, imperious and persistent ringing of door bell.

Messenger (from four miles in the country)—Grandma Jones was took worse about two hours ago and—

Doctor (with asperity)—Great Caesar.

Messenger (continuing)—And died easy soon after, so you needn't come any more.

Doctor (cheerfully)—Great Caesar; what a pity.

Hip-joint Disease

This is a formidable and common manifestation of scrofula. It is met most frequently among the poor, and is more common in the city than in the country. These facts prove the value of wholesome surroundings and of generous living. It is not always easy to determine the immediate cause of hip-joint disease. It is often brought on by falls, blows, jumping, or from colds following a drenching. The earliest symptoms of the trouble are pain, stiffness and lameness in the leg, followed by severe pain on the inside of the knee. The pain in the knee is explained by the fact that the same nerve is distributed to the hip-joint and the knee. The child will often be found to flinch when firm pressure is made about the seat of the trouble and will experience great pain if, when the leg is straight, it be forcibly and suddenly pushed upward. The child will have chilly sensations and fever as a result of the inflammation going on in the joint. The disease occurs in the majority of cases between the ages of two and ten years. Comparatively few cases are seen after the age of fourteen years. If hip-joint disease is recognized and treatment commenced before the inflammation has advanced further than is indicated by the above stated symptoms, the prospect of a cure without lameness is excellent. Should the inflammation, however, be allowed to go on and invade the tissues and bones about the joint, leading to the formation of matter and dead bone, a fatal termination is sometimes the result.

Treatment of Hip-joint Disease

The three principles which govern the treatment of the

disease are rest to the joint, and removal of the pressure there, and an improvement of the general health. A horizontal position for a period of several weeks, assisted with proper appliances to the limb, is the way of following out the first two indications. Codliver oil, tonics, and alteratives, together with light, fresh air, a generous diet, and cheerful surroundings and attendance, will do much to build up the constitution. Extension by means of weight and pulley is much employed to prevent the irritation caused by the pressure of the head of the thigh bone into the socket. The cord is attached by means of adhesive plaster to the ankle and lower leg. Effective contrivances made of iron and leather may be obtained which, strapped to the leg and hip, permit the child to walk about without any pressure being made upon the diseased joint. Many children wear these ingenious appliances after the acute period of the disease has been passed.

My First Case

It was a child with a swelling in the neck under the ear. I pronounced it an abscess and told the mother she might look out for the discharge of matter. She seemed satisfied with the diagnosis and remarked that she had thought it might be the mumps. I hadn't thought of mumps before, and a sickening sensation seized me as I anticipated my feelings should I get fooled with a thing so simple as the mumps. But I put on a bold front and a linseed poultice, and waited weary days for matter. It was cruel, but I longed for matter as a slave longs for liberty, and when at last I beheld the purulent product ooze from an ugly looking orifice, I was glad that the little sufferer's distress was over. It was an inflammation of one of the lymphatic glands of the neck. Mumps, which is an inflammation of the salivary parotid glands which discharge into the mouth, sometimes eventuates in suppuration, but not often.

The Hinges of the Body

The joints of the bones are nearer to perfection than any mechanism of the kind ever contrived by human ingenuity. They do not wear out, are as near frictionless as it is possible for them to be, and are self-lubricating.

It will be noticed in looking at the skeleton that the bones are enlarged at their ends. This is to provide for greater security for the joint. But this increase in size is accomplished without any addition of weight by making the interior porous, the exterior only being composed of dense bone tissue. The sockets and heads of bones forming joints are covered with cartilage which, being elastic and having a glassy surface, is well adapted to minimize friction. To further improve the joints a thin membrane is provided, which, lining them, manufactures a lubricating substance facilitating easy motion and preventing loss by wear. The hardest steel, from friction in machinery, will wear away, no matter how thoroughly it is kept oiled, but the joints of the body remain whole and supple after many years of manual toil. The joints are held in place by means of ligaments, short and tough bands of tissue which are attached from one bone to the other in such a way as to not interfere with mobility. The hip-joint in addition has a round ligament extending from the socket to the head of the thigh bone.

William Harvey

This English physician immortalized himself by the discovery of the circulation of the blood. He was born in 1578. In 1619, while lecturing on anatomy and surgery in London, he demonstrated the truth which has made his name familiar to medical men in every subsequent generation. He was, during his lifetime, royal physician to James I and Charles I, and often made dissections with the king looking on. Harvey underwent the opposition generally experienced by advanced thinkers, but before his death he had the satisfaction of receiving for his discovery a verdict of endorsement from anatomists of all lands. He was a modest and forbearing man.

He Saved His Scalp

"See here," said an angry citizen to a quack doctor, "that 'wonderful discovery' of yours for preserving the scalp is a fraud."

"Why so?"

"Look at that," he went on, removing his hat, "since using it I have lost all my hair."

“Oh, it doesn’t pretend to preserve the hair,” replied the doctor, “only the scalp. You’re got your scalp left. You musn’t expect too much of medical science.”

The Muscles of the Eyeball

The eyeball is placed in any desired position by means of six muscles which spring from the apex of the funnel-shaped socket and which are attached to the surface of the globe of the eye midway between the front and back of the organ. By the contraction of the one fastened to the upper side the eye is rolled upward. The action of the one located underneath is to direct the eye downward. Those at the sides to turn the eye in and out. In order that a perfect adaptability may be profited by, two muscles, one above and one below, cause rotation on the axis. These muscles have great precision and rapidity of adaption, something wonderful to think of when it is remembered that frequently three are required to act in concert in order to direct the eye in a desired direction.

Foods in Fevers and Inflammations

In these conditions the appetite is poor or wholly wanting, and digestion feeble. Foods that are liquid or of a consistency not to necessitate much mastication are more easily administered to patients. Chewing food is a disgusting process for a sick person. Besides, liquid or semi-solid nourishment is more readily digested, which is another point in its favor. Beef tea, milk and eggs are the foods to be relied on in fevers and inflammations, and the patient should be encouraged to partake of them in reasonable quantities, whether or not he relishes the same. The foods should be given alternately and at regular intervals. Unless food is given at stated hours, like medicine, the matter will be apt to be too long neglected. The policy to be pursued in feeding the sick is the giving of small quantities of nourishment frequently. Milk containing one-fourth lime water will be found useful when food causes sickness or pain in the stomach. Animal broths of any kind may be substituted for beef tea, as preferred by the patient.

Inunction of Cod Liver Oil

This is a highly valuable expedient, especially in the case of children when from any cause a sufficiency of nourishment is not taken by the mouth. The oil is to be rubbed into the skin with the hand and preferably in the flexures of the joints where the skin, from its loose consistency, more rapidly absorbs the nourishment. Lives have been saved by this simple process. I have seen children anointed all over every six hours with codliver oil with good sustaining results. Of course, the pure oil should be used for this purpose, and not emulsions. Emaciated persons may profitably practice inunction with the oil to the increase of weight.

Pay Your Doctor

It is proverbial that the doctor's bill is the last to be paid. People take advantage of the reluctance with which many physicians press the collection of a bill from those with whom they are intimately associated, and postpone, often to the doctor's financial embarrassment, the payment of his just dues. One of the most unpleasant things in the life of a medical practitioner is to send out bills. The effect upon physicians of mingling constantly in scenes of sickness, death and grief is to soften, clarify and elevate the nature, but such characteristics receive a severe chill when one is compelled to buffet with his patients for his stipend. It should be remembered that the medical profession is a waiting one. The great majority of doctors are too modest to resort to the ordinary methods of attracting trade. One thing admits of no denial—physicians instinctively extend the best service to the best paying families. It is not, however, the prompt and entire paying of a bill only that pleases them, it is the exhibition of a desire to do at least something toward liquidation.

Croup

At the upper end of the wind pipe is the larynx, in which a slit-like opening is all the space allowed for the ingress and egress of air. Croup is caused by the swelling of the membrane lining this part, or the growth upon it of another, by which the narrow opening is partially or wholly

closed. The worst form of the affection is membranous croup, so called from the fact that a growth occurs in such cases over the lining of the larynx. Membranous croup is, in the great majority of cases, a fatal malady. Lives are sometimes saved by making an opening into the air passage below the constricted point and inserting a tube through which respiration is carried on. Membranous croup is often associated with diphtheria, the membrane which appears in that disease in the throat extending into the larynx. It occurs most frequently between the ages of two and seven years and is insidious in its development. Beginning with cough and hoarseness, it is generally thought to be simply a cold. After a few days a difficulty of respiration is discovered. Paroxysms of hard breathing occur, the result of spasm in the affected part. Respiration becomes more and more difficult until either suffocation ensues or the obstructing growth loosens and is expectorated. Even then, another may form in its place. The inhalation of the vapor from lime slacking in water is very beneficial in membranous croup, as the steam is soothing and lime is astringent and has the power of dissolving the membrane causing the mischief. The lime and water having been put in a vessel and a piece of muslin tied over the top to prevent the escape of fluid in the process of boiling, a blanket is placed over the patient's head and the steam is generated underneath. The treatment may be repeated several times a day. Membranous croup, however, is something that should be under the personal supervision of a physician.

The Druggist Made Three Cents

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up sort of a manner)—The price is seventy-five cents.

Deaf customer—Five cents? Here it is.

Druggist (in a louder voice)—Seventy-five cents, please.

Deaf customer—Well, there's your five cents.

Druggist (in a very loud voice and very firm manner)—I said seventy-five cents.

Deaf customer (getting angry)—Well, what more do you want? I just gave you five cents.

Druggist (sotto voce)—Well, go to thunder with your medicine; I made three cents anyway.

The Advantages of Sickness

Sickness has a chastening effect upon the patient and those who attend him. A person who has been through an illness arises from his sick bed and goes into the world with a lessened opinion of himself and a higher idea of others. He has been taught a practical lesson of his weakness, and his thoughts have been imperatively led in the direction of eternity, which doesn't appear so far off as formerly. He has a tenderer heart and looks with more charity upon the opinions and failings of others. Those who have ministered to his sufferings have profited by the improved condition of soul which comes of doing good to others. Indeed, the mere observation of physical misery is refining. One of the most beautiful sights this world affords is that of a mother with uncomplaining zeal watching hour by hour, day by day, and night by night, over the feverish couch of her child. It is then that the grace of the angel glows in her face, as with great fortitude she bends every energy to baffle the terrible enemy which seeks to carry away her offspring. Thus have I seen the sick room transformed by woman's devotion into the very gate of heaven.

CATHARINE

A happier day for Millard Price ne'er dawned
Than when his pretty, animated bride,
With sportive converse of his awkwardness,
With furnishings prepared that preacher's house.
He was but little used to household ways;
An orphan in his childhood, he had climbed
In weary years of painful toil to his
Degree, 'till then the gray was on his brow.
That night on bended knee from the new home,
Invoking blessings, prayer went up to God,
And Millard, rising, took his wife's soft hand
In both his own and said: "Our house is plain
In all but garnishments of love and hope,
Without the which the palaces of wealth
Are but an echoing mockery of joy.
Like mariner inquired, long tossed
Upon the raging sea, arrived in port,
This dwelling is a haven, thou, dear wife,
My pilot from the eddying floods of life."

Among the hills, where in its northern course
The narrowed Hudson mirror-faced reflects
In summer time the leafy shore, or torn
By stony teeth reproves the gnashing rock,
The preacher came to break the bread of life.
His people all were brawny husbandmen,
And spacious meadows stretched about the church
And dwelling of the minister hard by.
The house well ordered, many leisure hours
In rambling spent the pair among the fields,
Admiring hill and dale in vestments bright
Of spring. One day they sat upon the hill
West of their home, and gazed where widely stretched
The vast and varied acreage where ran
The sparkling river southerly to sea.
The wife, reared in the city and unused
Expansiveness of scene to view, exclaimed
Upon the emerald beauty spread below,
"How kind to us the hand of Providence,"
Said she, "to lead us to these sheltered fields;
Here in the smiles of Nature and of friends,
'Twere happy we could basking e'er remain."
Said Millard: "Catharine, when winter's death
Shall seize this scene and wrap it in a shroud
Of snow, 'twill try you then to be content,
And pine not for diversions of the town.
The birds instinctive fly to warmer climes
In autumn-time, but man must needs endure.

So roseate hours of happiness are oft
Befouled with dismal clouds, and chilling blasts
Destroy our hopes, that we may covet Heaven.
The tender cord of mind, too much relaxed
In enervating warmth of gladness may,
When chilling atmosphere of trial comes,
And 'tis petitioned to make melody,
With jarring dissonance then fly in twain."

There came another spring, and in her arms,
Besides of flowers, and birds of song, a babe,
A little queen, to Millard's home. Her sway
Imperious was willingly obeyed,
For in her dimpled hand, invisible,
Was sceptered love, and on her baby brow
Parental pride a jewelled crown beheld.
The child was Catharine named by Millard, "For,"
Said he, with bow gallant, "it honors both";
And promising to radiant beauty bloom,
The babe, e'er basking in affection's sun,
Delighted with expectancy the home.
Solicitous of welfare of their hope,
When illnesses of trifling import fell
Upon her, apprehension, born of love
Instinctive, conjured gravest malady,
And Catharine and Millard feverish watched
Until their idol smiled again in health.
So, shedding peace, time fled on tireless wings
Above the preacher's home, till twenty years
Had lapsed and left no sorrow 'neath his roof.

One calm and tender evening time of May
The three were sitting in the porch, as was
Their wont when prayer was said and praises sung,
When Millard, roused from reverie, thus said
To Catharine: "'Tis twenty years since we
Erected here an altar and our home,
And now as I contemplate blessings which
Those years abundantly have borne to me,
My heart is full of thankfulness to God,
The giver of each good and perfect gift.
Anxieties and disappointments, which
Have waved the placid current of my life,
Have but contributed to purify,
And lend by contrast added beauty, where
Might generate monotony of joy.
Solicitude I've courted for the close
Environment that hedges you about,
My wife and child. I would it were not so,
But that in paths of life more graced with all
Congenial to your hearts, you might have walked."
Then Catharine arose and threw her arms
About her husband's neck, and Catharine,
His daughter, kneeling quickly, grasped his hand;
No word was said, but Millard understood
That he to them was more than all the world.

But keen parental eyes observed with tears,
Disguised uneasiness that stirred the girl.
Her studies now accomplished, to the town,
A mile away, where she had walked and sung
To school along the country road, across
The river bridge, she seldom found her way;
For Catharine made intimates of none,
And little cared to mingle sportive in
The merriment of her companions there.
The rural scenes were losing fast their charm,
And that vague longing which the soul doth know
Was hers, when, flown the breast of earth, it roams
In weariness until it finds relief,
And rests upon the bosom of our God.
Till then it grasps as drowning men for straws,
And laying not a hold on line thrown out
Of Christ, will perish in relentless flood.
So when to strength revive for office toil,
Young Howard Payne, from stifling city heat
Came to his uncle's near the preacher's house
For entertainment, Catharine and he
Soon came to know and please each other well.
The bloom again came to the maiden's cheek,
The sparkle to her eyes, and cheer once more
Embellished what had been a wearied face;
And Howard came to worship what to him
Was perfect grace, and revelled in her smiles.
Till foliage blushed from Autumn's frosty kiss,
He lingered, having not the power to break
The spell that bound him there with golden chains.
At length a summons peremptory came,
And longer could he not indulgence hope
From his employer, now impatient grown;
But ere departing from Elysium,
As seemed to him the fields where Catharine dwelt,
He eloquently sued in simple words
Of earnest pleading of impassioned soul,
That she would crown his life with fullest joy,
And walk with him adown the lane of life.
And Catharine assented modestly,
While in her heart there welled the deep and strong
Affection born of simple, trusting soul.

'Twas Christmas day when Catharine, a bride,
Embraced her father and wept bitterly;
Remembrance, with one agonizing thought,
Portrayed endearments of her childhood's home
With such distinctness, that she fain would stay.
And then her mother took the trembling form
Within her arms, and forcing back her sohs,
Encouragement essayed, "Go forth, my child,
Upon the track of life," said she, "with trust
And hope in Him who never disappoints.

Anticipate not too much cheer, but be,
Instead, prepared to climb the rugged hills
Of care, to stem the rushing tide of grief,
To walk upon the uneventful sands
Monotony with patient fortitude;
Celestial peace will then abide with you,
And, springing fresh where other eyes see naught
But barrenness, will bloom perennial
The fairest flowers, and verdure cool and green."

The gayety and quickly shifting scenes
Of life in town were charming to the bride,
Who soberness of former days forgot,
Intoxicated with delight became,
And hardly observation took that prayer
The husband offered not in evening hour,
Nor missed she pious words her parents spoke.
So lived the pair and loved each other well,
Though time somewhat effaced the beauty of
Affection seen at first, and cares began
Corrosive to deface their happiness;
And Catharine wept when discovery
Had made that debt was hanging like a pall
Above them, and no wherewithal to pay;
For Howard had to please her been unwise,
And purchases extravagant had made.
The duns of creditors, his nature proud,
To him were poisoned darts, inflaming all
His soul to misery, which to assuage
He courted wine's insidious relief.
Said Catharine: "Come, let us fly this place,
And seek far hence to isolate ourselves
From scorn and shame, and then commence again."
But Howard hoped to reparation make,
To climb above the miry soil of debt,
And stand respected 'mong his fellow-men;
Which easily he might have done had not
The cup controlled him to so great extent,
That he, infatuated with its charm,
Till early morn 'mid revelry would stay,
And then returning fill his home with gloom.

When came a little son, and Catharine
Lay on her couch in pallid helplessness,
The conscience then of Howard smote him hard,
And falling 'cross her bed, with tearful groans
Betrayed the anguish of a noble soul.
And Catharine to comfort him essayed;
Then audibly appealed to God that He
Would courage give her husband to forego
His vice and be again a sober man.
'Twas then that Howard felt a mighty tide
Of grief upon his heart, and standing forth
And looking on his wife, he cried: "A wretch
Am I, deserving punishment more dire

Than murderer whom law doth execute;
 Yet am I free to live and practise guilt
 Upon my family, indicting on
 My wife a living, lingering, painful death,
 And on myself an everlasting woe.
 Still do our laws encouragement extend
 To such as I to make a wreck of life,
 And proffer to an appetite diseased
 The tempting bowl that curses while it smiles.
 Far in the virgin West we'll make our home,
 Where, rid of burning shame and cold despair,
 Aloof from snare of foul companionship,
 We'll hope that God will smile on us again,
 And lend me strength to be once more a man."

But Catharine made slow recovery,
 And not until a year elapsed did she
 To partial health attain, and would have died
 Had not the husband's sober ministry
 Inspired with hope her well-nigh fainting heart.
 As day approached when she should journey make,
 Uncertain was her step, and she resolved
 To leave behind her first-born boy a waif
 Upon her father's porch. Said she: "No doubt
 Some day to better fortune we'll arrive,
 And then we'll claim our son and bring him home."
 So standing in the summer moonlit night
 Within the old familiar place, they kissed
 The boy ere leaving him asleep, and wept
 Each other's arms within, to part with him.
 When lingered Catharine, and would have borne
 The child away, said Howard: "He will cheer
 The old folks' loneliness, and better care
 And bringing up experience than we
 Could give if I should fall again by drink.
 Be well assured they'll keep the boy till, as
 You pray, you rightful ownership shall prove."

In distant western home did Catharine
 Most anxiously await the coming of
 A letter telling fortune of her child.
 'Twas long delayed, and faint and trembling much
 She read, in message from her mother's hand,
 Delineation graphically drawn
 Of foundling come to them and dwelling on
 His beauty, but not till the lengthened tale
 Was told did statement come that they would make
 The child their own, when Catharine, so wrought
 By hope and fear, hysterical became,
 And laughed and cried in nervous ecstasy.
 In words whose earnestness was warm and strong,
 She wrote the guardians of her boy, to watch
 And care for him as if their own. "I judge,"
 Said she, "he comes of honest blood, and yet
 May prove a useful man." And then she drew

A picture of herself, their child a waif
Upon the mercy of the world, and said:
"What blessings would you call upon the heads
Of those who would protect and cherish her."
And ever she occasion took to ask
Of how the child progressed, disguising well
'Twas more than curiosity that wrote.
"How sympathetic is our daughter," said
The minister, "while son and sire her own
Engross her heart, 'tis wonder she does spare
So much concern for this pood drifted child."
And Catharine made answer: "Though the boy
Had naught to him commend save lineaments
Reminding me of what our daughter was,
He'd treatment have befitting royal guest.
'Tis meet, so would it seem, that she should take
So kindly interest in her mirrored self."

The courtly manner and intelligence
Of Howard found him profitable place,
And all the city, young and old, knew him,
Admired his handsome face, and easy grace
Of winning words he spoke to every man.
Again did cheerfulness light up the face
Of Catharine, and hope once more revived;
She only suffered when detection made
That he had tampered with the deadly drink,
When she would plead so tearfully and well,
That making giant-like endeavor, he
Would 'scape from falling deep in drunkenness.

So walking ever on a frightful brink,
And often caught when toppling toward the pit,
By love of wife, and child, and home, and dread
Of making name unworthy of his son
Abroad, whom ever he had hope to claim,
Monotonously crawled the years away;
And penury stood always in the way
Of bringing home the child, though Catharine
Was sure 'twas better letting him remain,
In pure refining atmosphere, where most
Of happy memories were centered now;
For she perceived her husband slipping down
The steepening grade of vice, and knew 'twould be
But little time ere he would fall a wreck.

It came at last that Howard lay upon
His bed in helplessness, and saw his wife
And child deprived of food and decent dress,
And dwelt in bitterness upon the thought.
What poignant anguish racked his spirit when
He knew, though Catharine did well conceal,
That they were all supplied by charity.
"'Tis well I go," said he, "for but a blot
And burden am I on my family."

May God forgive, I would it had not been."
One day he said to Catharine to sit
Near him a time, and then he told her of
His fear to meet his God, to whom he felt
He soon must go. With joy the wife essayed
To put his faith upon the Saviour of
The world; but all her words and readings from
The sacred Book for many days were vain,
Till reading of the laborer who fared
As well as others, though eleventh hour
Engaged, his gloom somewhat fell off, and from
That moment more and more did happiness
Abide with him; and though the hand of death
Was ruthless seen by him and all to grasp
His frame, there was contentment more within
The home than had been known in many years,
And ever when the harrowing thoughts would come
To Howard, then he'd have his wife read to
Him of the husbandman, and smile again.

One still and moonlight night in June, 'twas plain
The sick man had but little time to stay,
And Catharine was sitting by his side.
Their little boy slept sweetly in his cot,
The shaded lamp shed softened light around,
The curtains gently wafted in and out
Upon the atmosphere that bore the breath
Of roses — all a promise to the wife
The dying man would waken into peace.
The night wore on and frequently would he
Arouse and ask the time, and once he said:
"I trust before the eleventh hour is spent
That God will to His service call His child."
And then he slept and only once more asked,
And being told, he smiled, and passed away.
The little clock upon the mantel marked
Eleventh hour, and sweet and solemn came
In benison the voice of steepled bell.

The wife, surveying bitter years of grief,
Felt slipping off the heavy chains of pride,
And gazing on her husband's pallid face,
She consecrated voice, and pen, and life,
Against the demon drink, that ruined him;
And trusted happily she from sin and woe
Might guide some soul to path of soberness.
She sought the editor and bade him write
Most freely of her darkened hitsory;
And he, a man abhorring wine, proclaimed
The cold and barren facts, and then arraigned
In burning words the hellish traffic that
Did dwarf, devour, and curse the souls of men.
Thus said she to the preacher earnestly:
"To those who come to Howard's funeral,
I'd have you tell the story of our lives,

Since twenty years ago we two were wed.
How sang and sparkled then the stream of life!
E'en when the muddy tide of debt obscured
The crystal purity, the song was heard;
But since the day that wine took hold on him,
Our lives have flowed in bitterness, and e'er
Have lamentations 'stead of songs been heard.
So say to those who come to tribute pay
Of love to him who never harbored spite.
Now look upon this child; exhibit him,
And call them all to observation make
Of how he typifies the drunkard's mien.
Oh God! must I this heavy burden take;
To mark the weakened intellect, the gait
Unsteady, maudlin speech, the silly face —
All tongues to tell me of my heart's despair."

And so to crowded church his burial day,
The minister rehearsed of Howard's life,
And told in unaffected style how he
Was victim plain of Liquor's awful power.
Then took he in his arms his broken child,
And pointed out the marks of drink he bore,
Which sight caused tears to flow from stony eyes,
And emphasized the blasting scourge of wine.
Then bold the preacher grew, proclaiming loud
That guilt for miseries like this was theirs,
And at the bar of God they'd answer for,
Unless themselves arrayed against the crime.
'Twas anguish to the widowed woman there,
Yet, from the ashes of her grief, grew stern
Determination, that fruition gave
Of blessed fruit of virtue to the town;
For all the people rose and rested not,
Till from the place, before indignant scourge,
The traffic in the souls of men was chased.
Then Catharine beholding vice destroyed,
Thanksgiving made and better courage took,
Believing she a mighty mission had.
Apostle-like, with neither gold nor scrip,
And with her child to reinforce her words,
She journey took by circumstances led,
And told the tale of all her sufferings.
That audience she never stood before
Which did not bountifully give her aid,
Beholding ruined child, and all her woe.
No lines of verse, no eloquence of prose,
E'er deeper stirred the sympathies of men
Than did this black draped woman and her child.
And so did Prohibition, nurtured well
And watered by her tears, bloom in her path.

The ward of Millard Price became to him
And his good wife as had he been their child.
They watched developments of frame and mind

With keen delight, that garnished o'er their gloom;
 For rumor vaguely told of Catharine,
 That she was fettered to inebriate.
 Her playthings from the dusty loft were brought
 To minister again to restless youth,
 And he was favored with the preacher's name,
 "For," Millard said, "he'll not dishonor it."

The boy had come to age of twelve, and knew
 Not else than that he was the pastor's son,
 Till in the village, angry vicious lad,
 In heated altercation told the truth,
 Insinuating stain was on his name,
 When, summoning his utmost power, he threw
 His cruel enemy upon the ground.
 Remembrance of that moment e'er remained
 As 'twere delineated on his soul;
 The month, the day, the hour, the aspect of
 Surroundings, ever afterward were clear,
 And after many years he'd show the stone
 On which he stood when hearing dreadful news.
 With aching heart he turned his face towards home,
 And hurrying to his mother with his mind
 Well-nigh bereft of sense, he fell upon
 The loyal breast he feared he could not claim.
 'Twas comfort thus to feel himself again
 Safe sheltered in that nest where often he
 Had flown with troubled mind to rest his head;
 But oh! 'twas piercing thorns of doubt he found
 Instead of consolation's tender down.
 "Dear boy," the good wife said, his story heard,
 "The lad maliciously has told you right;
 But let not chilling gloom rest on your youth,
 But rather warmth of our affection choose
 Upon the head of our fine boy to shine,
 And banish every trace of darkened dole;
 Forget this hour, and chase from memory's door
 The brooding presence of ill-favored thought."
 Then kissed the boy his mother that had been,
 And thanked her warmly for her love expressed,
 And said: "My heart is broken quite in twain,
 And naught will it repair but filial love."
 That night he tossed and courted sleep in vain,
 Till at the midnight hour, the house became
 To spirit overwrought an incubus.
 And rising then, he penned a thankful note,
 And creeping thief-like through the house while all
 The memories of happy hours returned,
 He hurried down the path and closed the gate.
 Its well-remembered click was in his ears,
 As he went out upon the stranger world,
 And seemed a knell to all his happiness.

Before a crowded audience — for all
 Had heard the high repute of Catharine Payne —

That noble woman stood proclaiming well
The ruin drink entailed on her and hers.
The preacher's ward was there, and listening,
Entranced became as by a charmer's wand,
And seemed as hearing a familiar voice;
And when divulging more and more her life,
Her aged father, there in quest of him,
Heard of the little child left at the door,
He rose, and stretching forth his arms cried out:
"My child! my child! God pity you, my child!"
And then the boy, recalling all him told,
Rushed to her side and falling on her neck,
Said earnestly: "Oh, mother! you are mine!"
And there before astonished, surging crowd,
The white-haired preacher joined again his own.
Long will remembrance of that hour remain,
For people say 'twas as the voice of God
Had spoken 'gainst the fearful curse of rum.

Still Catharine goes forth o'er all the states,
And tells the simple story of her wrongs.
Prosperity attend her glorious work,
And may the people ever greet her well!

New York Pioneer, Nov. 8, 1889.

FAMOUS WOMEN

At the request of a friend I recently framed a list comprising twenty-five of the world's greatest women, limited to the "greatly good," and, thinking that the subject might be of interest to the general reader, I herewith submit the names, to each of which I have appended such remarks as seemed called for in the individual cases. It is a matter of no little difficulty to make a catalogue of this kind, and it is not encouraging to reflect that after one has devoted much labor to the problem, that others would choose a company radically different. But notwithstanding the diversity of intelligent opinion it can safely be said that the names which follow are those of illustrious women for whose lives and works the world is better and to whom mankind owes a debt of gratitude for which time will not be long enough for it to repay. It will be observed that no Biblical characters appear, the design being to present womanhood living and laboring and loving midst the besetments of our common humanity.

The Greek poetess Sappho (born 612 B. C.), bearing a beacon of lasting fame, is the first woman I propose to introduce. Though a voluminous writer of verse, her works, except one complete short poem and a small collection of fragments, have perished. From these stray but significant bits and the unlimited praise of scholars, she enjoys a shining eminence. She sang of the beauties of nature and appealed to the heart of humanity with exquisite sentiments. In person Sappho was not of that queenly figure which imagination might easily lend her, but was small of frame and dark of complexion.

In the fourth century of our era there lived a Roman lady named Paula, remarkable for piety and philanthropy. A descendant of illustrious families and possessing vast wealth, she devoted herself to religious and charitable works rather than to a life of ease and luxury. With her daughter and a group of young Roman women she ac-

accompanied Jerome, the great Christian scholar and divine, to the Holy Land, where she built at Bethlehem a hospital and several convents. Her name is one of the most highly distinguished in the catalogue of noble women.

St. Bridget, or, as she is frequently called, St. Bride, was a daughter of Ireland and is revered for her gentleness and piety by the Irish people everywhere. Dowered with great beauty, tradition says that in answer to her prayers this attraction was removed, and thus she was better able to carry out her plan for a life of retirement, employed in good works. There still exists an old poem, entitled "St. Bridget's Milking Song," the first stanza of which, translated from the Gaelic, is as follows:

O sweet St. Bride of the
Yellow, yellow hair;
Paul said, and Peter said,
And all the saints alive or dead
Vowed she had the sweetest head,
Bonnie sweet St. Bride of the
Yellow, yellow hair.

In the lowly birth, exalted life and tragic death of Joan of Arc is comprised the most wonderful biography that has ever been recorded of womankind. Of simple, fervent faith, disinterested patriotism, daring impetuous zeal in the van of battle, endowed with sagacity and deep wisdom, this gentle French peasant girl will ever excite the astonishment and admiration of the world. If supernatural gifts have ever been granted since the sealing of the volume of Scripture it was upon the mind and soul of the Maid of Orleans that they were exhibited, leading her to utter profound sayings and to perform marvels in war.

Not all of those who have attained to eminence have done so through activities observed by the public eye; some have become distinguished through their intrinsic worth and merit which they have exercised upon the minds of a limited number of persons. Such a character was Vittoria Colonna (1490-1547), an Italian poet of noble family. Bereaved of her husband, she indited beautiful poems to his memory and wrote others which breathe religious devotion. She enjoyed the acquaintance of the leading men of her country upon whom she exercised the in-

fluence of her high intellectual endowments, and won from Michel Angelo a friendship which stands as the chief element of her fame. Though the artist was of the age of sixty-three years, he became a willing captive before her, depicting her with the genius of his pencil and celebrating her in splendid verse.

That distinguished American woman, Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, though of a more practical mind than was Vittoria Colonna, owes her high repute also to personal affairs and characteristics. In a series of letters, covering a period of nine years, and written from her Massachusetts home to her husband absent in public life, and designed for his perusal alone, may be found the unconscious delineation of a remarkable character, of a woman who was at home and efficient in the kitchen, on the farm or as wife of a president of the United States. A gifted and brilliant woman, endowed with a large measure of common sense, her life should be an inspiration to the young wives of our day.

The life of the English writer, Hannah More, is early marked by a radical change in sentiment and purpose. From a brilliant social career and a promising future as a producer of light literature she resolutely turned away to devote her talents to the higher interests of the people. Many elevating books emanated from her pen, and often employing her later years in philanthropic labors she died crowned with honors in 1833 at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

To Mary Wollstonecraft is in a large measure due the advantages which modern times accord to women, for in her English home she wrote in behalf of her sex, "*A Vindication of the Rights of Women*" (1792), which was the forerunner of a world movement for the emancipation of her sisters. She held that if men advance, women must also rise, and that friendship and not love is the true and abiding bond between man and woman; but in the practical test of her own experience she seems to have given preference to her heart rather than her head in matrimonial affairs.

It is not uncommon for a person to be deluded with the

notion that he has capabilities in a direction for which his friends can easily see he has no special gifts. Such was the English author, Joanna Baillie (1762-1851), who was obsessed with the idea that she had a great dramatic genius, but whose plays, though having decided merits of certain kinds, were never popular on or off the stage, while her fame runs on in such poems as, "To a Child," "the Kitten," etc. She was, however, a woman of splendid worth and of high literary talent, possessing social gifts which she exercised among a wide circle of friends, many of them distinguished. She died with her faculties in their normal condition in the ninetieth year of her age.

In these little sketches I do not wish to be understood as presenting the various characters as without blemish, but as women whose lives have on the whole been eminently helpful to the race. There are those who say uncomplimentary things of Madame De Stael (1766-1817), but nothing can conceal her abilities nor the strength of her devotion to those upon whom she set her affections. Her political views were too liberal and her pen too trenchant to suit the domineering will of Napoleon, who ungallantly suppressed her book and exiled her from her native land. She was a unique, resourceful woman, exhibiting that independence of feminine character which in her day was an innovation, but which has now become common enough, and was thus in her time a pathfinder for her sex.

Philanthropy has few if any greater names among women than that of Elizabeth Fry. It is interesting to note that this great English woman was led into the way of distinguished usefulness through the ministrations of an American Quaker preacher named William Savery. From a practical interest taken in the poor who dwelt within her reach, she extended her labors to prison visitations, and, ever enlarging her sphere, she became familiar with the neglect and cruelty which obtained in houses of detention and prisons, traveling to many parts of Europe in quest of information. She was a woman of clear and forceful understanding, of fluent speech, and her intelligent recommendations for the reform of prison discipline and

management were put in operation generally throughout Europe. She died in the year 1845.

Felicia Hemans, one of England's greatest lyrical poets, was born in Liverpool in 1793 and died in Dublin at the age of forty-one. Her works are not marked by originality, power or profundity, but the melody of her lines, the emotional character of her sentiments and the purity and elevation of her ideas have given her a lasting distinction. The following stanza from her "Elysium" is a beautiful setting forth of her personality as an artist:

For the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls! the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps! till silently they die
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

Many men and women have attained to high places through the persistent employment of but fair capacities. Of such was Harriet Martineau, an English woman born about the beginning of the last century. Of moderate intellectual gifts and hampered from an early age with deafness, she yet became a great and diversified writer; fiction, history, politics, philosophy and other subjects employing her versatile pen. She traveled much, visiting this country in 1834 and taking part in the anti-slavery movement, and on her return to England she published a book giving her impressions of America. A magazine article which she contributed, entitled, "The Martyr Age of the United States," did much to make the English public acquainted with the position assumed here by the opponents of slavery. She lived to an advanced age, a woman of amiable disposition and unspoiled by success.

The character of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was wholly unlike the plodding, methodical bent of the writer whom we have just left; of a spiritual, soaring and intensely emotional mind, she dwelt not so much in her poetical conceptions upon the common earth as among the intangible, vapory visions of a refined and sensitive imagination. Her poems are elevating and purifying in their beautiful grace and tenderness, and the revelation of her

woman's heart of love, as it is given in her "Sonnets From the Portuguese," leads the world in amatory composition. She did not utterly forget the world of struggling and suffering humanity around her, as "The Cry of the (factory) Children" evidences, a poem wonderful in its beauty and pathos. Mrs. Browning was born in Durham, England, in 1809 and died in Florence, Italy, in 1861.

Margaret Fuller (1810-1850) was a literary character of somewhat eccentric but brilliant capacities. In her Massachusetts home she became interested in the transcendental philosophy of Emerson and his friends, passed some of her time at Brook Farm, the headquarters of the cult, and edited its organ, the *Dial*, for two years. She contributed papers of a high order of merit on art and literature to the New York *Tribune*, her acquaintance with the works of leading French, German and Italian authors adapting her to the undertaking. In 1846 she visited Europe and while living in Italy married the Marquis Giovanni Ossoli, but after a happy wedded life of four years, husband, wife and child were lost in the wrecking of their ship when almost within sight of our shores. The following from a letter to Emerson will convey an idea of her style: "I enjoyed the time extremely (in London). I find myself much in my element in European society. It does not indeed come up to my ideal, but so many of the incumbrances are cleared away that used to weary me in America, that I can enjoy a freer play of faculty, and feel, if not like a bird in the air, at least as easy as a fish in the water." Though Margaret Fuller was an egotistical woman with a sharp tongue, she was by no means devoid of affection and sympathy; hers was a gifted, independent mind that loved truth and liberty.

No catalogue of great women would be complete without the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe author of the immortal book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1852). Written in the midst of a mother's multitudinous household duties, rocking the cradle being added sometimes to the exercise of the pen as she wrote down the lines of her story, published as a serial in a despised abolition paper, it won the love and approval of the race, 500,000 copies having been demanded in the

space of ten years. It was translated into the leading languages of the world and enjoyed a universal popularity which it has ever retained. Its phenomenal agency in stirring up in this country a determined opposition to the institution of slavery, precipitating the Civil War which led to emancipation, will ever entitle its author to the reverence of all good men and women everywhere.

There are a number of eminent names among women which owe their distinction to labors in behalf of the rights of their sex, the United States furnishing nearly or quite all of the pioneers in the movement. It is not easy to say which of these should be chosen to stand in our list and so somewhat at a venture I take the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Born at Johnstown, N. Y., in 1815, she in early life became active in her chosen field of endeavor and was the organizer of the first woman's suffrage convention ever held, which convened at Seneca Falls, N. Y., July 18, 1848. From that time forward she devoted her talents to a cause which at first and for many years was of a limited following, decried and ridiculed, but which she lived to see respected generally and a power in the land. She traveled up and down the country giving addresses, published books and pamphlets, and sought in every way to promote the interests of women. Her last book appeared in 1898 and was entitled "Eighty Years and More."

So far it has been to excellencies of the mind and heart of women that attention has been directed, and it is time that due credit be given them for what they have achieved in the sphere of physical initiative, self-sacrifice and heroism. I will consider but one of the many names which might in this connection be cited, namely, Grace Darling. Her home was with her father, a lighthouse keeper on a dangerous group of rocky little islands near the east coast of England and off Northumberland county. They are called the Farne or Fern islands. Before dawn on the morning of September 7, 1838, Grace was awakened by cries of distress coming in from the sea above the roar of the storm, and soon she was able to make out in the dim light of the morning the wreck of a ship, and perceived objects upon it which she believed to be persons. It was the For-

farshire, an English vessel carrying sixty-three souls. So fierce was the wind and so high ran the sea that the keeper hesitated to venture to the rescue, but his daughter, then of the age of twenty-two, being determined to make the attempt alone, the two started on their hazardous undertaking. Through awful perils the nine souls left clinging to the wreck were taken off and brought safely to the light-house, all through the dauntless courage of the girl in the face of danger before which the keeper himself was frightened.

The name of Victoria, late Queen of Great Britain, is introduced among our galaxy of feminine lights not because of her greatness, but for her goodness and excellence as a woman. As a wife and mother she displayed a beautiful devotion; in public affairs she was wise, liberal and humane. While a stickler for court etiquette, she was of a democratic spirit that led her to be interested in, and to sympathize with all classes of society. She had suffered much and thus knew how to feel for those in trouble and bereavement. The Boer war in South Africa was a terrible grief to her sensitive soul as she beheld the best young blood of England going down to the dust. It is believed that anxiety and sorrow from this source hastened her death.

One of the most gifted and useful of American women was Julia Ward Howe, who, rich with honor, at an advanced age not very long since passed to her reward. Born in New York City (1819), she became in her early years an excellent scholar, a belle in fashionable society and altogether of a character different from that which she developed as time passed on. Having married Dr. Samuel G. Howe, an enthusiastic philanthropist who had served in the Greek revolution of 1824 and rendered in it disinterested aid as a physician and surgeon, and who had in other similar enterprises accomplished much, she became as one transformed in mind and purpose. Thereafter she labored assiduously for those things which were for the relief and upbuilding of society. She touched with her fluent pen upon almost every topic which lay within the field of philanthropy, and was prominently associated with many

organizations which were devoted to human relief and uplift. Mrs. Howe was of an impressible nature, and, having seen a body of northern troops marching to "John Brown's Body," the scene and the song so excited her susceptibilities that she could find no rest until she had given expression to her feelings in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a great national lyric which will ever perpetuate her fame.

Jenny Lind, called by her charmed listeners the "Swedish Nightingale," was a woman beloved by all. She not only possessed a voice of marvelously sympathetic power, but she had the physical charm of a "heavenly smile" and a character pure and noble and good. The poor listened in rapture to her songs and were the glad recipients of her practical bounty. From her tour of this country in 1849-1852 she realized \$175,000, all of which she devoted to Swedish philanthropies. I once asked an old gentleman who had heard her when she sang in Castle Garden, New York, if he esteemed her singing indeed great, and his emphatic reply was "My God!" which exclamation, somehow, did not sound profane.

Florence Nightingale, though born and bred in the lap of luxury, devoted her life to the alleviation of physical human suffering. Accomplished, acquainted with the different lands and languages of Europe — she was born in Florence in 1823 — this talented English girl preferred the wards of hospitals to the drawing rooms of wealth and fashion, so that she might minister to those in sickness and pain. From childhood she had been interested in everything connected with her chosen profession, and after having taken a course of instruction in nursing, she went to Constantinople in 1854 as a superintendent of forty-two nurses who accompanied her. The sick and wounded from the Crimea poured in upon the city, and Florence became the leading spirit in providing for and nursing them, exhibiting uncommon efficiency and executive ability. The two years of arduous effort which she gave in this employment, together with hospital fever which she contracted, undermined her health and left her a permanent invalid. Several books devoted to the subject of hospitals and nursing came from her pen. She was beloved by all, par-

ticularly by those under her immediate care. Longfellow celebrates her virtues in his poem, "Santa Filomena," a few stanzas of which I transcribe:

Lo! in the house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Wherever the Red Cross society is known — and that is throughout the civilized world — there the name of Clara Barton (b. 1830) is held in honor. Beginning her philanthropic career in our Civil war, she came as an angel of mercy upon the red fields of that terrible strife, bearing help in her hands. In the war between France and Germany she was present to aid and comfort the sick and wounded, receiving from the grateful German people the decoration of the iron cross. She was the organizer and the first president of the American Red Cross society, and under her administration its field of work was broadened to include not only that of war, but suffering through fire, famine and flood. In many scenes of terror by earthquake, conflagration and visitations generally of loss and death — times when sturdy men were ready to faint in grief and perplexity — this strong and loving soul has appeared, bringing healing in her presence and a renewal of hope. Her sympathy has gone out to the ends of the earth wherever suffering dwells.

Emma C. Willard may well have a place among the world's greatest women, not only for her eminence as having been the mother of higher education for her sex, but from the many excellent books she wrote and for her immortal song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Troy may well be proud that within its limits Emma Willard

conducted her famed seminary and that it still exists, strong, prosperous and with a promising future. She died in that city April 15, 1870.

The last name to bring forward is Elizabeth Stuart (Phelps) Ward, a well-known American author, born in Andover, Mass., in 1844. While not among the profoundest of writers, she is deservedly popular, "The Gates Ajar," besides having had a very great sale at home and abroad, won translation into five languages. She wrote many books, conspicuous among which are the novel, "A Singular Life," and "The Story of Jesus Christ," the latter being unique in its reverent spirit, its simple, lucid style and its absence of conventionalisms. Her books have lent themselves to make a happier people and a better world.

As a closing word I would say that the features of woman's true genius are to be found in the composite picture which may be derived from these sketches. While I am an earnest advocate of full political privilege for women, I believe that their greatest usefulness is in inspirational rather than practical fields. We need them in politics, but greater still do we need them in the spheres in which they are better adapted to shine.

THE RIVER

How often, dear river, through lapse of the years
Have I come to commune with thy amiable tide!
To lose on thy bosom my burdens and tears,
And gain consolation and healing of pride!
For I know that thy flowing shall never accense,
Nor tell me stern rules when I come to thy bower;
But like a fond mother my heart shall infuse
With the depth of thy peace and the wealth of thy power.

When health and hilarity gladden my day,
I visit thy beach as the guest of a friend,
And the shimmering scales of thy fishes at play
And the sport of thy tide midst the pebbles attend.
The birds, as they dip their swift wings in thy stream,
Or sing in the branches their love to declare,
The flowers blooming sweetly — all, all I esteem
As the presence of Pan entertaining me there.

Flow down, pleasant river, flow down to the sea!
The sport of my childhood, the balm of my prime!
With increasing affection I offer to thee
Thy guerdon of praise and my tribute of rhyme.
Flow down, crystal river, thy founts ever filled!
My years, ebbing with thee, shall never be old;
For elixir of youth on thy bank is distilled,
Where Hope bids me drink from her chalice of gold.

ELISHA MULFORD

HIS LIFE AND WORKS

Like many people who prefer foreign travel to visiting first the natural beauties and wonders of their own country, there are not an inconsiderable number who neglect worthy books from the pens of their compatriots for those of a not superior merit produced in other lands. It might also be remarked that not all of old books possessing permanent value have an alien brand, but that many of such are among the works of American authors. Prominent in the list of those writers who have made our literature distinguished stands the name of Elisha Mulford, an author whose influence will intensify and expand through many generations, even until the principles which he advocated shall prevail; for it is in the nature of the truth which they represent to eventually triumph.

The works of Dr. Mulford consist of "The Nation; The Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States," published in 1871, and "The Republic of God: An Institute of Theology," which appeared ten years later, both bearing the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Up to the present time these two remarkable books, pregnant with tremendous intellectual and spiritual power, have not enjoyed that wide perusal which their merits deserve, though not a few of the great minds of the age have done homage to them. Among the admirers of "The Nation" might be mentioned Charles Sumner, President Garfield and Dean Stanley. But notwithstanding that Dr. Mulford's books have not appealed as yet to the masses, they have exercised a profound influence upon many of the most thoughtful minds in the higher walks of life, and thus indirectly have been spread abroad the exalted ideas by which he was animated.

Toward that high mark which, in "The Nation," Dr. Mulford set up for the country, and in "The Republic of God" for the church, there has been some measure of ad-

vance, but his devoutly ambitious propositions must yet seem to many as ideal ones. But it is in this very goal of lofty moral and spiritual altitude of religious and political excellence which he has pointed to that the inspiration and power of these books find their source, so that the desire of the reader is excited to assist in the realization of the author's designs. The teachings of Dr. Mulford are to-day greatly needed for the safety and prosperity of the church and of the state. It cannot be denied that sectarianism and creeds are losing their hold upon the people, that ritualism, as a substitute for Christian faith and practice, is becoming a dead letter, that brotherhoods and other organizations, having for leading principles charity and good will to man, are multiplying. It is maintained that Protestantism has completed its work; has fulfilled its mission and that the time has arrived for the ushering in of a universal church. Says Dr. Newman Smyth in his "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism:" Protestantism has its triumphal arch, and upon it are depicted the victories of hard-fought fields, and the procession of the mighty oppressors of the nations, led captive by it; and the names of the heroes of its faith remain inscribed in perpetual honor upon it. But it is a completed arch. Its crowning achievement is the victory which it has won forever for the spiritual liberty of the individual man." Hence, the author goes on to say, "a new task invites the spirit that is in man."

While the Christian church, having in it a divine element and power of development, has come forward to its present world-wide diffusion and its fruitage of the highest civilizations that the earth has ever beheld, it is as yet but in the beginning of its career of blessing for the universal family of men. It must adapt its forms and methods to the advanced conditions, which itself has been in a large measure instrumental in ushering in, and maintain at the same time its holiness, purity and spirituality upon an ever higher and higher plane. In the marked transitional period in which the church now finds itself, it is impossible to foretell what the results will be; what shape our Christian polity shall eventually assume, and

it is useless to prognosticate concerning it. Church unity would seem to be essential to the realization of an ideal Christian fabric, but it is doubtful if any of the plans suggested for the bringing about of this desirable consummation will succeed. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and it will probably be by slow and unthought of means that He will elevate the church and lead it in an exalted path of which it now has no conception. "The Republic of God" is a prophetic voice calling and leading us into that higher territory of faith, and in its heavenly theology there is no clash and clang of a militant sect, no straining to substantiate in detail an elaborate and peculiar system, but in noble and commanding phraseology is set forth for all men and of every Christian denomination the fundamental doctrines belonging to the Kingdom of God. Before referring to a few particular portions of the work, it is convenient here to give a brief sketch of Dr. Mulford's life.

He was born at Montrose, Pa., Nov. 19, 1833, and was descended from the Puritans of Long Island. Having graduated at Yale in 1855, he became a student of theology at Andover, and later at Heidelberg and Halle, and returning in 1862 became a rector in the Episcopal church. He was married in 1862 to Rachel P. Carmalt of Lakeside, Pa., whose father was a leading member of the Society of Friends, of which church Dr. Mulford was an admirer. Mrs. R. P. Mulford, his widow, is living at Friendsville, Pa., and to her application should be made by those desiring to obtain her husband's books. In 1864 Dr. Mulford retired from the ministry and devoted himself to study and authorship. Having his home on a farm near Montrose, his birthplace, he applied himself to the writing of "The Nation," throwing his whole mind and soul into the work. For several years the burden of the book lay upon him and while absorbed in its mighty topics he would walk abroad in the fields and ponder them in the free air and under the ample sky. Aloof and alone he read what the great philosophers and divines had to communicate, and then fusing their wisdom with his own gifted intellect in the alembic of his high, prophetic soul

he produced the powerful distillation of the book. If ever a work came from the heart and soul it was "The Nation," and besides having been composed with the deepest sincerity and utmost of disinterestedness, so great was the author's anxiety that it should in all respects, even as to literary form, be without notable flaw or blemish that the volume was written out no less than seven times. The book, moreover, was the work of one whose heart had been wrung with the calamities and the sufferings of the Civil war and, indeed, it seems to have been to Dr. Mulford's desire to formulate the true foundation principles derived from the Scriptures upon which the nation might thenceforth peacefully and safely rest that the volume owes its existence. From 1881 to the time of his death on Dec. 9, 1885, he was lecturer on Christian Evidences in the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Mass. Dr. Mulford's grave is appropriately located near those of two great lights of philosophy and literature, Emerson and Hawthorne at Concord, Mass.

Personally and socially Dr. Mulford was a delightful man, of rare amiability and of childlike disposition. He was gifted as a conversationalist and enjoyed to communicate his vast stores of general information, being a most fluent and interesting talker, and having an agreeably modulated voice. As to his reading, he did not confine himself to philosophy, theology and the like, but was an inordinate reader of newspapers, an item in his biography which encourages me to believe that he would not look with disapproval upon my attempt to introduce him favorably to this public. Like all men who think for themselves and are brave to publish their thinking, Dr. Mulford, refusing to be blindly led by the opinions of other men, experienced in some cases their gentlemanly neglect. Such treatment, however, would not weigh heavily upon a mind of wide and charitable capacity like his, given over as it was to noble meditations.

The two books which Dr. Mulford wrote were but the beginning of a literary career which would have produced, had his life been spared, others of note upon sociology, science and other subjects in which he was interested. It

is not surprising that a man so highly endowed should have moved at his death the pen of Whittier. He wrote:

"Unnoted as the setting of a star.
He passed and sect and party scarcely knew."

Though "The Nation," had priority of publication, "The Republic of God" is its introductory or seed book, and the two form one completed whole as to the author's conception of the workings of the Divine Spirit in the spheres of individual thought and life and of political affairs. In selecting the title, "The Republic of God," Dr. Mulford evidently intended a paraphrase upon "The Kingdom of God" and the "Kingdom of Heaven," holding that the term "Kingdom" was employed merely as an accommodation to the prevailing type of government in Biblical times. As to the nature of the Kingdom he says:

"This kingdom has come, and it may be always coming; it is in the realization of righteousness in the life of humanity. It has come, and it is therefore no vacant dream; it is always coming, and it is therefore to be striven for with the energy and the endeavor of men. The signs of the coming of this kingdom are not those that are to be written upon some distant skies that sweep around the earth they never meet. They are the suggestions of the religious imagination. They are the restored life of humanity." * * * "It is in its ethical character to invest the work and the duties of men, in the courses of time, with its own substantive strength."

The author rejects all arguments to prove the being of God which are derived from the natural world, and maintains that the idea of Divinity is inherent in the soul of man: "There are in the works of man other and higher qualities than those which appear in the physical process. The music of the storm, of the sweep of the surges of the ocean, is not so impressive as that of great orchestras. The tree that sways in the wind has no tones to compare with those that are brought out by the viol and the flute. It is the human element that gives to the landscape its deepest attraction."

The keynote of "The Republic of God" is the steady

insistence throughout the book that there is no strict line of demarcation between the spiritual life on this and the other side of the grave, and that Heaven and Hell are realized in the life that now is, and that the dominion of the Kingdom of God is here in this world, having for its end the establishing of love, peace and righteousness throughout the earth. The Old Testament "is intent upon the eternal and infinite presence dwelling in the here and now." "The records of the New Testament have not the assertion of the immortality of the soul, as subsequent to the incident of physical death, primarily for their subject. It is the life of humanity in the Christ that is the evidence of the incorruptible, the immortal life. * * * The revelation that is to come is one with that that now is."

Judgment is not an event to take place in a dimly realized and postponed futurity, but it is "near and at the very door," every good and evil thought or deed being appropriately recompensed immediately. Faith is not a dead, mechanical and merely intellectual exercise of the mind, "but is related to hope and love, and each can imperfectly exist without the other."

It is impossible in a limited space to give any adequate idea of the merits of the book, full as it is of profound thought and abounding in eloquent passages. Although Dr. Mulford was a member of the Episcopal communion, "The Republic of God" has no word in support of the doctrines of that church, but in language which breathes of intelligent sincerity, disinterestedness and power, he places the church which he defines as being "the company of all faithful people," beyond the sphere of sectarian environment. In this connection it might be mentioned that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was never bestowed upon him, though he was eminently deserving of such a distinction, and it is not difficult to assign, in the light of the independent views on religious topics which he expressed, reasons for depriving him of his due honor.

The approach from "The Republic of God" to "The Nation" is easy and natural and, indeed, the latter might with propriety have been constituted a second volume under the former title. The same deep spirit of reverence and

consecration broods over its pages, and the same exalted intellectual atmosphere, devoid of any trace of the commonplace or familiar, characterizes its style. It is a much larger work than "The Republic of God."

One of the leading principles championed in the book is that the nation, as to its being and accountability, is a person. "The nation," the author writes, "has a divine foundation and has for its end the fulfillment of the divine end in history." * * * "If the divine origin and foundation of the nation is denied, the authority of its government is resolved into mere force." * * * "The nation is the work of God in history. Its unity and its continuity through the generations is in Him. He is present with it as with the individual person, and this is the condition of its being, as a moral person."

The author insists that ethics cannot safely be divorced from politics, but they must go hand in hand if a high estate of the nation is to be attained. After defining elaborately the nature and origin of the nation, there follows a noble discussion of the fundamental principles of civil government, and the book closes with the splendid chapters entitled: "The Nation the Antagonist of the Confederacy," "The Nation the Antagonist of the Empire," "The Nation the Integral Element in History," "The Nation the Beginning and Goal of History." These are the author's closing words:

"The nation is to work as one whose achievement passes beyond time, whose glory and honor are borne into the Eternal City. It is not here that it may look for its perfect rest. It has an immortal life. It is no more a kingdom of this world, but it is formed in the realization of the redemptive kingdom of the Christ. The leaders and the prophets of the people can only repeat the ancient lesson. 'He is come, and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be.'"

Dr. Mulford displays in "The Nation" a profound talent for dealing with the basic principles of law and government, and handles his subjects with the facility and confidence of an experienced and learned jurist. Doubtless his experience as a law student in 1856 in the office of

William Jessup, of Montrose, Pa., was here useful to him. Yale college bestowed upon him in 1872, not long after the publication of "The Nation," the degree of LL.D.

Like the church, the country is evidently in a critical condition of reversal, and no patriotic citizen can look without apprehension upon the complicated and vital issues which confront the people. We should not be lulled into a dream of fancied security by the angelic presence of peace, for parading in her white garments is ever the stern presence of revolution,—in the coming and going of its halcyon years is the making or the unmaking of the nation. In the words of Milton,

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

It would be well for us were we to attentively read and ponder the teachings of the "The Nation" and in the light of them solve our great and pressing problems of state. That secular theory of civil government which so generally prevails, that false doctrine that holds while the individual needs Divine assistance the nation may dispense with it, is the bane of this political generation. We have forgotten that Columbus dedicated the threshold of the Western Hemisphere to the Lord of the whole earth, that the Colonists laid the structure of civil government upon the sure foundation of faith in the Divine Being and of obedience to His will and that the charters which entitled them to lands which embraced the borders of the original thirteen states, together with the vast northwest territory, which afterwards became the mother of several great commonwealths consecrated those virgin domains to the honor and glory of God. Yet another truth that should be repeatedly brought forward in this day of political backsliding is that the United States Supreme court in 1892 handed down its unanimous decision in the Trinity church case that "this is a Christian nation." In the light of these facts, to which many more of a similar tenor might be added, the presumption of those who maintain that civil government is outside the pale of God's jurisdiction, is apparent. It ought to be known that there are not a few

intelligent men in this country who are endeavoring to prevent the time-honored public practices by which acknowledgment is made that we are a Christian people; who are lending their efforts to attempts to repeal all laws maintaining the sanctity of the Sabbath; to abandon the oath, wherein appeal is made to God, and to substitute a mere affirmation; to abolish in all legislative bodies, in the army and navy and in prisons and asylums under public control, the employment of chaplains; to enact that the Bible shall be prohibited from use in the public schools; and to cause that thanksgiving days shall cease to be appointed by the President or a Governor, and "that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis."

Against such policy as this, destructive of those national saving and progressive institutions which are derived from the Christian religion, we have the invulnerable stronghold of Elisha Mulford's two great books.

Of the many high and suggestive thoughts which are to be found in the pages of Dr. Mulford's books, I would emphasize in closing his conception in "The Republic of God" of the Kingdom of Heaven as embracing the present work-a-day world, as well as the Celestial Paradise; a kingdom here below, as yet largely in a wilderness condition, but notwithstanding, very beautiful, and becoming more and more attractive as the process of redemption proceeds. And I would also impress upon the reader that idea of a government which "The Nation" identifies with the character of a person, each being recipients of reward or punishment according as their deeds are good or evil.

THE SHAME OF NEW YORK

Go hide away, thou Queen of States, thy misery and thy shame;
Thy sons would not behold thee so deprived of shining fame;
For the crown thou hast the fetter, into slavery thou are sold,
And the gambler now must have thee, he has bought thee with his
gold.

Forbid that it be told abroad, go hide it from the light;
It should be known but to the bats and creatures of the night;
It was her chosen children who did bargain her away,
And make the glorious Queen of States the thing she is to-day.

And shall we sit and be content and she in bondage vile?
Shall we permit the gamester's clutch our mother to defile?
Shall we allow the jockey brood their infamy to work,
And tarnish the escutcheon of the Empress of New York?

Come up, ye men and women, from Mount Seward to the sea,
From the waters of Lake Erie to Green Mountains' granite knee;
Come up with voice imperative as great Niagara roars,
Assemble at the Capitol and thunder at its doors:

"Unbind the Queen of States and hand her over to our care;
We will not brook that she shall be the gambler's boasted share:
Bring forth her peerless beauty from his dark, polluted den,
And set her free beneath the sun and in the midst of men."

[April 30, 1908, when the fight was on at Albany for the prohibition of race track gambling.]

DIRECT NOMINATIONS

Of all the arguments brought forward in the controversy concerning direct nominations the one furthest from the truth and most insulting is that the people are incompetent to govern themselves, and that it is not incumbent upon representatives in legislative bodies to conform to the wishes of their constituents, but that it is proper for them to exercise their functions as seems convenient to themselves alone.

If this is a worthy political doctrine and not an abominable heresy, then the Athenian democracy following Cisthene's revolution with its remarkable prosperity, was but a manifestation of public folly; Rienzi's "Rouse, ye Romans. Rouse, ye slaves!" was the cry of a man demented and undeserving of serious attention; Winkelried, the Swiss, when he said at the battle of Sempach, "I will open a passage," and led the attack against the Austrians, was a deluded enthusiast thus to perish and save the Republic; and Sir John Eliot, the first martyr of English liberty, dying in the Tower by the slow torture of his cold and gloomy cell, might better have bent the knee to Charles I, his haughty persecutor. If the American people are not fitted for self-government, then the war of the revolution was a mistake and taxation without representation is right and proper, while Patrick Henry when he shouted, "Give me liberty or give me death!" was beside himself. In short, to flout the suffrage of the people is to tear down all our monuments of patriotic import, to pollute the flag with the grime of suspicion, hate and venality, and to make of our free institutions a howling farce and a total failure. But I am of that hopeful turn of mind that leads me to believe that this people, with its grand legacy of great men and high achievements which have gone before, will not consent to permanently sit down in docile obedience to the dictation of self-appointed and corrupt persons, but that it will assert its privileged power

and exhibit conclusively that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

For the existence in this state of an aggravated form of boss politics, the people are themselves to blame; it is in their power to speedily emancipate this great commonwealth from the power of self-seeking politicians and to place the government in the hands of conscientious and efficient public servants. Indeed, in this word, servant, so loosely and falsely applied to many of our office holders, is indicated the pathway to political reform. A man who is chosen by the people and delegated and trusted to serve in their stead is their employee, or servant, just as truly as in the case of one who employs another to perform any kind of service. But a man who in business or industrial affairs seeks employment must be competent and of good character, for the persons desiring such help as he has to offer will give him no countenance whatever unless they are assured that he is efficient and trustworthy. Particularly is this true in respect to places of monetary trust, as in our national banks, thickly distributed over the country. Almost without exception, the cashiers and their aids in these institutions are men in whom the people place implicit confidence; these men enjoy the unhesitating approval of the public, so few proving unworthy of the trust as to make the number practically negligible. These men, moreover, are generally of quiet deportment, excellent habits and highest respectability.

The people, however, when they take up the matter of selecting their legislative, judicial and administrative officers, throw to the wind the councils that have governed them in the choice of men to do their work in restricted and less important fields, evidently feeling that public affairs will somehow take care of themselves with almost anybody at their head. Hence, we have the familiar but discouraging spectacle of men with brazen effrontery seeking public places for which they have not the proper qualifications, depending for their nomination and election upon their being "good mixers" and upon having plenty of means wherewith to secure the purchasable vote. When many men of this character find their way into our legislative

bodies, and in some instances to be honored with chairmanships of important committees, it need be no matter for surprise that disgraceful revelations are always coming to light. It is needless to say that the law-making function of civil government is its most vital one, the very heart of a democratic political order, and that if this becomes weakened or perverted the whole people must accordingly suffer.

But it must be confessed that under the obsolete system of making nominations which prevails in this state, there is no hope of an improvement in the characters and abilities of our public men. Though the great Republican state machine has in recent years become a good deal rattled, the county contrivances, except those which have been somewhat put out of gear by the direct primary movement, are well greased and in good working order. Against these crafty, venal and unscrupulous organizations it is folly for us to array ourselves, since they have chosen their ground and weapons, and since that ground and those weapons are such that decent men are strangers to. Our only hope is in the adoption of a system of direct nominations.

The writer is free to confess that his desire for the introduction of this modern method of making nominations is largely from other than a wish to promote the public interests. For many years Washington county, in which he makes his home, has had its supreme political boss, dictating through the "organization" the personnel and management of public affairs, and relegating the people to the position of mere outsiders and lookers on. The writer resents this obsolete, un-American and tyrannical method of political rule, and demands the privilege of having a voice in the selection of candidates to represent the Republican party. Many of us to-day in this county have and can have, under the present primary system, no part whatever in this matter, and as the county is overwhelmingly Republican, all those who are outside the select family of the boss are practically disfranchised. Unfortunately in this large class of citizens who have no part nor parcel in the government under which they dwell, there are many highly intelligent men, and not a few who are

heavy taxpayers, and these, in common with the negroes in certain portions of the country, are deprived of their political rights. It is not denied that under the primary system now in operation many honorable and efficient men have in spite of it come into office, but it is nevertheless generally true that such public servants have been nominated for places of trust through the positive demand of the rank and file of the party, which refused a denial, and which the bosses deemed it expedient to listen to. But as nominations are now made, the inevitable result of the cooling down of public indignation over some aggravated misdoing of the boss, when the people rise with an irresistible power and name and elect model men to office, is to hand over into the custody of irresponsible politicians the manipulation of public affairs for the benefit of private ends.

Against the deplorable condition of boss politics which prevails in Washington county, and which evidently exists throughout the state, a system by which incompetent but crafty men employing degrading methods arrive at places of public trust where opportunities are ever present for the forfeiting of the people's interests, the writer insists upon entering his emphatic protest. He does not relish the idea of being amenable to law, of being called upon to pay taxes, and above all, of living in a free country and being deprived at the same time of counting one in the political rights of a citizen.

The nominating system known as the direct primary, and which in some form is now (1910) in operation among 60,000,000 of our people, would undoubtedly, if introduced in this state, make an end of the intolerable abuses which are fostered by the loose method of choosing candidates which we now employ. Twenty states and one territory, including the states of California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Tennessee, Texas and Wisconsin, have mandatory direct primary laws by which candidates for nearly all elective offices are selected. How can it be shown that this state would commit an error in adopting a primary plan which has proved effective in removing the

evils for which purpose it was designed and of a like character to those under which we suffer? While the direct primary will never be a mere contrivance to be wound up and set going, thereby relieving citizens of thought, vigilance and effort in the political field, it nevertheless promises well to offer opportunities for honest thought, vigilance and effort to exert themselves, privileges which are now denied. It is a significant fact and an argument which the bosses in their attempts to defeat the reform will not be able to refute, that the direct primary has never been abolished by any state that has adopted it. This is not meant to aver that the system is always wholly satisfactory in its results, for it has been found difficult in the various states, owing to the opposition of machine politicians, to enact measures approximating what a direct primary law should be, and hence these bills have been, many of them, more or less compromises.

The bill recommended by Governor Hughes, however, is the fruit of his careful study of the direct primary laws of other states and is, hence, believed to be the best that can be devised, eliminating, as it does, undesirable parts and incorporating new features. Of the latter, his plan for nominations through party committees is original and is designed to encourage and maintain party organization and responsibility, but it is needless to say that throughout the bill the supreme endeavor is to destroy the weapons and power of the boss, and to hand over control into the custody of the people. A direct primary law like that proposed by Governor Hughes would be practically a preliminary election, and would be preceded by an enrollment or registration as to party affiliation. Voting would be by the Australian system, secret and orderly, abundant time being given, thus avoiding the personally disagreeable features of the present method and the opportunities it offers for promiscuous voting. Our caucuses, as now conducted, are not only a farce, but a positive disgrace, members of any and all parties taking a hand in the free-for-all scuffle to reach the polls.

The leading provision of Governor Hughes' plan is the giving of the initiative in making nominations to the

people equally. They are granted the privilege of nominating candidates directly, without the intervention of delegates, thus doing away with conventions. Candidates for nominations may be designated by the party committee or they may be named by petitioners, and then the voter at the primary makes his choice of them directly. The entire scheme has its foundation in the petition of the people, the committees even whose duty is to designate names to be placed on the primary ballot, being themselves proposed exclusively by petition, and hence answerable to the voters.

Inasmuch as the Governor's plan is to eliminate the convention, with all its opportunities for deals, chicanery and political corruption generally, and to abolish the army of professional delegates, who serve as mere chessmen under the bosses in the game of politics, the proposition to enact a half and half direct primary law, leaving the candidates for the higher offices to be chosen at a state convention, seems to the writer like a discreditable compromise. That other proposed makeshift, the enactment of a primary law providing merely for party enrollment, the Australian ballot and the limitation of the use of money, all of which safeguards have a place in the Hinman-Green bill soon to come before the Legislature, should not be considered for a moment.

The fight in this state for a direct primary law is similar to the struggle which was necessitated in 1888, '89 and '90 for the enactment of the Australian ballot system. The bill met with a determined opposition and was twice vetoed by Governor David B. Hill, but finally received his signature in 1890. The same objections as to increase of expense and alleged complication, which are now heard in connection with the proposed introduction of the direct primary, were employed against the adoption of the Australian ballot, but the advantages of it as to the convenience of the voter and the prevention of the buying and selling of votes became in its working immediately apparent to all.

Up to the advent of this improved method of conducting elections, the caucus had been a mild and innocuous institu-

tion, but finding themselves fenced away from their old haunts, the unscrupulous manipulators of votes began working the primaries, and with so great success that in districts where a party had permanently a decided majority, they secured absolute control, not only of these meetings, but through their assured election, of the candidates themselves. This has gone on and developed into an intolerable nuisance, until the clock of the people's indignation is ready to strike for its removal.

An eminent legal authority has said that the purpose of the law is to make it as easy as possible to do right and as hard as possible to do wrong, but as to our present primary law, this saying will not be true until its terms are reversed, for under it, it is as hard as possible to do right and as easy as possible to do wrong. It is evident that a revolutionary law is demanded in order, not that voters as to the primary shall suddenly become fullfledged angels, but that they shall find it as easy as possible to discharge their political duties and as hard as possible to become the dupes of electioneers.

In order that this desirable end may be attained it is necessary that all should exercise themselves for the promotion of the measure indorsed by Governor Hughes, for though it is a proposed reform advocated for the greater part by the Republican party, the people of the state, universally, would profit by its realization. The enactment of this bill would eliminate practically all opportunities for political jobbery and would undoubtedly be the means of placing in the Legislature men of much higher character and ability; men who would refuse to be the tools of bosses and corrupt corporations.

[Feb. 11, 1910, during the agitation in New York State for a direct primary law, which it finally obtained.]

THE ANGEL OF THE DOOR

I am the angel of the door — the front door — at its side
I ever stand from morning hour until the eventide,
And through the still hours of the night I at my post abide.

For I must passage give to Love and Joy and Grief and all
The messengers that boon or bane bring to this ancient hall —
I am the angel of the door and Fate's obedient thrall.

'Twas I the angel Death let in the night the master died;
I saw the heir go in the door when he brought home his bride;
I saw the marriage angel, radiant, walking by his side.

I ushered in the angel of a babe's untutored soul;
And O, it was a lovely child whom Heaven might extol!
I came to love that little one with love beyond control.

At night were passing in the door physicians famed for skill;
For there had fallen on the child a fierce, malignant ill,
And at the front door watching I stood dreading Fate's hard will.

And as the dark was fading out, the angel Death came near;
But as I gazed, the angel Life, with radiance shining clear,
Sprang forward and assailed him as the lightning might appear.

And as they fought before the door, the parents, grief defiled,
Looked forth where beamed the morning star and said, "God, save
our child!"
But they saw not the angels strive in their contention wild.

And when I saw the angel Life seemed fainting in the fight,
I ran and hurled myself upon his rival with my might,
And the radiant angel seized him and he threw him from our sight.

I rushed and opened quick the door and in the angel ran,
Just as the sun to cast his beams upon the earth began —
'Twas thus I fought to save the child, 'twas thus I have my ban.

Behold the mark upon my brow, the brand of Fate's fierce ire!
But love, such as I bore the child, despised his wrath and fire;
For vengeance is not hard to bear where love has its desire.

ELMIRA AND STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION (1911)

BIBLE TEACHING

Having recently returned from a trip to Elmira, made via the Delaware and Hudson road, I find myself too heavily burdened with impressions received to keep silence. I was most agreeably surprised to find that the route lies through a beautiful and fertile country, running a large part of the way along the Susquehanna river and in other sections upon high ground, from which are brought into view grand stretches of field and forest, wide valleys, noble hills, silvery streams, pleasant farm houses, with beauty, peace and prosperity everywhere. From Albany to Elmira there is scarcely an uninteresting point on the way, the great advantage being the wide extent of territory almost always in the view, one attractive outlook following upon another with pleasing and endless variety. Of course, the country is now (June) looking its best, and the river, as it wends its way through fertile fields, gracefully curving in and out and reflecting in its placid waters the foliage of overhanging trees, may now ere drought shall deplete its volume, be seen to the best advantage, but at any season of the year this highly attractive section of the state would be pleasing to look upon. I was particularly carried away with the view up the valley of the Chenango river which one obtains from the high ground just east of Binghamton. It would be hard to rival the beauty of this charming vale, winding northerly, the mild shining stream in loitering curves adorning the green grass carpeted floor of the valley.

Though Elmira possesses extensive manufacturing interests, has fine public buildings and is altogether an attractive town, I visited it to attend the State Sunday School Convention, and hence my attention was directed chiefly toward the churches. The larger meetings were held in the First Baptist and the Park Congregational churches, both in the central part of the city and looking from

opposite sides on Wisner park. These are fine, commodious structures having little of the stereotyped architecture of churches and evidently designed, judging from the number and cheerful atmosphere of their rooms and parlors, to serve the social side of religious work as well as the instructive.

The Park Congregational church was built during the pastorate of Thomas K. Beecher, and his statue stands just in front of it on the green, shaded lawn of the park. The church was constructed on plans proposed by the pastor and a portion of it which he set apart for amusement purposes aroused considerable criticism in his congregation, the Y. M. C. A. and institutional church not having at that time broken the ice of stern religious propriety. Mr. Beecher, I was told, was not so great an orator as his more distinguished brother, but a greater pulpit teacher. Across the street stands the fine old Langdon mansion, in which Mark Twain was married, the wealthy proprietor of which was a liberal contributor to the building fund of the church.

The State Sunday School Conventions, lasting three days, are highly organized and complicated meetings in comparison with which state political conventions are child's play and noisy play. The forenoons are taken up with conferences, which are small meetings of those interested in the several special departments of Sunday school work, as teacher training, organized Bible class, evangelistic, elementary, home study, etc. Here is done the detailed work. In the great mass meetings, held afternoons and evenings, the oratory comes in and inspirational eloquence shows forth, and glorious singing thunders to the vaulted roof, but all this merely knocks off the husk of the matter, it is in the conferences that patient, plodding men and women pulverize for use between the upper and nether millstone of discussion the subjects which have been skyrocketed from the pulpit. I do not wish to be understood as disparaging the many powerful addresses which were given at the Elmira convention, but to give due credit to those unhonored ones who accomplish the actual work in close touch with the pupils.

To me the most impressive and enjoyable feature of the

convention was the congregational singing at the mass meetings. This part of the programme was in charge of Prof. E. O. Excell of Chicago, widely known for many years as a composer and conductor of religious music, assisted by A. W. Roper as accompanist. Prof. Excell is a large and portly man with smiles and good nature seemingly emanating from every part of his rotund anatomy, while Mr. Roper, though of a mild and winning deportment, has a wonderful command of the keyboard of the piano, manipulating it with as easy and nimble precision as a woman does her knitting. The favorite songs of the convention were the "Glory Song," "Help Somebody To-day," "Little Brown Church in the Dale" and "The King's Business," the last one being the prime choice, and when the great congregation threw itself, body and soul, into its beautiful melody the foundations of things trembled and the roof seemed in danger of being lifted from the walls. A Welshman who from the platform listened to the singing said it was the grandest he had ever listened to in this country, and the Welsh know what vocal music is.

Whether "The King's Business" will go down to posterity as an immortal gospel song is too early to predict, though it has been in existence since 1902, when it was copyrighted by Prof. Excell. The words were written by Dr. E. T. Cassel and the music by Flora H. Cassel, which names are not prominent among the writers of religious songs, and this leads to the conclusion that great and lasting compositions of this kind are inspirational rather than methodical. No doubt there exists some deep and mysterious law of melody and poetry which, being employed, chains the sentiments of men forever, but what that occult rule may be will perhaps never be determined, while the tyro may stumble upon the musical success for which professional skill has struggled for years.

From the pleasant and uplifting associations of the convention to pass immediately into the walls of the Elmira Reformatory is like the experience of a cold bath. This noted institution, standing on elevated ground in the outskirts of the city, was opened in 1876 with Z. R. Brockway at its head, and was an experiment in prison reform ad-

vocated by that experienced and able penologist. Here are received with a view to their reformation and general improvement prisoners between the ages of sixteen and thirty who have not been in state's prison, the term being limited to five years or less, as the merits of each case may recommend. This system, though an innovation in its day, is now considered a success and has been widely adopted in this and other states, the idea of retributive justice having given way to the reformatory plan. Mr. Brockway held that none but Divinity was competent to administer punishment to man and that its employment in prisons hindered the reformation of the culprit.

The reformatory, however, is in all respects a prison, cold, stern and unrelenting in its discipline. As one approaches its long, yellow front he observes a sentinel high on a tower fondling a rifle in his hands. Sitting in the waiting room, he will notice that the guard has a big revolver strapped to his waist and that the prisoner, if one chances to pass through, has a number printed on his back between the shoulders. While I sat there, an officer arrived, having a youth in charge to be committed to the reformatory. Shackled by the wrist to his big companion, devoid of color in clothes and apparently in character, with a shambling gait and slouchy manner, he was the picture of impotence and hopelessness. But the prison experts, after having scientifically examined and estimated this unpromising mass of bone and tissue, placed him in the line of physical, mental and moral discipline that will tend to develop in him whatever possibilities of improvements he may possess.

The tour of the reformatory is interesting, both as disclosing its many departments of technical instruction, carpentry, masonry, painting, plain and decorative, iron moulding, machinist work, etc., and as affording an opportunity of looking into the faces of the boys, hundreds of them in the space of a half hour. There are confined in the reformatory between 1,300 and 1,400 persons. As the many countenances pass rapidly in review before the visitor, one is impressed with the idea that there seems something lacking in their expressions. Yet they all looked

contented, and most of them cheerful, and seemed in good health. Still there persisted the feeling that there was something in the looks of these boys that was different from that which obtains in the case of those on our streets and in our homes. It was not that they looked vicious, for they did not, and the guide informed us that very few were incorrigible. This deficiency of facial expression, which in so large a number became oppressive, lay like a burden on my mind for hours after leaving the place, while I labored to determine what that lack might indicate. The solution which I at last arrived at was simple and apparent — the boys were deficient in character and showed it in their faces. Few of them are positively bad and immoral, but they are defective in the ethical side of their character, so that they do not experience within themselves the influence of restraint which normal persons exercise. Hence, it need surprise none that no larger proportion than less than 50 per cent. of those going from the reformatory become good and useful members of society. Yet the institution, even on the lives of those who departing from its walls reflect in after years the least credit upon it, no doubt perpetuates its instruction and discipline to some degree of good purpose, while the portion of those thoroughly reclaimed owe to the reformatory their escape from careers of crime.

Some might think that a Sunday school convention and a reformatory were incongruous subjects to bring together in a letter, but the inconsistency is not real. Were the Sunday school and the church to do their part there would be much less need of reformatories and prisons. For did the great body of Christian people join hands in social reform and remove the temptations which are craftily designed to mislead the lives of those with little or no moral stamina, the numbers of those entering our penal institutions would be greatly decreased and those discharged from them would find an environment favorable to their permanent reformation. In the State Sunday School Convention at Elmira there was exhibited that fervent evangelical spirit which alone can accomplish great things in social reform. Here the barbed wire denominational fences were not in evidence, and few were aware of or bothered to inquire about such

an irrelevant matter as to what communion one was associated with. Great undenominational conventions are doing more to unite the segregated portions of the Christian church than all the theoretical methods which have been proposed.

The last part of the reformatory that we were shown was a section of the cells, tier above tier, triple locked, grated doors, narrow and forbidding and terrible. This astonished me, as I had believed that the reformatory was unlike, in this respect, prisons generally. This precaution is no doubt necessary, but it is calculated to exert a hardening influence upon the youthful prisoner, brought for a first offense to such a fearful bedroom. Into this multitude of cells the boys at night are packed like herrings. The plant as a whole is oppressed with its 1,350 persons confined in a few large buildings upon a few acres of ground. Where is the agricultural school located, or is there none connected with the reformatory? Husbandry and virtue being closely related, why not give to such of the boys as have tastes in that direction opportunities to gratify them, and thus relieve the congestion and give at least some of them a chance to smell the soil and to sleep in something better than an iron cage? Farmers are in demand, and upon the soil, away from the temptations which flourish in towns, better means would be afforded for the conservation of morality.

Sunday Schools should continue to be the means of elementary and popular instruction in Biblical truth, but methods should be invented whereby, outside of the Sunday School, those wishing to study wider fields of Christian learning might have an opportunity of doing so. I have read the views bearing on the subject of religious teaching which from time to time have been published, and as a result have been confirmed in the conviction that my theory is correct. Our international Sunday school system, ramifying like a vast network of arteries to the little hamlets of this and of other lands and distributing invigorating instruction from wise and consecrated hearts, is an ideal

one. It is administered through a vast and complicated machinery, involving the publication of an extensive literature graded to the wants of the designated classes, consisting of many books and periodicals elucidating the prescribed lessons. To tamper with the international methods which have won their way into popular favor, and are effective, is unwise; for, in attempting to increase the efficiency of the present system, there is danger of preventing the realization of the purpose of the Sunday school, which has been and should continue to be, to educate all classes in the histories and truths of the Bible, with emphasis on their bearing on the practical affairs of life.

How then is the desire for an advanced religious education to be met? The pulpit, by no means, should be called upon to satisfy the demand which is prevailing among thinking Christians. Ministers, certainly, may accomplish a great deal in this direction, though of necessity in a desultory and fragmentary manner. The first great essential of effective preaching is that it shall be spiritual, a quality better felt than described, and while a fair proportion of information should be incorporated into sermons, care must be taken to avoid substituting instruction for that powerful influence which is able to penetrate far deeper than learning or logic and to purify the life at its very fountain. But this kind of pulpit ministration must needs be supplemented by outside teaching, if a tendency to degenerate into mere emotion and sentimentalism is to be guarded against. Light is necessary for life, but none the less needed is meat and drink; and, while the right kind of preaching cannot be dispensed with, it is essential, also, to nourish the higher life with appropriate and perpetual instruction. Concerning the commendable course occasionally adopted by clergymen of devoting Sunday evening services to series of instructive discourses, it may be said that preaching of such a character would be of doubtful propriety in churches having but one sermon on the Sabbath.

Should a person resolve to pursue a complete and systematic course of study along theological lines, without the advantage of the seminary or of some friend to direct him

in the choice of books to be read, his selections would almost inevitably be inadequate, either as concerns the fields to be investigated, or the quality of the works, or both.

The solution of the problem consists in providing in an inexpensive form, prepared with a view to interest and instruct the average reader, a set of books dealing with the principal themes of religious learning and in furnishing Sunday School libraries with such volumes. Such a list of books, in these days of rapid and cheap printing, might be furnished at a less expenditure than one would think possible. The cost would be confined to that of printing, binding and advertising; for any clergyman has on his shelves one or more volumes which he will be reminded of as well adapted to enter the proposed collection, with a little or perhaps no editing, and without infringing on copyrights.

Let such a scheme find endorsement by a considerable number of those prominently identified with the church, and let the proposed volumes receive their approval, and publishers would not be wanting to carry the enterprise into practical operation. That it would prove a success, there cannot be much doubt. There are men and women, and there are those living in isolated places without the advantages of libraries, or even of churches, who would hail with delight an opportunity to improve themselves in religious knowledge. Everyone who has the least bias toward such investigation should have the easily obtained means for its exercise. That society and the state may be lifted up, the individual must be first exalted, and a man can by no other means be so ennobled as by absorbing in connection with the Bible, the sublime and fundamental truths of Philosophy and of the Comparative History of Religion, subjects which among the mass of people are as sealed books. Even the ability to read the Greek Testament might be acquired by all who really desired it.

Let every one be a theologian. It would be well at the same time if all were physicians and lawyers, but in that Christian learning is a prerequisite in its nature, that it colors all of a person's thought and life and enjoyment, every acquirement may be dispensed with rather than that.

THE BOAST OF THE CUP

[Read at a W. C. T. U. County Convention held at Easton, N. Y., 1909.]

In the hall high and stately the banquet was spread;
The flames of a thousand lamps glittered and shed
On the wealth of the crystal and silver laid there
An effulgence of grace that no words may declare.
And the fragrance of flowers floated subtle and sweet,
And the harp and the viol united to greet
With ravishing numbers the guests of the hour,
Men of fame, noble women, and youths' budding power.

How the moments flew swiftly on wings of delight,
Till the feasting had lasted far into the night!
While thick in the air was wine's odorous reek
And the cups' fervent spirit was mantling the cheek.
But the guests who arose were not those who sat down,
For the wine had now stolen the intellect's crown,
And words were glib spoken by those without blame
That said ere the night would have blushed them with shame,
And all went their way with an eminent glee
And the banqueting hall had but silence and me.

As I sat, right before me a whispering seemed
And a breathing of words where the wine glasses gleamed,
And astonished I bowed my head close to the board
To learn what this mystery might me afford.
As I listened, the language came clear to my sense;
My excitement increasing grew to be intense
As the whisperer name to himself did assign,
And confessed to me, "I am the Spirit of Wine."

"O, wide is my kingdom and far is my realm,
With my cup I the strongest of men overwhelm,
More than pestilence, famine, and war all can do
I accomplish with ease with my excellent brew.
In every country, on land and on sea,
I number the victims that fall unto me.
And whether in day time or whether in night,
When most trades are resting, I keep up the fight.
And I cultivate friendships that I may bring down
With the cup of good-fellowship many and drown.
O it pleases me greatly to lead the good youth
Away from high morals, away from the truth;
To see him come under my craft and my power
I esteem a great joy and munificent dower.
For the drunkard I have as a fish in the brine;
But to catch a bright youngster is something divine.

"In the greatest of safety I work at my trade,
For I find many good men with me are arrayed.
They do call by false names the diseases I fire

And smother the truth and then call me a liar.
And that they may have when they want it, their gin,
They will stand up my friend and help what they call sin.
Yes, help the weak drunkard go down to his doom;
That they to drink wisely may have ample room.
O 'tis beautiful how these dear friends help me on,
And were I without them my business were gone.
And when as this evening the rich and well-bred
Have done me great honor to be by me led,
I feel very happy, for this I will say
To the poor and the base: 'Thus your betters; you may.'
For the Devil is with me, the cup both within
And without, and is working his purpose to win.
Both sleepless and tireless with every art
He deceives even Christians to further my part,
While I never am into forgetfulness sunk,
And though Spirit of Wine I am never found drunk."
Here he paused as if needing recovery of breath,
And I said in reply to the words of the wraith:

"What you say in regard to the men is quite true,
But the women all hate both your wine cup and you,
And while the men skulking, seek you in the dark,
Their wives and their sisters have made you their mark;
They are starving you out and are hemming you in,
Vile servant of Satan and varlet of Sin!
Look about you and cease from your impudent talk.
Here in Washington County go take now a walk,
And observe what the W. C. T. U. are about;
That women are beating and putting you out.
To the youth we are teaching your fatal effects
That the people shall not wear your yoke on their necks.
In every state from the West to the East,
The schools of the nation teach you for a beast.
And listen, a woman put this in the law
As a muzzle upon your foul ravenous jaw."
Then there came from the wine cups a hiss like a snake,
And the glasses began in their places to shake,
And the odor of wine gave its place to the fume
Of sulphur that filled all the banqueting room.

And the words that proceeded from out of the board
Were with fury and terrible wickedness stored.
O may I be absent if spoken again
Shall be words so dishonoring mothers of men!

But with you, brave women, are angels of light
To lead you and strengthen with heavenly might.
And your plan and your deed and your every word
Will invincible be by the smile of the Lord.
Take courage on this your proud thirtieth year,
For the dawning of temperance is clear and more clear,
And the day is fast coming when over the land
The vine of your culture shall proudly expand,
The vine of sobriety, rooted in right,
That the nation shall drink of in peace and delight.

ALCOHOLIC DRINK

It is painful to observe buildings, which have served for worthy purposes, degraded into uses for which those who erected them never imagined that they would shelter. It is a sad experience to enter what was once a quiet and happy home to find it given over to trade or manufacture, the few remaining traces of domesticity appealing to our sympathies on account of the impropriety. Much more is it a shock to our sensibilities to find a structure which was built, dedicated and long employed as a church to have degenerated into a stable or a dance hall, as not infrequently falls to the lot of houses of public worship. In a similar but more intensified frame of mind should we contemplate the perversion of that other sanctuary even the frame of a man, created in the image of God.

Few realize the wonders of anatomy and physiology which we carry about with us in these our temples of moving clay; the marvelous adaptations, the perfections of chemistry, the matchless co-ordinations, and above all this, the mysterious association of the spiritual, intellectual and physical natures. St. Paul when he wrote that the body was a temple of the Holy Spirit, was unacquainted with what dissection and the microscope have since revealed concerning it, but was taught this truth by the whisper of inspiration. For the beggar in his rags is the possessor of a temple compared to which in work and worth the most magnificent of cathedrals sinks into the shade. Gibbon, after describing the glories of the Cathedral of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, says: "Yet how dull is the artifice, how insignificant is the labor, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls upon the surface of the temple."

Of this matchless, divine sanctuary, the body, with its minister, the Holy Spirit, alcohol is the insidious, implacable and most powerful enemy. Picture to your imagination a beautiful church in which the auditorium is given over to a

ribald crew and bacchanalian riot and confusion, with a low clown in the pulpit shouting revilings upon everything pure and good, and with the decorations and walls being torn down and sold to defray the expense of the revels, and we have before us a not exaggerated illustration of the degrading, malignant and destructive effects of alcohol upon the mind and body.

Alcohol, having been imbibed, wastes no time and sets vigorously to work to effect its malign purposes. As if invested with a diabolic intelligence and craft, it first of all invades and makes captive the brain and nervous system, thus filling the whole mind and body with pleasurable thoughts and sensations in order that the victim may be deluded as to the real work of his subtle enemy. Well may it be named, Chief of the Pleasure Poisons. It has been conclusively shown that the drug has a peculiar affinity for the brain and nervous system, for in dissections it has been found in these tissues more largely present than in any others of the body. Bearing in mind that actual and unmodified alcohol passes from the stomach directly into the blood, and thence through the circulation into the brain, one may readily understand the deleterious effects which it must necessarily produce upon that sensitive and fearfully and wonderfully made organ, that headquarters of the entire human economy. It is this citadel of life that alcohol first makes its own, after which at its leisure it may bring into subjection with little difficulty the subordinate and comparatively inferior departments of the body.

Far from alcohol being, as is popularly believed, a stimulant to the brain and nervous system, it really acts upon them as a paralyzing agent. That which seems to the person under the influence of liquor as his wit and brilliancy, to the sober listener is ridiculous. He is also deceived as to his imagined increase of muscular power and of his ability to labor without weariness, all of which science proves to be delusions, born of the peculiar effects of the drug upon the brain and nerves. For alcohol is primarily a falsifier and liar, whispering strength where there is weak-

ness, honor where there is shame, peace where there is no peace, life where there is death.

It lays its polluting and enervating finger upon the intellectual faculties, blunting their fine edge, rendering the reasoning powers and the judgment less efficient, promoting mental indolence and indifference to the good opinion of men. At the same time the moral nature is involved and dragged down, and the caged up brute impulses unloosed, and all so gradually and stealthily that the dupe scarcely realizes the way he is going until he who was a man of health, thrift and honor becomes to our astonishment a reproach to his kind and a public hissing. To learn of the blasting influence upon brain and nerve of alcoholic drink we have only to consult the records of sanitariums and asylums for the insane, where we will find more cases laid to its charge than to any other source. Of the 30,000 insane of the state of New York under treatment in hospitals, 6,000, or twenty per cent., were brought into their unfortunate condition through the influence of alcoholic drinks. Moreover, the abused nerves of the body throw out their warnings and set their danger signals in a long catalogue of ailments, at the head of which stands delirium tremens.

The enemy having taken the capitol of the human frame, that is the brain, and having made himself the master of the nerves, the telegraphic means of communication, he sends lying messages of well-being and goes confidently forth to devastate the associated provinces of the body. Along the courses of the blood vessels he rides with flaming, incendiary torch, creating confusion and loss in every place which he invades. No barbaric army overrunning the fair and peaceful plains of an affluent civilization, converting them into a region of despair and smoking ruins, is more to be dreaded than the mad career of alcohol as it races from organ to organ and from tissue to tissue of the wonderful mechanism of the physical economy. Throughout the valley of the digestive tract it rages with malignant fury; the highland country of the liver is assailed, taken and sown with the embers of conflagration; the breezy hills of the respiratory circuit, where bubble the springs of kind

words, song and laughter, are invaded to make way for the ghastly coming of consumption. Far and near, in every part of the fair domain of the human body, neglecting not the remotest nor any seemingly insignificant portions, this furiously burning and devouring vandal pursues his course until the ruin is complete.

In the meantime, under the deceiving art of the tempter, the convivialist observes the flush mantling his cheek and the increasing volume of his body with self-flattering complacency, not realizing that the heightened color is due to the paralysis of the capillary blood vessels, and that the gain in weight is owing to pathological processes induced by alcoholic drinks. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!

In our estimates of the evil physical influences of alcohol, attention until recent years has been directed for the most part to the more open, palpable effects as exhibited to the ordinary observer, but scientific investigation has now demonstrated that there are associated pathological phases with which it is of the utmost importance for us to become acquainted. It is proper to state in this connection that the Pandora of wine, with her cup from which proceeds so many evils which afflict the race, has in science her most formidable enemy — science, which in these later days is feathering the arrow that shall eventually destroy the power of alcohol.

It is well understood by physicians that the drinking man is ever extending an invitation to disease to visit him. To use the expression of an eminent medical man, "Alcohol prepares the bed for tuberculosis," and he might have added, for the entire catalogue of diseases to which mankind is heir. For on account of the lesions and functional derangements produced throughout the body by alcohol, even when moderately indulged in, the system is rendered less able to resist the approach and progress of disease, and once in its grasp, it exhibits a greater intensity than in the case of a total abstainer. Imagine the infinite volume of sickness, incapacity and deformity attributable directly or indirectly to the alcoholic habit! And yet there are those who will maintain that this destructive agent is a

food! Most intelligent persons are coming rapidly to believe the testimonies of the chemists, who affirm that alcohol is without value as a food, and that while beer has some small nutritive properties, the scorpion brood of evils which are associated with it should forbid its use.

A phase of the liquor question which of late has come very prominently into view is that which has to do with the visiting of the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, of the transmission by heredity of the sins of the alcoholic parent. In this heretofore neglected field of temperance investigation, science is now particularly active and successful, and is able to furnish abundant and indisputable data to which we may confidently resort for one of the most pathetic and influential arguments against the use of strong drink which the entire range of temperance literature affords. Thus it may be shown that the desire for alcohol may be handed down from parent to child, to be a curse to the future of that innocent and defenceless one, a fearful legacy of sickness, degradation and shame. Of all the cases among children of undeveloped mental faculties, and of those suffering with St. Vitus' dance and epilepsy, more than one-half of such have been proved to be due to the drinking habits of their parents. Infantile tuberculosis is another manifestation of the hereditary evil following the indulgence in alcoholic beverages, and there is doubtless no part of his child's physical economy that does not bear the enervating imprint of the parent who has courted the wine cup. One investigator has shown that only 11.7 per cent. of the offspring of those given to drink are physically and mentally normal, but among this small fraction there were probably none exempt, in some imperceptible degree, from the baneful prenatal influence.

To those devoted to the spiritual enlightenment and moral development of the young, this aspect of the temperance question must forcibly appeal, and all the more for the reason that in the saving of these from the cup is the way of the saving of the generation which shall come after them. And let us not forget that the children of this republic are by far its greatest asset, that with them rests the issue of its future augmented glory. As to those who

have fully attained to man's estate and are going the way of the inebriate, we cannot very hopefully assist them; to the convivial youth we with more confidence and brighter expectations stretch out helping hands, though often disappointed in our efforts; but for the children who are yet in our absolute possession and control, with innocent souls and minds plastic and receptive, let us steadily aim to so instruct them in the pure way of temperance that when they shall have come to the time when they must stand alone, they will be able to acquit themselves worthily.

THE BLUE BIRD

I like to hear the bluebird sing his simple little song:
"Tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly," the orchard fence along;
I like to hear his gentle voice, so loving and so true,
Rise softly in the chorus of the merry feathered crew.

For I'm sick of rules and patterns, and I'm tired of all the raft
Of titles and distinctions and the fight for place and graft;
I turn my back upon it all and with supreme disgust
Go strolling out among the fields far from such barren dust.

And the bluebird he goes with me singing sweetly as he strays,
And we visit the hill pastures where the cows and oxen graze;
For I want to meet with animals whom custom never rides;
I want to gaze into their orbs and pat their honest hides.

For I'm sick of seeing trickery and sin and death and gloom,
Volcanoes spouting hellish wrath and the earthquake's awful doom;
And so I go out in the fields and wander in the wood,
And the bluebird he goes with me and he tells me God is good.

I like to hear the bluebird sing his simple little song:
"Tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly," the orchard fence along;
I like to hear his gentle voice, so loving and so true,
Rise softly in the chorus of the merry feathered crew.

PUBLIC HEALTH

It is difficult to create an interest in a proposition that does not promise speedy and clearly defined results, even though the enterprise may involve no cost or inconvenience; but in cases where patient waiting and the sacrifice of personal predilections are necessary for their establishment, the prospect is indeed discouraging. Men are so constituted that they are impatient of delay and doubt, and they desire and expect to see the fruit of their labors with the undeviating certainty with which light follows the sun rising.

These remarks apply particularly to efforts directed for the improvement of the public health, and there is no one probably who has had experience in this field but will indorse the statement. But if the necessity of pure drinking water and milk, fresh air and abundant sunlight for the well-being of the human body were kept steadily before the eyes of the public in the newspapers; if it could be fastened in the minds of the people that tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever and the other diseases supposed by many to be the unavoidable scourges of the race, are preventable through the employment of proper hygienic resources; if the appalling ravages of the venereal diseases upon both the immediate victim and his progeny could be taught to the young as thoroughly as are the truths of arithmetic, and if the science of eugenics, having to do with the promotion of marriages calculated to bear fruit in off-spring of superior qualities of mind and body, was made plain to our young people, then enlistments for the great cause of the conservation and renewal of the human family would be more easily obtained and detailed hygienic instructions would be more attentively listened to.

Notwithstanding the public indifference, disinterested scientific men have long labored indefatigably and successfully for the prevention of the ills which afflict humanity until preventive means have become of greater importance

by far than the ministrations of the physician at the bedside. Indeed, the doctor of to-day has come to adopt the expectant attitude in the treatment of disease and hesitates to administer the heroic methods so highly approved a generation or two ago, trusting to nature to perform the greater part of the curative process.

Fifty years ago, according to Rhode's history of the United States, the people of this country were of a very indifferent quality of health and physique, and the author adduces considerable corroborative testimony from prominent persons living at that time. Emerson remarked on "the invalid habits of this country," while Dr. Holmes gave it as his opinion "that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage," and Thackeray said, "Most of the ladies are as lean as greyhounds." The improved health and bodily strength which the American people have developed since that time are no doubt the results of hygienic discovery and teaching, an opinion to which the undeveloped state of sanitary science half a century ago renders strength.

The lengthening of the average period of human life, which has long been going on in the more advanced of civilized peoples, is due in a measure to the ever increasing efficiency of medical and surgical sciences and skill, but in a larger part to the coming in of preventive medicine, as vaccination, anti-septics and anti-toxins and to the ever developing movement of hygiene. It is now becoming the opinion that the age of three score and ten does not necessarily coincide with the dead line of a person's strength of mind and body and of his general usefulness, but that having had vigorous progenitors and obeyed the laws of health he may well expect to live on well toward the century mark and shed abroad the helpful light of his seasoned wisdom and ripe experience. Indeed scientists claim that the natural life of the human species should extend to 150 years, to five times the duration required for its full growth, which is thirty years. Other mammals obey in their lives this proportion of physical development to

maturity and there can be no doubt that humanity would lengthen out its days similarly, did we live as simply and abstemiously as our domestic animals. It must be said to our shame that the horses in our barns are able to teach us important lessons on how so to live as to fill out the measure of the days that nature allotted unto us.

From statistics available in this field of study, however, it is made clear that the span of human life is not only increasing, but more and more rapidly. It will probably surprise many that in Prussia the duration of life is being added to at the rate of twenty-seven years per century, in Europe generally at the rate of seventeen years, in the state of Massachusetts at fourteen, while in India there is no lengthening of life observable. The high grade of Prussia's longevity and the absence of increase in India are conditions clearly attributable to the observance in the one case and the ignorance of in the other of those sciences which promote health and length of days.

Since Pasteur, thirty-six years ago, demonstrated the existence of disease microbes, thus revolutionizing hygienic theories and practices, the advance of the race toward health and physical efficiency has been incalculable. Not only are the germs of disease fought in the open, but in a growing number of affections caused by such, immunity is gained through the injection of anti-toxin, and there are those among medical men who confidently look forward to the time when all sickness caused by disease microbes will disappear from the frames of men. Another great discovery, a veritable continent in the world of hygiene, was that of the German physician, Dr. Robert Koch, who in 1882 described the bacillus which is the germ of tuberculosis and showed this dread disease was communicable through the discharges of the victims afflicted. With the knowledge that 1,000,000 perish yearly in civilized countries from consumption, humanity with a glad promise of success has sprung to the battle of extermination, and on local, state, national and international lines the advance is pressing.

Typhoid is another scourge which could be wiped out by the hygienic methods. As is well known, it is most

generally communicated through drinking of water contaminated by discharges from those suffering with the disease, and very many citations might be given to justify the belief. For instance, in 1856, when the city of Munich was obtaining its water from polluted wells, the death rate from typhoid was 291 per 100,000 of those dwelling in the town, but with improvements in the sewer system and the piping in of pure water the mortality from this disease was reduced in 1887 to but ten in 100,000. In 1905, the city of Cleveland having placed the intake of its water mains ten miles out in the lake, the mortality from typhoid was two for February of that year, in place of forty-five for the same month of the previous year. Thus one might continue indefinitely to demonstrate mathematically the benefits which accrue from employing the means available for the avoidance of sickness, promotion of health and the lengthening of life.

Few persons realize how great a loss of life and limb is the result of industrial accidents. It is estimated that there occurred in this country in 1906 not less than 200,000 of such, 5,000 of which were fatal and 38,000 resulting in some degree of disability, total or in part. For those of us who deplore the carnage of war, here is a field for the exercise of our humanitarian zeal right at our doors. It would indeed be a terrible war that might inflict upon us in a single year such a loss in killed and wounded; but the figures given above do not include railway accidents, being limited to such as occur in establishments employing skilled labor. Concerning railway calamities, we rank far below the leading countries of Europe in their frequency, in proof of which I quote these tragic words from the *Encyclopedia of Social Reform*:

“During the last three months of the year 1905 there were 2,077 collisions and 1,645 derailments on our American roads; 101 passengers were killed and 2,868 injured; 1,008 employees killed and 14,250 injured.

“A passenger is about six times as likely to be killed in the United States as in Germany and twenty-five times as likely to be injured, while a railway employee is over three

times as likely to be killed by our private railways and over twenty times as likely to be injured."

It is hardly necessary to say that these figures do not apply indiscriminately to our railways, surely not to our leading lines, which in equipment, service and safety have perhaps no superiors in the world. To bring all railroads to the high standard of least danger is the demand of the people and the duty of the companies.

There is no doubt that the great mortality and injury constantly taking place in industrial plants and railway occupations might be materially reduced by the employment of additional safety appliances, for which different states have accomplished much through factory legislation and laws compelling the adoption of safety devices. There yet remains a great deal to be done in this direction.

Closely associated with the disabilities and loss of life through industrial and railway accidents is the subject of drug habits, in which is included the use of alcoholic beverages. Not only do all pleasure poison drugs when habitually indulged in have a deleterious influence upon the health, but such practices render one more liable to accident, and handicap the individual when he seeks employment. Particularly in the case of railway operatives and in all places where a clear brain and a steady hand are essential, it is becoming more and more the rule of employers to reject those who are addicted to such habits. Undoubtedly a great saving of life, limb and property would result from the putting away of all those deceitful drugs which befuddle the brain and enervate the body.

Of venereal diseases, though they constitute the most terrible curse which the human race has to deal with, little can be said here without doing violence to propriety. Thus this insidious and deadly enemy of men has fortified itself behind the ramparts of modesty of speech and mocks at our weak and skulking warfare, while the young and inexperienced without sufficient warning go cheerfully on to destruction. If the terror of these diseases, running on as in syphilis from generation to generation, could be as freely published as the facts are concerning food adulteration, the social evil could not long survive. The prevalence

of venereal affections is very great, it being estimated by good authority for New York City alone that it has an incredible number of cases. In the year 1904 our troops in the Philippines were the victims of venereal diseases to the extent of 297 per 1,000 men. In the navy similar conditions exist, and from these statistics, strictly complete and reliable because gathered by physicians who maintain a careful inspection of the men, an idea may be formed of how widely in civil life the social diseases prevail. The American Institute of Social Service, Bible house, Astor place, New York, is a worthy source of information concerning social impurity, and the Senate document entitled "National Vitality," by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, published by the government printing office, 1910, Washington, D. C., is an up-to-date and invaluable contribution to health conservation in all of its phases.

But the most important method of improving the physical condition of the race is by the teachings of eugenics, the science which, dealing with the question of parentage, shows that the strong beget the strong and that the weak beget the weak, not only physically, but mentally and morally. So abundant and convincing is the evidence of this that certain of our states have enacted laws which prohibit the marriage of the mentally deficient and criminal, while Indiana has a more comprehensive and drastic law which forbids the marriage of a person having a communicable disease and provides that radical means shall be employed to prevent procreation by those totally unfit to be parents. Were the care exercised in making matrimonial alliances that is given to the ordinary affairs of life, particularly to the perfection of horses and cattle, a superior race of mankind would be the sure result, and that, too, without eliminating the beautiful and essential element of natural affection. In the words of Professor Fisher in his "National Vitality:" "If, therefore, eugenic ideals ever hold sway, love marriages will not only continue to exist, but will become more frequent. Love is a primal and natural instinct, and the more natural men and women are, and the more highly they esteem natural vitality, the more will they be guided by mutual attraction."

In thus calling attention to a few of the more important phases of the conservation of the public health, I trust I am awakening an interest in this great and essential element of private well-being and public prosperity. It is with the rank and file of the people that the growth of the cause must have its root and support, and hence it is necessary in order that the crying need of hygienic advancement may be satisfied that they be made acquainted with the leading facts in the case. If the trustworthy information available upon this subject could be placed plainly before the entire public, it would lead to a great improvement of health, length of days and saving of lives.

Feb. 20, 1911.

MARTIN I. TOWNSEND

[An able lawyer and distinguished public man of Troy.
Died 1903.]

Tell it with reverence, looking down,
The sad, sad story!
Townsend is dead, him of the crown
Noble and hoary.
Cold on the bier his body sleeps;
Mourning around him his city weeps;
Honor beside him vigil keeps,
To guard his glory.

Silent the voice which once awoke
The thousands under,
Echoing passion which he spoke
With lip of thunder;
Silent the tongue of the Negro's friend,
Ready his color to defend;
Absent the zeal which rushed to rend
His irons asunder.

Drape the flag that he loved so well
With the badge of mourning;
His were the silvery words which fell
Its fame adorning;
Far as it fluttered on sea or land,
Binding his heart was every band;
Higher yet higher the perch he planned
Of the starry scorning.

Tell it with reverence, looking down,
The sad, sad story!
Townsend is dead, him of the crown
Noble and hoary.
Carry his body to the tomb;
Carry his work to Honor's room;
Carry his soul from the vault of gloom
To the gates of glory.

MILITARISM

“ For beathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.”
— Kipling’s “Recessional.”

The enormous volume and fearful burden of militarism which weighs upon the nations threatens to grind some of them into financial ruin, and that, too, in piping times of peace. Rivaling one another in the extent of their armaments, they have gone on until the swords they have forged for the destruction of alien lives are now entering their own vitals, for having taken them they are in danger of perishing by them, by military suicide. Nowhere in the world is this race for armed supremacy so furious as between Great Britain and Germany, though they have attained to a high Christian civilization, are of kindred blood and are both desirous for the preservation of peace, yet having no confidence in each other’s sense of justice and honor, they go on building greater and greater battleships, while the people groan under the load of taxation they are compelled to carry. (These two nations are now, November, 1914, fighting each other on land and sea.) Such is the condition, in less aggravated degree, throughout the civilized world, the uncivilized portions being exempt.

As to the vast amounts necessary to maintain the rivalry in preparations for war, it would be idle to mention them, for while a few giants of finance might be able to comprehend them, the average man having to do with modest sums of money, would only be bewildered by the figures. Let it be said, however, that the Congressional library at Washington, said to be the finest of all American architecture, and the beauty and majesty of which almost strikes the beholder speechless with wonder and admiration as he gazes upon its walls and glorious chambers, was built for a sum about one-half that consumed in the construction and equip-

ment of a battleship. Here we have art and books for conservation compared with a battleship for destruction, which leads me to suggest that we have more of the former and less of the latter. Let us take the money now thrown away in idle navies and appropriate it for teaching the people, among other things, the wickedness and waste of militarism, and the beauty and desirability of peace, and let representative international congresses be called yearly to deliberate in a spirit of equity upon the mutual desires and grievances of the nations, and thus make an end of war.

We have a practical illustration on our own boundary along the Great Lakes of the ease of effecting permanent disarmament when the parties are so disposed, and of the benefits resulting therefrom, a lesson which Great Britain and Germany would do well to profit by. In 1817, the jealousies remaining after the war of 1812 having led to active and extensive preparations on the part of both the English and Americans to renew the struggle, large numbers of men being employed in building warships and erecting fortifications, an agreement was entered into in Washington between a single representative of each government whereby this expensive and wasteful work was abandoned, leaving the Canadian border and the lakes to this day practically unguarded on both sides. In order to enjoy peace a nation like an individual must not only refrain from acts of violence, but must avoid assuming a belligerent attitude. A gentleman very rarely receives any other than respectful treatment, except from rowdies who find themselves quickly frowned down or locked up, and the same may be said of a worthy government, for so high has become the international standard of propriety and justice that an unarmed and unfortified country, so long as it remains strictly peaceable and just, has friends and defenders in all the civilized world. Upright and kindly disposed men rarely find it necessary to carry firearms, depending for safety upon their character rather than upon gunpowder.

It is a singular fact that Christian nations are in morals beneath the average standard of the individuals who compose them. The great mass of men are industrious, honest

and peaceable, rarely resorting to violence, and even then generally with nothing more dangerous than with their fists; but public business, at least in this country, is in many cases carried on in a notoriously inefficient and corrupt manner, and if the fact of preparations means anything, we would not be hard to be induced to take a hand in man-killing enterprises. Perhaps, however, if the noble statesmen who do the preliminary acts of war by merely shooting words at each other were compelled to take guns and fight it out themselves instead of staying at home while poor plebian wretches are shot down, armed strife with its horrors would cease.

Surely, if private, individual fighting is disgraceful, public, collective war cannot be honorable. Yet this latter truth is ostensibly denied by all Christian governments. Whence, it might be asked, is this tragic misconception, this awful delusion? It is principally from history, which universally has war for its warp; sanguinary threads which from remotest times run down the shuddering ages; it is derived from literature, which in noble prose and inspiring verse celebrates the glory of tumultuous battle, while art and music lend themselves to adorn the profession of human slaughter, and the Apostle Paul employs the accoutrements of the soldier to set forth the spiritual panoply of the Christian.

Now, I have a better opinion of the race than to believe that it rejoices in war from a spirit of revenge, adventure or renown; I think that we tolerate or commend it on account of the ideal features involved, which appeal to us as they did to St. Paul. Though I hate the gross features of war, I delight in studying the strategy and course of battles, and love to visit the great fields of arms, and I must admit that I have written more than one poor poem having tendencies perhaps to encourage such armed contention, but I silence a sense of my inconsistency by arguing that it is not the actual conflict I admire and am so interested in, but that it is the patriotism, self-sacrifice and heroism which men display in mortal danger which lead me to exalt the business of the soldier. All will readily acknowledge that these elements of character are desirable

and even indispensable for a people's highest interests, and some are ready to justify war for the reason that it is promotive of such qualities of mind, but it should be remembered that there is a nobler type of war than that of the flesh against flesh, namely that of mind against mind and spirit against spirit. There are abundant opportunities for battles of this kind wherein one may show himself a hero and suffer and endure and all but die. Several great and noble public causes are crying for recruits, and are fighting valiantly against overwhelming numbers, and in the ranks of these, he who pines for honorable strife in behalf of his fellow-men may find it, and taking part soon will be able to point with pride to his wounds.

Ultimately this ethical and spiritual war will displace the gross slaughterings, and far from the world becoming the home of cowards and weaklings, it will contain men and women of a much nobler mold of heroism and general excellence of character.

The outlook for international disarmament and peace becomes more and more propitious, the Hague peace conferences and permanent court of arbitration standing conspicuous as monuments in the grand world progression. But while the workings of human instrumentalities are thus visible, it is also encouraging to note that for many decades there has been a divine ordering of history looking to the final establishment of a world peace. Wars waged against uncivilized races have practically ceased, as have those of conquest, religion, and such as are connected with uprisings of downtrodden peoples, and all for the reason that the conditions which encouraged these hostilities have disappeared. Moreover, all principal nations of the earth have become so joined together by common commercial and sentimental interests that it is for the profit and comfort of all to maintain the individual parts in a state of peace. Governments, with our modern means of communication, are no longer remote from one another, so that a resort to arms on one side of the globe almost immediately causes anxiety and disturbance on the other. Hence, national rivalries and jealousies are more common

and intense than ever before, and many alliances are entered into for mutual protection and prevention of other powers appropriating territory, so that the projecting of war involves many counter embarrassments and discouragements. Again, mankind has become in this notably religious, intellectual, political and industrial age so interested in the peaceful issues of its day that it has neither time nor desire for further excitement. But the world-wide demand for universal peace is above all due to the wider and wider and deeper and deeper adoption of Christian principles. Not only in Christian lands has the mighty leavening increased, but in non-Christian countries devout and heroic missionaries have introduced a growing knowledge of the higher humanities taught in the New Testament, and such instructions are having a modifying effect upon the fierce prejudices of the Oriental and other hordes, so that the promise is that armed strife and bloodshed will at no distant day in this manner be prevented among and with these peoples.

So far has the sentiment for disarmament extended that it is highly probable that were a vote to be taken upon the question a majority of the people in each Christian nation would be in favor of the proposition. It is becoming the settled belief that war scares are manufactured and developed for the express purpose of making a market for the materials of those who have military and naval wares for sale at good prices, the interested parties keeping in the shade and with long fingers manipulating the press and the Congresses. Thus a world ferment of war is evidently maintained through the influence of venal concerns which aim purely at private enrichment, while the people not only have to pay the bill, but unwittingly are encouraging further outlays of the same kind and are courting hostilities with other countries.

John Wesley called the slave trade, "That execrable sum of all villainies," but the expression might with better propriety be applied to the business of war. The butcherings of battle, the throes of grief, the waste of material treasure are the lesser of the evils which, like the vultures, follow in the wake of war. Consider the demoralization of the

higher elements of character incident throughout the nations involved in war, the hate, cruelty and bestial depravity which sweeps as the breath of a malignant pestilence from the battlefield and contaminates the sentiments of tens of thousands in distant parts. And when the days of carnage are passed and the disbanded armies return to the paths of peace, then are scattered abroad the evil practices which, encouraged by idleness and the brutalizing influences of war, flourished in the camp. For, glorify armed strife as we may, it is an institution which leaves in its trail broken hearts, desolate firesides, polluted morality, maimed and enervated bodies, exhausted treasuries and a lingering malignancy.

But while war is the curse of curses, peace is the blessing of blessings. "Peace," says Milton, "hath her victories no less renowned than war," and while the fruits of the latter may seem vast and magnificent, they are likely to wither and become ashes in the hands of those who gain them, for they have not been won by merit, but by force of arms. Review the lives of the world's conquerors and it will be found that there was generally no permanence in their triumphs and that many of them died by their own hands, the great territories which they acquired becoming the prize of other strong and ambitious men. Let no one be deceived by the evolutionary argument that world progress is effected through war by the weeding out of the weak and inefficient, for God does not carry forward His beneficent plans by killing off any of those who have been made in His image, and there can be no doubt that the race in its advance toward better ideals has been set back thousands upon thousands of years through the interruption of peace. To a fool the thunder storm with its terrible exhibition of power and with its torrents of water might appear more to be desired than the gentle rains and the silent dew of heaven, but the normal man is aware that the violent downpour is destructive, and transient in its benefits, and that the frequent and milder visitations do not escape into the brooks and rivers, but remain to revive and bless the earth.

DOMINIE DREW'S VALENTINE

Said Dominie Drew to the curious clerk:
"Show me some valentines rich and choice;
None of your verses with rabid quirk
To harass the soul with their acrid voice;

But something modest and quite genteel,
Telling of presence of tender flame
That the sender professes within to feel
For the one who shall find upon it her name;
You see I am going to make a stroke,
And play on some one a practical joke."
Before the preacher the dealer tossed,
And named for it very extravagant cost,
A beautiful valentine all embossed,
And said it had duplicates none in the mart.
It bore a picture with Cupid a dart
Then and there shooting a crimson heart,
And of youth and a maiden embracing each other
As warmly as if they were sister and brother.
In poetry fervid upon it was writ
That life was a failure, the world unfit
For the smitten heart that high aspired,
Unless that its barrenness love attired
And granted a slave at somebody's feet
To take forever its abject seat.

The token within the preacher's vest,
He buttoned his coat across his breast
And turned his visage toward the street
With a serious look and a manner discreet,
While the clerk with his hand supporting his chin
Said: "Next in number to primal sin
The sentiment found to be within
The hearts of men I believe to be
The love of feminine excellency.
The white wigged judge in his legal gown,
The hobbling swain, the silly clown,
The scholar, the dunce, the hatcher as well,
Are bound in the meshes of magic spell
That forth from a gracious woman flies,
That breathes in her voice and beams from her eyes.
The dominie even I'd take my oath
Has felt the influence potent of both
And is going to send that valentine
With its weak, insipid and amorous line,
To some admired and comely maid
To whom to say as much he's afraid,
(A bashfuler bachelor never grew
To be forty years old like Dominie Drew,)

For he looked just a little to me ashamed
As he his errand guiltily named,
And avoided my eye, all well-known signs
To those who deal in valentines."

As the minister at the counter staid
There passed behind him a pretty maid,
His sexton's daughter, a blooming girl
With a winning face and auburn curl,
And she saw the chosen valentine
The clerk tie up with a yellow twine,
And never forgot it, so great a thing
At a momentous time is a cotton string.
In her secret thought the preacher admired
Had been, though her heart had not aspired
To know his favor beyond decent speech
And to sit demurely and hear him preach.
Useless that night was her favorite book;
Her eyes would turn from its page to look
In vacancy on the valentine,
While she its destiny sought to divine.
How much of mind is paradox!
That evening within a postoffice box
The coveted missive was waiting then
With her name disguised by the minister's pen.
Thus is it often in lives of men
When bitterest sorrow throws a pall
On bowed down head and shuts out all
Of lights of hope which were wont to shine;
Just then is oft waiting a valentine —
A letter come in on invisible rail
Running out of destiny's covering veil
And bringing us welcome words benign.

The sexton's daughter upon the way
Met Dominie Drew on Valentine's day,
And she said: "Such a beautiful token sent
Has some one to me that I'm firmly bent
To discover who cherishes me in his heart,
That I may to him my favor impart
And tell him to linger not at my feet,
But close by my side to take his seat.
Hasten I now where such missives are sought
To find if I can who this for me bought."
Quick as the lightning his cranium through
Darted this thought into Dominie Drew:
"If she does as she says I'll be seeming a fool
To the old and the young and my whole Sunday school,
Who will at their pastor inordinate laugh,
And my preaching will have no more weight than 'twere chaff."
By fear and affection equally fanned
Into sudden expression, the maiden's hand
The preacher took and in dreadful whirl
Offered himself to his sexton's girl.

Was he accepted? you want to know?
The clerk of the valentines deemed it so
As he gazed from his store with his eyes ashine
On the dominie's little pantomime,
And he muttered: "I really thought as much
When the minister paid a price of such
Enormity for that silly trash,
But I never guessed 'twas Jennie's 'mash.'"

As the love laden missives for '92
He stored away he said: "Dominie Drew
I have found a wife by my humble trade,
And a happy home on earth have made.
A mighty man is he who finds
For the people their little valentines."

HUMANISM

The mistaken idea which from remote times has had in the world many adherents, the conception that the Divine powers can in no better way be pleased by them than in humiliating and crushing all human hopes and promptings, is now in Christian lands almost universally discarded. In place of this gloomy conviction, breathing mildew from its cells upon the high natural leadings of the human mind, and weighing down with its iron asceticism the innocent and beautiful sentiments which adorn the pathway of social life, we have in this better age of the world humanity exalted to its rightful position in the sight of God and man. That this modern view of the attitude of the race is the desirable and proper one, rather than the other, may be shown by noting the comparative merits of their fruits as seen in the countries where they respectively prevail.

Humanism may be thus defined: The liberation and development in the mind and life of man of those endowments which distinguish him from the animal. It glories in humanity and aims to exalt it in worthy power, freedom and enjoyment, appealing ever to justice and reason as arbiters rather than to the traditions of men. Humanism is the result of substituting for what is artificial and evil, that which is natural and good. It is the implacable enemy of tyranny, craft, insincerity and immorality, aspiring to noble living and to high altruistic ideals, and entertaining a belief that heaven is here, in part, at least, and not altogether beyond the clouds. The Greeks were the first of the peoples of the earth to manifest the spirit of humanism, and in their literature may be found to this day its essential characteristics, the germs from which its modern development has sprung. These ancient children of nature, refusing to be servile imitators of the dark and stagnant life of the East, set a new and beautiful copy for the world, writing it high in elements which appeal forever to the primitive, universal sentiments of the heart of man.

Lovers of freedom, ambitious, intoxicated with a sense of beauty, pleasure seekers and worshipers of knowledge, the Greeks set the seal of excellence and honor upon the frame and mind of man, and taught the world to appreciate and prize him.

In the Dark Ages the precious Greek legacy of humanism was hidden under the common eclipse until Petrarch, the great Italian poet and scholar of the fourteenth century, re-introduced it to the world. Under its enlightening and liberating spirit he grew to be the father of the renaissance, which was a movement identified with and similar to humanism.

The writer, however, is willing to admit that he is not a great admirer of Greek literature, though free to acknowledge the beneficial part it has served as a humanizing influence in the world. The great objection to the Greek authors is that they were pagans, and that having been such, their writings are tainted with the evil elements which therein inhere. Perhaps for the society in which Petrarch lived, this literature was as ethically advanced as the people could appreciate, but for our times it has lost such efficacy. All its worthy principles and sentiments, however, have been transfused into our own literature, while its undesirable elements, which would not now be tolerated, have been ignored. English literature has an infinitely higher standing in humanism than the Greek, and in general excellence it is without a rival in the world.

The growth of humanism has been slow and its present status has been attained only after many centuries of inhumanism, in which multitudes have suffered and died, in which slavery, torture and massacre were deemed legitimate practices to inflict upon an enemy. Review "Plutarch's Lives," and consider the state of society as it existed in Greece and Rome even in their palmiest days, and you will be ready to render thanks that your lot is not cast in such degenerate times, when folly, cruelty, superstition and abominable lust ran riot, and when conspiracies, poisonings and assassinations were of frequent occurrence. Follow down the paths of history and it will be found that the light of Christianity, though clearing up somewhat the

darkness of human depravity, did not suffice to remove intolerable wrongs and cruelties, and that, parading in the very garment of our religion, many desperate battles were fought and myriads gave up their lives in mistaken zeal.

In those centuries the world had not come to realize that the human body is sacred as well as religious faith, and that the life of a man was something high and infinitely precious as well as the doctrines of the church. But it is now the accepted opinion, or ought to be, that the Christian religion, unless it shall have for its fruits bigotry and pharisaism, must recognize and cultivate those elements of character which make up what is known as humanism. In this age of the world when the rights of individuals of all conditions are being respected, when republics and liberal governments are becoming more and more thickly located, it is the average men who have upon their shoulders the destiny of human society, and in their keeping, the issues of religious and political progress. Woe to that social cause, whatever it may be, which shall not deserve the favor of that humanism which dwells in the universal mind and which is in these modern times permitted to assert its power! But those movements which are for the good of mankind, though they be defamed and resisted for many decades, will at last be submitted to as having in them the gracious spirit of humanism.

Humanism has come in these modern times to indicate infinitely more than the spirit of the Greek and Roman classics and "polite learning," and is now exhibiting itself as a vital enduring force, inherent in the mind and soul of man and with a power of unlimited development. For, as the German philosopher Hegel has shown, the history of the world may be traced on the path of a higher and higher realization of freedom, and the future to the end of time will undoubtedly witness the continuation of the struggle. So long as there shall be civilized humanity upon the earth, there will exist humanism, and with humanism present there will ever be movements in progress for greater freedom in all walks of life.

In the physical aspect, humanism is active in liberating the poor and sick and incapacitated from their miseries,

so far as it is possible, by a multitude of public and private benevolences, while the less conspicuous examples of brotherly help are so common as to excite no remark, having become the inbred disposition of the people.

In the business and industrial world the never ending demand for shorter hours and higher wages, the insistence that the health and safety of working people shall be considered by employers, the high state of organization and the intelligent management of the great labor brotherhoods and unions, all combined in a central federation of tremendous power, declare the growth of the free spirit of humanism and of the efficient and more and more humane methods which in this field it employs. Employers' liability laws and enactments prescribing ages, conditions and hours which govern the work of children, and the many methods of industrial betterment which are in use, might be cited to show that manual labor under the benign influence of humanism is arising from its former condition of slavery and hopelessness.

The emancipation of the individual citizen from the power of the political boss, which is taking place throughout the country, indicates that the people are not always to be made the mockery of freedom, but intend to enjoy the truth and substance of it. The direct primary, government of cities by commission, the initiative and referendum, election of United States Senators by direct ballot, and other movements for placing the control of government in the immediate hands of the voters, are simply manifestations of the undying principle of humanism which revolts from tyranny and resents even the least circumscribing of what it esteems its rights and privileges.

The religious world also has a part in the humanistic advancement, and it is plainly evident that dead forms are losing their power and that the living spirit is having sway; that the people are beginning to take religion like politics into their own hands, and that they are determined to appropriate and wear daily upon their persons the radiant gem of faith, and to throw away the casket. No longer does the mere assumption of religious authority exercise much power or influence outside the fields of limited juris-

dictions, the great masses, churched and unchurched, looking for the genuine fruits of faith, which are not all ethereal but are in a sense also palpable, humanistic. The ancient cry of the church, Purify and save the individual soul, is becoming a larger demand, Purify and save the country. Under the influence of humanism the idea of the Kingdom of God has enlarged to embrace all men, all places, all institutions and employments, which it is the duty and privilege of good men to develop in peace, prosperity, righteousness and good works.

It is pertinent to inquire as to the sources of humanism. All worthy literature abounds in it, and is the most prolific fountain, though strictly speaking, to arrive at the initial spring of this phase of human character, one must reach to the very throne of God. For, though it may sound paradoxical, humanism is attained by escaping from that which is purely human, from the bondage of the senses and mere animal propensities, and by bursting the barriers of naturalism to rise into the enjoyment and exercise of those sentiments which differentiate civilized man from the naked savage of the wilderness. There is room for infinite development in humanism, for having been created in the mental and spiritual image of the Divine Being, it is the privilege of humanity to perfect itself from generation to generation, so as to realize more and more the ideal of its high destiny.

Woman is an important aid in the promotion of humanism, and she is repaying the race for her liberation from previous thralldom by the ministrations of those offices which are peculiarly hers, and which breathe of gentleness, goodness and mercy. Well says that eminent Frenchman, Baron D'estournelles de Constant: "The influence of woman to-day is spreading, as is that of the common people—as are the influences of music, art, science, which, like that of woman, are increasing, intangible and universal."

From the viewpoint of humanism, woman is wiser and stronger than man, for the superior soul elements which are hers constitute the deep foundations upon which an individual or a people must rise, and it is for us to realize

practically what she, with purer and more prophetic insight, apprehends sentimentally. If woman had her wish, wars would cease, for it is in her heart that the sword pierces with the greatest pain, it is her tearful memory that never forgets the empty place at the hearthstone, and it is her sensitive soul that recoils the most from the horrors of battle. Were woman to have her way, several public abuses would find correction, and being thus relieved of the dead weight of inhumanism, the people would ascend to planes of happiness and prosperity of which we now have no conception.

But the supreme model of humanism, one permanent for all time, is the great Prophet of Nazareth, and in Him may be found not only the pattern, but the power of it. He went about doing good. He was active in His ministry, not waiting for the people to come to Him, but going to the people and associating with all classes and extending, not spiritual benefits only, but physical as well. Combining in Himself both the divine and human natures, He manifested to the world the true humanism, and thus taught that to fully develop this desideratum of life, it is necessary to call to our aid heavenly agencies. For our humanism alone cannot stand, else would that of the Greeks have better fared, and in modern times it is apparent that the practice of it in the larger fields is almost entirely in the folds of the Christian church, and that herein has it had its growth. It may be said, also, that the Christian religion cannot prosper without the co-operation of humanism, the one being the right hand and the other the left hand of the church. Remove men from the common walks of life, segregate them from their fellows, and no matter how excellent may be their characters as Christians, their piety will become sickly and deformed. There can be no true religion without humanism and there can be no genuine humanism divorced from religion.

Humanism is one of the greatest words in our vocabulary. It is a term greater than church, state or society, for they were made for humanity and not humanity for them. That there might be an exalted humanism in the earth the Son of God gave up his life.

LINCOLN

What shall I bring to grace the day
When Lincoln to the world was born?
How shall my halting pen essay
His sacred memory to adorn?

'Tis not for me to strike the chord
Immortal and a song to raise,
Which all the future years shall hoard
And chant the nobly ordered phrase;

Yet could I rival every fame
Bright written on distinction's spire,
Whose songs illumine as living flame
The paths of men and light them higher,

Still would I fail to be in tune
With Lincoln's plain heroic soul;
For brilliant trope and glossy rune
May not his simple worth extol.

For he was nature typed in man,
Sublime in her untutored parts,
And unconfined by human plan
He towered above our puny arts.

So bring the wild flowers' vagrant clan
And lay them on the martyr's tomb;
His gentleness they tell to man,
His love they breathe in their perfume.

Command to come the days of June,
The sunny days that glad the earth,
The friendly sparrow's merry tune;
For these report of Lincoln's mirth.

And call the waste of billowy brine,
The tempest howling o'er the sea,
And they shall tell his fate malign,
His life of lonely mystery.

Move up the mountain peaked with snow,
And ribbed with granite's lasting rock,
That it may Lincoln's honor show,
Which looking upward knew no shock.

Let lightning cleave the vault of night,
The violent thunder freely rave,
That we may know his power, his might,
That tore the shackles from the slave.

EMIGRATION

There is an imperative leaning in the human family to seek out homes in territories that promise better things than the places in which they dwell, and picturing in hopeful imaginations the delights of other lands, there have always been multitudes ready to leave all and set out on long and painful journeys. This universal desire to move on for the improving of prospects is the law of progress thus written indelibly on the mind tablet of the race, and in obedience to it the world, which otherwise would have remained for a great part unknown, has been colonized and developed. From the earliest times of which we have any knowledge the hardy, confident and adventurous souls have turned their backs upon the familiar places and gone out to strange parts, taking with them the arts, implements and appliances most approved in their day. They contend with difficulties, develop ingenuity, acquire increased general ability, leaving the fruit of their enterprise to their children. These, in turn, take up the knowledge and improvements which they have inherited, add to them the fruits of their own efforts and ingenuity, to be carried afar by those having the pioneer spirit burning within them. In this manner the round of emigration and development to higher civilization has proceeded, working side by side, more and more rapidly as the elements of progress have multiplied. It is within the memory of many when a very large portion of this country was scarcely known, where the Indian held undisputed possession and the buffalo in herds of thousands grazed on the prairies; but those fertile regions called to the East, and as in all the history of the world, not in vain. One of the marvels of territorial development is the result of that emigrant response, for it was the improved implements of every kind, with steam and electric power, with the telegraph, and all powerfully supplemented by the wealth of the East, which has ever flowed in as a copious tide, that have converted the wilderness places of the West into rich and prosperous cities and states, a granary of the

world. "Out west," it may be said, has been the cry of emigration since the days of Abraham, for the travelers for fortune have ever kept on the trail of the sun's golden orb, until in America they have come to the bounds of territorial hope. Here is being played the last act of the great world drama of emigration.

Emigration from earliest times has been irregular in its movement, rising and falling as inundations and ever seeking new fields. One of the first of these great tides of migration of which there is any knowledge was that of the Aryans, a people inhabiting central Asia, who about 2,000 B. C. dispersed themselves in Europe and settled in Media, Persia and India. Though this, the Japhetic race, was later in arriving at maturity than the Hametic and Semetic peoples, it developed a superiority and vitality of language yet living in our own tongue and many other dialects, and in the various branches of the Aryan descendants are to be found the foremost nations of the earth. Among the divisions of this vast migration were the Kelts, Italo-Hellenic people, Teutons and Slavs, who came into Europe in the order in which they are named, failing pastures and growth of population having driven them into the virgin lands of the West.

The Phœnicians, dwelling on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, were an enterprising and gifted people of ancient times who were emigrants and colonizers to all accessible parts lying west of them. In Solomon's day the Phœnicians had arisen to the summit of their pride and glory when, as the great merchant and shipping nation of the world, it had multitudes of colonies on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean and along the coast of Spain and on to Britain, and monopolized trade in all these places. The developing and civilizing influence of this commercial people cannot be overestimated, and it is to them that Greece owes her inspirations of art, and it was from the same source that the world learned lessons in trade, commerce and maritime enterprise. They were the rich "middlemen" of their day, receiving the manufactured wares and products of the East and distributing them to the West, retaining a goodly margin of profit, so that in the

words of Zechariah, "Tyre heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets." But the great monument standing ever to perpetuate the fame of the Phœnicians is the alphabet, the fruit of their invention, and which they carried abroad everywhere and established in the world.

Another important race wave was that of the Arabs who, infatuated with Mohammedanism, in the seventh century overran Syria, Persia, and northern Africa to the Atlantic. Early in the eighth century they conquered Spain, and dwelling there for nearly 800 years were, while threatening the Christian peoples lying north of them, ever advancing in science, art, literature and medicine, having among them accomplished scholars and able philosophers. Their legacy to the world in learning, invention and discovery has been very great, and as the Arabs cultivated these things during the centuries that the rest of mankind was wrapped in intellectual and social darkness, they kept alight the torch of knowledge and handed it into worthier hands when they themselves fell at last into ignorance and dissolution. With the conquest of Granada in 1492 by Ferdinand and Isabella, the Moorish or Arab power in Spain came to an end and, though a large number of that race continued to dwell there, the Mohammedan religion soon ceased to exist in that country.

The hordes from northern Europe which repeatedly swept down upon the decaying power of Rome, inundating it at last with a permanent population ignorant but virile, is one of the most remarkable and far-reaching of race migrations. Unlike the Arabs, they made no contribution of learning to the world, but by the communication of strong bodies and fearless, independent minds to the pusillanimous people among whom they came, their influence was perhaps equally important.

The discovery of the continent of America in 1492 opened for emigrants vast territories to which longing eyes and hopeful hearts of multitudes in the Old World have since been and are still turning, for there yet remain, particularly in South America, abundant opportunities. It is a striking coincidence that the fall of the Arab power

of Granada and the discovery of America should have occurred in the same year, one event marking the ebb of a great race tide and the other the flow of a new migratory demonstration. The many millions which have come to this country, though the fact astonishes us, is not unlike the experience of other lands of earlier times, as I have briefly shown in the above paragraphs. The examples I have referred to, however, are but a few of those nomadic tidal waves which in greater or less volume have been ebbing or flowing since men inhabited the earth, for the heart of man is restless and ambitious. Yet there are certain differences, one with the others, in connection with all these migrations, and thus in the case of this country there are peculiarities of immigration which it is pertinent to mention.

No land has ever received so diversified a list of foreigners as the United States, for every nation under the sun has its representatives among us, constituting this republic the most cosmopolitan people of ancient or modern times. Numerically, also, as to immigration we lead the world, past and present. From 1821 to 1905 a total of more than 22,000,000 souls had come to this country, since which date there have been added not far from an average of 1,000,000 per year, which aggregates a number twice that of foreigners living in all civilized nations combined. Our great negro population renders us exceptional in that it exceeds that of any advanced country and creates intricate and grave social problems.

The geographical situation of this country, accessible on the east to nations of Christian, modern civilization, and on the west to pagan, ancient populations, has complicated yet further among us the problem of the alien. Here is the crucible into which are being cast men and women of every tribe and nation, and a complicated chemistry of races is operating among us, the outcome of which it is too early to determine, whether it will prove of a superior species; of a sort mean and mediocre; or of a breed weak, wicked and worthless. With us the racial plan is fusion, while the ancient Asiatic civilizations, having existed from century to century, resist outside influences and affilia-

tions which tend to undermine those characteristics which render them separate and distinct.

But, though we have upon us the burden of this racial issue, there has been in the order of our history a preparation for its ultimate right and successful solution. The colonization of this country began at a period when learning had revived and was spreading abroad its beneficent beams, when invention had multiplied the possibilities of human enterprise, when religion had become an independent and personal factor in life, burning fervently in the souls of men. To this virgin land came these people of fervent faith, fearing nothing, and in frail craft venturing out on dangerous waters to make their homes in the wilderness, and to found a new nation on the pillars of equity and truth. The Puritans came, and the God fearing and thrifty Dutch, the Huguenots and the Quakers, all men and women of character and power. Then began the great inflow of the Irish, Scotch-Irish and the Teutonic peoples, until the country had been grounded in strength. The Puritans and other early immigrants, unhampered by a resident power worthy of the name, created a unique government which the liberty loving races from the north of Europe built up and strengthened until it grew to be a people distinct, original and knitted together by ties of blood, religion and national pride. Then, about the year 1880, the sources of the main tides of immigration changed, and Slavic, Asiatic and Semitic races have since preponderated. But so thoroughly had we become nationalized, so well intrenched in law, education and industry, so rooted in morals and religion, that the hordes of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe have not to any marked degree vitiated our civilization. But the swarming hives of population in Europe and Asia are multiplying in spite of the crowds who have sought our shores, railroads have been constructed into the interiors where humanity abounds, steamship lines are bidding at low fares to convey these ignorant and frequently unworthy inhabitants to this land of liberty and promise, great and growing industrial enterprises desiring cheap labor are encouraging the coming of an inferior class of immigrants, so that it is probable that

the future shall bring more and more of such objectionable aliens into the country.

Among the injurious results of this crowding-in of a lower order of aliens is increase of political corruption, particularly in cities; lessening of the birth rate of our native population; lowering of wages, and the introduction of a flood of illiteracy, intemperance, insanity, disease and crime. But there is good authority which says that the children of these immigrants acquire knowledge readily in our public schools, Italian and Jewish races particularly, and that physically the new comers are superior to us. Though there is a tendency among the immigrants to colonize and retain their native languages, the assimilative strength of the American people is very great in that our free government, liberal institutions and unreserved social ways appeal to a universal democratic sentiment, which factors in time it is to be expected will remove the practice.

Another source of peril lies in the fact that the larger part of these aliens make their homes in our great cities to become too frequently the festering centres of vice, and the dupes of Socialists and Anarchists. Coming from illiberal governments, where they have been ground down, being ignorant and poor, and of narrow ideas, they are disposed to consider the ruling powers their enemies, and all government as a conspiracy to take advantage of them. But the knowledge of the friendly attitude of the country toward all worthy foreigners soon finds its way among them, while many good men and women are making missionaries of themselves to improve these people, teaching them our language and helping them into intelligent citizenship. Time thus spent is well employed, for undoubtedly some of those thus profiting by the inspiring touch of friendly help will rise up to shine in future days and make amends for ten thousand immigrants of common mold. And a hopeful fact is this, that environment is more potent than heredity in the making or unmaking of society, and it is for this reason that the hosts of foreigners, steeped in centuries of alien conditions, so quickly become Americanized and lose in a generation or two even physical characteristics. Thus the chief thing remaining for us of the

old stock to do is to maintain social, educational, political and religious affairs upon a high standard, and to keep inviolate the institutions of the family and the Sabbath in order that we thus may not only be safe-guarded from the aliens, but that we may surround them with the means of all honorable advancement.

Philosophy at this point sheds light upon our subject. Benjamin Kidd in his "Principles of Western Civilization," which has for its motif the idea that the future exerts a developing and unifying power over the present, has this to say: "The cause has made the population of the United States a single people, it decided at the beginning that the original states should not set up barriers against each other and later at a supreme crisis of their existence prevented them from breaking up into two separate nationalities. It is the cause which has driven the same people to absorb into this unity, and to digest with a rapidity and completeness elsewhere unknown, the various fragments of the Latin civilizations with which they were originally surrounded. It is the cause which has driven them to absorb with equal rapidity and to build up into a new social order the millions which Europe has continued to pour upon them. * * *

But it is a cause which has no direct relation to the conscious machinery of governments, of politics, or of states. It represents rather the slow convergence towards each other in a majestic process of natural development of the forces and factors with which the ultimate meaning of our civilization is identified, and under the control of which the world is destined to pass in the future toward which we continue to move."

A fearful but magnificent responsibility rests upon the United States. Here is the emigrant's last El Dorado; here is the world's confluent vortex of races, the mixing and making of what shall eventuate, may I say, as the earth's dominant nation. And the final tests are perhaps now being submitted to us to determine whether we are worthy or able to be the universal standard bearer of liberty, exhibiting an exalted Christian civilization. We have not only our own moral and political issues of tremendous import to deal with, but also the added burden of the immi-

grant, and if we can but emerge in safety from these present difficulties we will have passed a crisis and will be prepared to go forward to the development of a race and nation that good men have dreamed of, but which never has been realized. It is not unreasonable to say that the pre-Babel condition, when the whole earth was of one language and of one speech, shall here be restored, and that the dispersed family of men, having lived and labored and suffered and learned in every clime, shall in this free land be amalgamated into a superior race, a world race to extend its beneficent influence to the ends of the earth.

Look into the annals of the past and it will be found that the races which have left their imprint upon the minds of men to forever inspire to the doing of better things have been the mixed races, like the Greeks. Already, more than we realize, this nation above that of any other of ancient or modern times is publishing itself, uttering the evangel of liberty from the mouths of those who come and go to all parts of the earth; for many thousands of immigrants yearly come to the United States who have dwelt here previously, while emigration back to the old countries is constantly proceeding. Through the mails an enormous correspondence is ever passing from the immigrants among us to their home lands, and thus is spread abroad a knowledge of our ways and institutions. Oriental nations, having learned of our greatness, are sending of their promising youth to be educated in our colleges, and to our impact upon these eastern peoples is due in no small measure the liberalizing of their governments and the uprising in China. The United States, be it known, has to-day the distinction of being the guiding star of the nations.

The management of the immigrant situation is along two main lines; the first in charge of the government by way of exclusion and restriction laws, the second conducted by the people, employing the milder methods of instruction and general helpfulness. Our exclusion and restriction laws, could they be thoroughly administered, would prevent every alien, undesirable in morals, mind or body, from landing upon our shores, but as can be easily understood, it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at a just con-

clusion in each individual case, with the newcomers all endeavoring to present themselves in the best light. But many thousands have been refused under these laws, and in the year 1909 there were 10,411 persons debarred and 2,124 deported, a fearful, festering mass of sin, sickness and insincerity.

It can be truly said to the honor of the Christian church that she is the one great agency at work for the betterment of the alien. As to the status of some of the denominations laboring in this work, the Methodists in 1906 had 582 churches and missions engaged in it; Baptists, 515; Congregationalists, 379; Presbyterians, 236; and, besides these, the many social settlements and institutional churches are active in this employment. Also the Episcopal, Lutheran and Friends churches, together with practically all denominations, interest themselves in the upbuilding of the immigrants. Yet the extent of the work is woefully inadequate, with the fields of aliens white unto the harvest. Never was a grander opportunity offered for the serving of our fellow-men than is found among the aliens in our land, for at one stroke we may benefit the stranger and buttress the pillars of government and the nation.

Dec. 19, 1911.

WOMAN'S MEED.

[Read at the opening of the Home for Aged Women,
Greenwich, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1909.]

I sought the nations to inquire
In what their glory lay;
The source of patriotic fire
And purpose to obey;
And whence that still, informing force
That holds great peoples in their course.

All up and down the earth I fared,
And stood in courts of kings,
And fields of strife, where trumpets blared,
And fame plumed bloody wings;
In legislative halls I heard
Great statesmen speak their wisest word.

I went where learning made its home,
Where art its beauty spread;
In many a philosophic tome
Long days my errand led;
But none could me the secret tell
Why nations others do excel.

Thus foiled, I turned from men of might
And had not long to seek;
In every home I saw the light
Of power and heard it speak —
The love light of a mother's eyes;
The maid's sweet voice that strong men ties.

'Tis woman's love that rules the lands;
That makes them to attain.
'Tis woman's love that changeless stands
While centuries wax and wane;
That stands clear shining in the night,
To guide the race of men aright.

Yet down the vistas of the past
Behold her toiling up;
Men's burdens on her shoulders cast
And drinking bitter cup;
A slave to rude and scornful men
Who knew not how to prize her then.

And while her heavenly light was quenched
The world in darkness raved;
Red waves of war the nations drenched
With half mankind enslaved;
And woman unprotected dwelt,
And every degradation felt.

But when Religion's light broke clear
In far off Palestine,
'Twas woman's feet that first drew near
To seek the One divine;
And first of Europe's swarming host,
A woman was Paul's worthy boast.

And thus did woman reach her place;
Thus did she gain her power;
Her love was quicker in the race
Than man's, and more her dower;
And to her strength all men defer,
And now delight to honor her.

Unmanacled, her frail, white hand
A peaceful strife has waged;
Has dulled the sword and quenched the brand
And war's worst blood-hounds caged.
Wherever sin and suffering are,
There woman's love shines as a star.

Her work is in the quiet ways,
Behind sequestered walls,
Where worldly honor rarely strays,
Where duty ever calls —
The hearthstone has her altar fire;
There is her fame and her desire.

Would that I had words to express
The debt we owe to her!
Distinctions of the world are less
Could we all them confer;
For like the sunshine and the rain,
Rewards attempted are in vain.

Of higher kind is woman's meed;
From treasures above
It has its source where is no greed —
The treasures of love.
To-day, in her tired hands we pour
Our token of the heavenly ore.

Forget, our sisters, all the gift;
Remember the intent;
Material parts, we pray you, sift,
And save the love we meant;
That in this mansion's every room
The flowers of sweet content may bloom.

And think not here your mission past;
For yet your light shall shine;
And ever while this home shall last
Its presence shall refine,
And tell as no declaimer can
The truth of brotherhood of man.

For as the diamond drinks the light
And gives it multiplied,
Thus shall you of our token slight
Respond with glowing tide,
And radiant grace shall shed abroad,
And magnify the ways of God.

Here, ever peace and rest remain,
Their angels at the gate,
Forbidding entrance of all pain.
Here let hope fondly wait
And whisper words of ample cheer,
And staunch the gushing of the tear.

Smile ever, banks of Battenkill,
Beneath this mansion's lawn,
And let thy waters here distill
The dews the last withdrawn,
And may these lives abide as blest
As thy bright waters, pausing, rest.

CHRISTMAS

It is fortunate for us, dwelling in this northern climate, that Christmas falls in a winter month when we stand in need of hopeful and enlivening influences. In this cold season of shortest and gloomiest days the lagging spirits are revived by Christmas greetings and gifts, by family reunions and by the renewal of the blessed proclamation of the angels of Bethlehem. In the midst of all the felicities, how essential it is that we should not be led by the shadow to forget the substance of Him whom we honor and celebrate, but that we should strive on the anniversary of His advent to realize definitely in our own minds the true inwardness of His life and character, at least as regards some of the leading elements.

In this happy Christmas-tide (1911) it is upon the amiable, gracious and loving nature of Jesus that we prefer to dwell, which is right and proper, though our view of Him should not be thus confined the whole year through, as there is reason to believe is the habit with most Christians. We are hardly to be blamed for this, for it is a teaching that has been written, preached, prayed and sung for generations, while the ideal pictures of Christ all portray Him with gentle and characterless expressions. But I am convinced that Jesus, having all knowledge and power, of divine nature, possessed of magnificent dignity and courage, not only spoke as never man spoke, but looked as never man looked. I cannot believe that a Being so endowed could fail to exhibit His excellencies in His features, and that His face should be of that emasculate type that it is represented to have been. The Madonnas, too, are generally of an insipid cast of countenance, artificial, tame and uninteresting. Before me are the engravings of Raphael's Madonnas, the greatest specimens of this favorite theme of the master artists, and while some of them are beautiful, none are of that human, flesh-and-blood appearance, of that intelligence and strength of character united

with affection, which one longs to find depicted in the face of the mother of our Lord.

Now this fond, one-sided view of our Saviour's personality has its explanation in the conditions of treachery, rapine, conspiracy and violence which filled the earth in the centuries following His advent, from which His followers turned in dismay to rest in the gentleness and peace of His presence. But through long and painful processes the race has advanced to an era of comparative amity and tranquillity, so that to the conception of Jesus as gracious and long-suffering we are prepared to add the elements of strength, courage and exalted enterprise.

No one can study the gospel narratives without being impressed with the fact that beneath the generally mild exterior of the Saviour's attitude there is infinite power, material, intellectual and spiritual, in reserve. Standing before men as the Son of God, consorting with the less favored elements of society, at odds with the entire ecclesiastical church of the Jews, and constantly hounded by them with crafty skill, with difficulties ever before Him of a strange and unearthly character with which no other person can have any experience, and living always in appalling danger, He preserves at all times a dignified attitude and defeats at His pleasure and with perfect ease the malignant plans of His enemies. His courage, too, was sublime, manifested not only in His death but in the excruciating, lingering trials of His life. And it should not be forgotten that the sufferings of this God-man, who was physically, mentally and spiritually infinitely more highly organized than ourselves, were incalculably greater than would have been experienced by us in similar circumstances. The smooth current of the gospels, if we are not observant, conceals the unmeasured power of Him whom it reflects, as does the gentle flow of the river, gliding quietly between its pleasant banks, disclose nothing of the vast energy dwelling beneath its surface.

For the work of Jesus was not all of a passive character, to die for the sins of the world after having meekly ministered for a period of three years to the infirmities of the people, but it was an eternally positive and constructive

labor which had in it a divine principle of life and multiplication. In the gospels are germs of mighty movements, waiting only to be planted in the favorable soil of appreciation to spring up and develop universal public blessings. For while Jesus laid down no detailed directions for the guidance of social, political and governmental affairs, which, in their ever-changing aspects admit of no hard and fast rules, He yet set up great and imperishable guide posts along the paths of time which, being observed, will lead individuals, communities and nations into conditions of peace and prosperity. It has not been until recent years that the wonderful vitality, applicability and expansive character of Jesus' teachings have been realized, and men are turning as never before to the gospel for instruction in all affairs of life, civil as well as religious.

The divine virility of Jesus is further exhibited in the display of indignation directed against religious hypocrisy. With publicans and sinners, beggars and outcasts, He was mild and compassionate, turning not away from them; but for one class of persons He had stored up vials of consuming wrath — for the arrogant, prating, mercenary and double-faced members of the Jewish hierarchy. That last fearful storm of denunciation which he hurled upon them has no parallel in literature for power, and its impetuous, accusing words seem almost to scorch the page upon which they are recorded. Consider, too, the peril he was incurring in thus condemning these proud priests and crafty scribes in the very temple of their worship and power, an offense compared to which the reviling in the capitol of the Supreme Court of the United States would be a mild affair. It is not probable that Jesus changed his attitude concerning the hypocrisy and cruelty of the ruling priests even when hanging upon His cross; His words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," concerned only the Roman soldiers, who were engaged in His crucifixion.

In His indifference to the claims of Jewish religious tradition, Jesus drew down upon Himself the indignation and persecuting opposition of the priests, who recommended the Talmud to the people as of greater value than the Scrip-

tures themselves. In casting aside as of no authority this vast and burdensome collection of minute and immaterial requirements, Jesus displayed heroism to a greater degree than we perhaps appreciate. For we can hardly realize the fierce, fanatical spirit of that ancient priesthood which upheld with fervent zeal the traditions of the fathers and pronounced a curse upon those who discredited the Talmud. Our own religious institutions are more or less involved in a mild traditionalism, though sufficiently strong to make it very uncomfortable for anyone presuming to run counter to its requirements, and the query suggests itself, What attitude would Jesus assume toward it? Would He submit to it, or would He ignore it?

But the most sublime conception of Jesus is that which views Him in the capacity of a world ruler, as the active force in realizing the first petition of the Lord's prayer, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. More than one hundred times this kingdom is referred to in the gospels, forty-five times in Matthew alone, and it is the burden of Jesus' teaching, announced at the opening of His ministry and prominent to the end as the great theme of His mission. Now the Jews, particularly the sect of the Pharisees, knew perfectly the primary meaning of the term, and hence it was not necessary to explain it to them, but for us it needs further interpretation. To the Jews whom Jesus addressed the expressions, Kingdom of God, and Kingdom of Heaven, equivalent terms, stood for divine or theocratic government, after the manner of the earlier Israelitish history, and which was the ideal of the Jews of Jesus' day for their nation. A race which has ever exhibited, beyond any other people, a fervent, national spirit, their inspired literature, the Old Testament, has for its main line of treatment the entire Hebrew population. But suddenly, as we pass from the Old to the New Testament, we find the current of discourse turned in the direction of the individual, with emphasis upon the conduct of personal life. Yet there is no real disagreement here nor change of inspired purpose, for the Kingdom of God which Jesus preached was that of which the Jews had ever dreamed, only it was to be realized first through the recep-

tion of His spirit by separate souls, to be by them communicated to all the affairs of human activity. It was, however, to be a kingdom transcending the selfish limits prescribed for it by the Jews, and was to embrace and bless mankind universally to the end of time and into eternity. In modern days it has been sought to interpret the Kingdom of God as the Christian church or as the heavenly abode of the redeemed, but these definitions have been superseded by the more rational and broader conception which increasingly prevails.

In thus setting forth, though inadequately, this view of Jesus and His kingdom, I have not meant to detract from the value and the blessedness of private religious experiences, but to point out the path for Christian employment in a vast and largely uncultivated field, that of practical affairs. For I recognize the fact that St. John's gospel differs from the other three in being more spiritual, though important teachings concerning the Kingdom of God are not wanting in it, and that Christian life must be viewed from two sides. Like the physical body, the religious life has two hands. Its right hand is the personal life of faith concerned with the immediate and local things of private and neighborhood existence, while its left hand is for the promotion of the Kingdom of God as embracing every affair of human life and enterprise, and it is only as they exist together and work together that the Christian can fully and efficiently employ himself. But our prevailing religion is largely of the one-armed variety, though there are hopeful indications that the paralysis of the left member will be recovered from in due season.

This grand idea of Jesus' dominion over all human affairs is to me a most hopeful and helpful theme for contemplation. While He said, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth, it is only as concerns this world that I am able to frame any rational conception as to what existence would be under the full operation of His beneficent law. Just now when problems of vast and vital importance are knocking at the doors of Congress, how great would be the relief if these contentions could be settled right, once and for all! But let them be patched up

and salved over, no matter how neatly, the virulence is merely concealed for a time and will reassert itself again and again. When one pauses to contemplate this never ending fret and fume, clangor of disagreement, turmoil of strikes and riots with accusations of bribery in high places, it is not difficult to understand how very far we are from realizing the Kingdom of God in our midst.

Yet this old sin-cursed, war-scarred, lust-polluted world is moving up on the path of faith to better things. Deep, mysterious promptings, outside the apprehension and control of men, are proceeding from the Son of God, and the light of His life is shining as a beacon on the mountains of the future. The call is for us to abandon a narrow and selfish view of His grace, for which we are criticised, and in a broad and generous spirit, considering all men our brothers, to carry into every avenue of human life the purifying and uplifting power of His gospel.

THAT FACE UPON THE WALL

'Twas in the chambers of the rich,
Adorned with every art,
With flashing mirrors and the stitch
Of famed embroiderers' sport,
An aged man said to the boys
Who careless threw the ball,
"Be careful lest your play destroys
That face upon the wall."

Within that stately drawing room
Were ancient carvings rare;
And hangings from far Orient loom
And crystal lamps were there;
But age had blotted from his mind
The value of them all;
A single treasure he divined —
That face upon the wall.

It was a worn and faded face;
The years had harrowed there,
And left the tokens of their race,
And time had bleached her hair.
Though Patience mild her story spread
And Peace as on a scroll,
"Of little price," the children said,
"That face upon the wall."

Then spake the hoary widower,
While joy shone in his eye,
And on his cheek was seen to stir
Enthusiasm's dye;
"She once was queen of all the train
In Youth's gay festival,
When Beauty made her lovely fane
That face upon the wall."

"And O, the mystery of love,
Its high and holy art!
It soars ambition's star above
And nestles in the heart;
I scorned the wounds of Fashion's blade,
I feared no social fall,
And life was forfeit for the maid,
That face upon the wall."

THANKSGIVING DAY

Let all pleasures be more pleasant,
Let all griefs with help be nerved,
Let all blessings praise their sources
With the thanks that are deserved!
Every spirit should look heavenward,
Every heart should tribute pay,
To the Soul of souls that treats us
To the Grand Old Day!

—Will Carleton.

The observance of Thanksgiving day is a factor of no little consequence in the higher development of the American people. The fine social and benevolent sentiments which cluster around it, the precious and hallowed memories which its annual advent awakens, and the acknowledgment by the whole land of the good favor of our God, are exercises of mind and heart which must make for the building up of the masses in righteousness, peace and worthy living. Indeed, not a few will outstrip the general tenor of our national and state Thanksgiving proclamations, which, with very few exceptions, have confined their recommendations for praise to practical things, and will render thanks for improvements in moral and spiritual fields where harvests have also been reaped. Benevolences, reform movements, educational privileges, the great widening and onward march of the Christian religion should, as we consider these benefits, animate us to a spirit of lively gratitude for the exalted blessings which we enjoy. It is to be regretted that our Presidents and Governors neglect to give due honor and acknowledgment to the divine Friend of Man, dismissing Him with the scant courtesy of, "in the year of our Lord."

It was not always in these states after this manner. The Continental Congress in 1777 recommended Thursday, the 18th of December, as a day of Thanksgiving, calling upon the people to approach their Maker in the spirit of praise and confession, "that it may please God through the merits of Jesus Christ" to grant their supplications. Excepting a small number of our thanksgiving proclamations which recognize our Saviour with appropriate words, such public

documents would answer very well for the Turks or the Mohammedans generally.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the nation in times of trouble behaves much like individuals when in the grip of trial. In the spring of 1779, when this country was embroiled in grave political differences at home and when war was impending with France, President John Adams proclaimed "a day of solemn humiliation, fasting and prayer" for the 25th of April of that year. This is a magnificent state paper, breathing of fervent piety and exhibiting a noble and liberal mind, and one not forgetful of the "Great Mediator and Redeemer" whom he thus acknowledges. Another similar event took place in 1863, when the United States Senate passed a resolution requesting President Lincoln to issue a proclamation appointing a day of "national prayer and humiliation" to the end that God, having been sought "according to His appointed way, through Jesus Christ," might give victory to our arms and peace to the country.

President Lincoln accordingly appointed Thursday, April 30, 1863, as the day upon which the people were to kneel before their God, and in his proclamation, he said: "We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven. * * * But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all those blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own." Only two months later was fought the battle of Gettysburg, an awful death grapple in the pleasant fields of Pennsylvania, and from whence the defeated Confederate army stole away stricken in body, broken in heart, never more to shine gloriously in the front of war. From that day the Southern cause was a dying cause.

A few Governors of New York state have to their credit the honoring of Christ in their Thanksgiving proclamations, in which number are John Jay, William H. Seward, Silas Wright, Hamilton Fish and Myron H. Clark. While the able statesmanship of Governor Seward is widely known

and admired, there are probably but a limited number who are aware that his is the distinction of having incorporated in his state papers an unusually large number of expressions exalting the Christian religion and its Author.

While the practice of ignoring in Thanksgiving proclamations all but a formal mention of God as the only Divine Being to whom gratitude is due springs partially from the policy of giving no offense to other beliefs, it has its explanation largely in the prevailing opinion that public affairs are immune from religion. But this is a false and most mischievous doctrine and one which if long experimented with will surely bring shame and calamity to any people. This assertion should need no bolstering, but passing by many great men who might be cited as entertaining the belief that God is immanent in the nation, holding it responsible for neglect of Him and for its wrongdoing in the same degree as the individual, I quote from the Thanksgiving proclamation of President Lincoln in 1863, to which reference has been made. "It is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow * * * and to recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures, and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord. And inasmuch as we know that by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war, which now desolates the land, may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people."

These are great words and, coming from the pen of this man who had no theological system to champion, and who was simply stating the convictions of a mind honest, penetrating and devout, they deserve to be kept perpetually before the eyes of all the people. It seems to be the habit of the average citizen to estimate public and private delinquencies by different codes; having for the latter a severe Biblical test and for the former a net with meshes so large and elastic that from it all but the greatest offenders easily

make their escape, going in and out at their pleasure. But if Lincoln was right, there is but one ultimate Court before which all individual and collective culprits must appear and be judged, and not until such a view shall be adopted and practiced can we have any very high or efficient government.

I am reminded here of the prophet Daniel's words to Belshazzar, interpreting the handwriting on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." In the midst of the glittering, barbaric revelry of that tragic night the satellites of the vain, impious king no doubt considered him a youth of splendid and liberal parts, estimating him in their own coarsely adjusted scales, but in the sensitive balances of God he was a monster of iniquity. No one would think of weighing gold on hay scales, and no more should we thoughtlessly determine the precious qualities of truth and justice in the indifferent, good-natured mind of popular opinion.

President Taft's thanksgiving proclamation for this year (1911) while a nobly conceived public utterance, is open to criticism in respect to those elements to which reference has been made, as is also that of Governor Dix, though the latter contains hints of humane conceptions. Its expression, "Advancing knowledge and the enjoyment of enlightened citizenship," are pregnant words, evidently recommending the giving of thanks for the growth and diffusion of education independent of pecuniary and geographical disadvantages.

No reference is made in these proclamations to the hard fight which has been waged during the year in different quarters against moral, social and political evils, and in which the cause of right has not infrequently triumphed. The state of New York has for its duty to thank God fervently for its escape from the threatened rise of the gamblers and Sabbath desecraters. This commonwealth has also great reason for gratitude to the Divine Being in that the fetters of its private citizenship have been stricken off so that the voter hereafter will stand for something more than the mere dirt under the feet of the political boss.

The observance annually of a day of thanksgiving for the garnered harvest, which custom was derived from the

Jewish feast of tabernacles, is concerned primarily, of course, with agricultural considerations, which may, in a measure, excuse Presidents and Governors from incorporating other subjects of thanks into their proclamations; but it does seem that when there is so much for us as a people to be thankful for besides eatables, at least the most important of these blessings should be enumerated by the Chief Magistrate of the nation and by the Governors of the states. This year, moreover, there is a shortage of corn and wheat, though a sufficiency at higher prices, but the growth in the vast field of poverty, ignorance and suffering, of what is called social betterment, is very encouraging, and this development is as essential to us as a nation as meat and drink. If we do not lift up the multitudes who are swarming to our shores, they will some day pull us down. The agencies engaged in this vast and diversified work are inadequate, and are struggling almost unnoticed in the rush and roar of passing events, yet this people may well thank God that it has so many men and women consecrated to the service of their less fortunate fellow beings.

But more than for all else should we be thankful for the growth among us of the Christian religion, which is really at the foundation of all our higher individual and national blessings. I am not unacquainted with the idea that widely prevails that our churches are a waning influence, but I am of the opinion that while there may be a lessening of power in the religious classes there is an increase of faith and piety among the masses; that there is less ecclesiasticism but more humanity; less cant but more sincerity concerning the things which belong to the higher life.

The hoops which so long have confined for individuals the blessings of religion are rusting away and grace, mercy and peace as reviving streams are escaping to irrigate the waste places, so that politics, business and the intellectual, social and industrial fields are experiencing the beneficial influence. At present but a comparatively small amount of this refreshing and healing tide has leaked from the churches, which generally are not yet prepared to commit themselves unreservedly to the purification and upbuilding of the various institutions and activities of human life. This is the

mighty issue which to-day confronts the Christian church. Will it turn its vast, overwhelming power for the right solution of the practical problems of political, social and industrial affairs and thus increase for it the confidence and respect of the people, or will it maintain its ancient policy of aloofness to so called worldly affairs?

In the midst of the Thanksgiving season when the mind is more given to generous impulses, it is well to cast the mantle of charity over everything, and it is a good time to assert the truth that all objects and legitimate employments are holy. Our religion is not the only institution worthy of our reverence, but the farm, workshop, railroad, counting room, newspaper and every other honest enterprise, together with birds and animals of all kinds, the soil beneath our feet, the water in the brook, the air above us, all are intrinsically good and all being comprised in the divine plan of nature and of social development are not common and unclean, but demand our best thoughts and veneration.

There stands in a certain obscure region a dingy village, having the usual complement of buildings, and it is altogether a most uninviting neighborhood. But toward night, when the sunlight strikes it at a favorable angle, the entire hamlet takes on a beautiful aspect, and being thoroughly transfigured in the golden rays, the factory, churches, stores, blacksmiths' shops, dwellings, large and small, school houses and barns with stacks of provender standing near, unite to make up a marvelous effect of grace and harmony. Thus does the light of God's favor shine down alike on all our ways and works, giving warmth, cheer and beauty.

THE SONG UNSUNG

In his hut the minstrel was grieving alone;
For melody out of his heart had flown,
And his voice, once music's favorite breath,
Now spent itself in prayers for death.
He had sung all the songs of the world of sense
Of joy and of sorrow supremely intense;
He had listened long at the ocean's door,
And told its story as none before;
On the sparkling vault of night had mused,
Till in its golden fire was fused
High thought in mold of raptured rhyme,
To carry his fame to every clime.
He had boldly ridden on Fancy's wing,
Imagination's royal king;
Had invaded many an unknown shore
That lyrists never had guessed before;
Yet all the days of his career,
One ambition he held more dear
Than all the plaudits of renown,
Or the honor of the Laureate's crown.
It was that he the world might tell
The song that on his spirit fell,
And into nothingness took wing
While yet his fingers sought the string.
"O might that ballad be expressed,
That prisoned beauty of my breast!
All, all the poems of my tongue
I'd cancel," he said, "for my song unsung!"
Long had he waited till his despair
Had hunted him into his hut and chair.
The morning came and the evening went
And found him ever with sorrow bent;
That haunting melody of his life
Had almost ceased to cause him strife,
While on his harp unvisited
The silent spider spun his thread.

As he sat at night his hearth before,
There came a knock at his cabin door.
Long was it since such a call had heard,
Or listened to an articulate word;
And with sudden fear his flesh was chill
That an enemy sought to do him ill;
But the man that entered with tottering frame
Drove apprehension out with shame;
For on the visitor's sad, sad face
Nothing but kindness had a place,
And in the expression of his eye
Was room for nothing but honesty.

As the harper bread before him laid,
His features of woe he oft surveyed,
Till Sympathy eloquently told
A silent word from her crystal mold.
The stranger saw it and felt a glow
Of generous warmth through his members flow.
Like medicinal balm it soothed each nerve,
And it melted down his cold reserve.
Long was his story and simply said,
Often its burden bowing his head.
And the minstrel listened with ear intent,
While his heart awoke to sentiment.
A home had been his, and a wife and child;
Wealth and preferment had on him smiled;
But loss had scattered his golden ore,
And dishonor had shamed his domestic door.
"I went," he said, "not knowing where,
Nor caring either in my despair;
Only to wander and wander all day,
And exhausted at night 'neath some shelter to stay;
Only by tiring the body to tire
My anguished spirit that burns like fire —
This is all that I know or ask;
This is forever my daily task."
Deep in the minstrel's softened heart
He felt reviving his noble art,
And into the light he brought his lyre,
And tenderly tuned its wrangling wire.
Then over the strings, as in the past,
His stiffened and trembling hands he cast,
Till laboring long without reward,
At last the stranger harmony heard.

O what a song did the minstrel sing,
Borne from himself on music's wing!
The pilgrim, listening, he carried far
Into the past to childhood's door.
Intoxicated with hope and joy
He romped his native fields a boy,
And saw the lambs on the greensward play,
And breathed the breath of the new mown hay;
Then heard the notes of the oriole,
And drank from the spring's low, mossy bowl.
All down along his path of life
He saw the places of pain and strife
No longer forbidding, but beautified;
For through the portal of memory wide
Flowed the wealth of the harper's song,
Gilding his misery, loss and wrong.

The minstrel had scorned the tricks of art;
With the lute of love he had stormed the heart.
The angel of peace to the stranger clung,
And the harper had voiced his song unsung.

The End

